

THE NEW YORK
DRAMATIC
MIRROR

JANUARY 31, 1912

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MARGUERITE SKIRVIN

ANNUAL NUMBER



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CANTICLE I "EVERYWOMAN"



ROBERT WARWICK
LOUISE GUNNING
IN
"THE BALKAN
PRINCESS"



JULIE OPP IN "THE FAUN"



REED SISTERS IN "THE OLD TOWN"



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THE NEW YORK
**DRAMATIC
MIRROR**

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To Our Readers

ALTHOUGH CONVENTION has settled on January first as the appropriate occasion for scattering kind messages broadcast, there is no reason why this ceremony should not be repeated on any of the other three hundred and sixty-four or five days of the year. In fact, they assume new sincerity if not confined to the first twenty-four hours of the annual cycle. So *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* sends to all readers of this special issue the heartiest wish for continued peacefulness of mind, completeness of prosperity, and general benignity of fortune.

Curtain Calls

PEOPLE who have given thought to the matter sometimes inveigh against the curtain call as an inartistic intrusion of the actor's personality into the factitious character which he is assuming. Although based on sound sense, the complaint is likely to go unheeded, for the majority of patrons prefer to sacrifice their artistic scruples on the altar of friendly admiration. The curtain call, established firmly, may yet be subject to certain ethics. Some managers very properly refuse to resurrect a supposedly dead character at the behest of spectators. An actor, recently seen in an eccentric role in New York, took his calls in character, bowing with awkward grace just as the hero would have bowed on the street. Another group of actors in a popular comedy stand stock still while the curtain rises and falls, and the method has much to commend it. Some actresses glide tardily upon the stage just in time to give a glimpse of their feet beneath the descending curtain, and some authors make a show of being dragged reluctantly before the footlights. These demonstrations, along with the curtain speech—the culmination of the inane—should be banished with celerity and dispatch.

The Trend of the Times

IN THE COURSE of thirty-two years *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* has seen all sorts of fat and lean theatrical seasons pass in parade. Authors have written good plays and bad, according to their inspirations and their ability for clothing genius attractively; managers have staged the material effectively or otherwise, according to their belief in the value of the plays; actors have given spirited or mediocre performances, according to their understanding of their roles; critics have praised or condemned, according to their standards of criticism or the frame of their minds; the public has crowded theatres or left them vacant, according to their whim or their finances. Commendable plays have gone begging during seasons of financial stringency and have retired into oblivion before finding an appreciative clientele. Theatrical wares less worthy of praise have been exhibited with unwarranted success when fortuitous circumstances have conspired to give them popularity. As a result, everybody knows in general what a play ought to be if it hopes to walk a golden path, but nobody can tell in particular with what attributes it should be endowed.

Managers are fond of asserting that it is always a good year for a good play—meaning a successful play. The dictum certainly admits no controversy. During the present season, however, company after company, disbanded on the road, has returned to Broadway with the dismal tidings that we have fallen into Dame Fortune's bad graces. Although the cry rises annually, the proportion of failures this year has undeniably been large, and commentators have sought to ferret out the causes.

Here is a nation whose immensity rarely fails to amaze and even to

stupefy visitors from across the Atlantic. Without boasting and without entering into odious comparisons, we can fairly assert that our rank and file is more than moderately intelligent. Moreover, if baseball is our national sport, the theatre is our national amusement. From the Eastern to the Western seaboard we have come to regard the theatre as a comfort rather than a luxury. What does it mean, then, when plays fail to please the public for which they are designed?

For one thing, the widespread familiarity with the stage has cultivated a more discriminating taste. The failure of an inadequate production is a favorable sign and need sadden nobody who desires genuine theatrical prosperity. English writers say we complacently accept contemptibly commonplace commodities. From remonstrating against them the public has advanced to rejecting them—the only possible method to accomplish the elevation of the stage, about which idealists chatter so ideally and so idly. Strange as it may seem, motion pictures have had their hand in cultivating the public. One has only to visit a motion picture theatre to learn that American made films are far superior to foreign competitors in ideas and in acting. These films, exhibited in every town and hamlet through the land, have shown patrons what they want to see on the stage, and have done much to annihilate cheap road companies, which have hitherto represented the acme of dramatic art in small communities.

In New York lavish settings for plays and colossal salaries for actors appear to have reached their limit. Although every one of the thousands who daily visit the metropolis goes to the theatre as a matter of course, and although New York box-offices have not felt the depression so keenly, settings and salaries do not always attract the greatest crowds. The same beneficent education is at work, and while the public sometimes passes by a good play, it less frequently supports one that is intellectually poverty-stricken and almost never tolerates one that is histrionically culpable.

Other causes, no doubt, contribute to theatrical depression this year. Money is not floating too freely, for instance. Nevertheless the failure of commendable plays this season has not been alarming, and the percentage of unusual successes has not diminished. The larger cities throughout the land appear to be supporting a fair share of productions, although numerous troupes have returned from the road, just as they do every Winter.

The immense popularity of the theatre has obviously led managers in many instances to undertake productions which in a more cautious frame of mind they would have rejected. As soon as a demand becomes known the market is pretty apt to be oversupplied with wares. While the public has the taste to pick out the better plays, however, and to reject the poorer as a rule, pessimistic croaking need not alarm one. The cloud has its silver lining, for the failures quite as much as the successes may indicate the sound condition of the theatrical market.

This view is not the suggestion of a solitary optimist, for numerous actors and critics have made the same comment recently. The managers themselves do not deny that it holds a grain of truth. A comforting reflection it is that this intelligent attitude on the part of theatregoers constitutes the greatest safeguard for the future of dramatic art, rivaling the best wish a friend could formulate for the stage.

Of all forms of amusement sanctioned by modern civilization, the curtain speech is the most unaccountable. It rises apparently from the spectators' morbid wish to look at the author, and the author who is weak-minded enough to yield to the importunate call, usually gets his deserts. Few plays need any comment from their creator, and fewer creators are able to say nothing with sufficient grace to justify projecting their persons visibly into the entertainment of the evening.



THE USHER



WHEN William Makepeace Thackeray was a young man, spending his vacations in continental travel, according to the customs of his time, he was filled with the same revolutionary ideas that characterize one and twenty. In his notebook he jotted down scraps of prose and poetry in which he took the attitude of one who knocks the chip off the world's shoulder. He flouted fortune and fame in the finest manner—he who was to set the style in literature before he died, and whose heroes and heroines were to be the joy of all who read novels or watch mimic life on the stage. The January *Cornhill* has resurrected and printed what Thackeray had to say at the age of twenty on the subject of the cup that cheers.

I want not for riches. I ask not for fame,
Let madmen and soldiers go seek her;
But honesty needeth no Sir to his name,
And a little's enough for good liquor.
I vote him an ass who despising his glass
For place or preferment will quarrel,
My creed I do hold with the cynic of old,
For he stuck all his life to his barrel.
When goblins and ghosts 'mid the children of men
Were permitted by Satan to riot,

O then

The poor exorcised Devils were quiet.
Now all Demons are rare save the one that's called Care,
But we've need of no priest to dismay him,
For easy's the spell the dull spirit to quell,
In the red sea of Wine you should lay him.
St. Peter in Heaven hath care of the keys,
If his brother St. John's a truth-teller.
When I join him above I'd be happy to ease
The old boy of the keys of the cellar;
Or if banished elsewhere as a sinner who ne'er
Hath listened to prayer or to preacher,
Then may I be cursed with perpetual thirst,
And to quench it an emptiness pitcher.

• • •

A correspondent sends this plaint on American humor from a prosperous Western community:

"During a regular attendance at a vaudeville theatre this Winter I was amazed at the brand of humor that was popularly considered worthy

the most applause. Though the audiences were quick to appreciate really good joking, they failed to distinguish between that and the coarsest horse-play. When Weary Waggles pounded Dusty Doolittle on the resonant head or smote him in the pit of the stomach, the spectators howled with as much hysterical glee as ever greeted Falstaff or Sir Toby in good old Elizabethan days.

"Besides the pugilistic attitude of mind and body, a never failing jest was the sad old water-wagon, which rattled and bumped over jokes corrugated with age, and spilled off its riders with undeviating regularity.

"The third excruciating bit of humor related to matrimonial infelicitities, the mention of which in conversation would, to state it mildly, be considered indelicate. Any line bated with indecent innuendo caught a shoal of suckers. The deduction is so obvious, and so uncomplimentary to us as a race, that I refrain from putting it on paper."

• • •

In a clever interview in the *New York Evening Post* recently, Henry Arthur Jones speaks pointedly: "If I were thirty again," said the successful dramatist, "I should leave the drama well alone, I think. England and America to-day are ill places for a man of letters who would at the same time be a man of the theatre. In France, if you are the one, you are necessarily the other. Over there, if you've had a bad time battling with the whims and vagaries of manager-actors and the public, and if your play has not survived the struggle, you can yet be assured of a large reading public. Not so in England. The time one wastes in getting a play accepted and the risks one runs, however great one's advantages, of being sometimes strangely misrepresented on the stage, makes literature a surer means of high and lasting reward. If you write a book you are judged by your own work. In a play you are judged largely by the work that others have done for you—manager, actors, scene painters, scene shifters, electricians. And the nervous wear and tear that accompany it all! I promise you, my friend Thomas Hardy, who reaped his quiet reward in Dorset writing novels, is quite the wiser man of us two.

"Study as much as you wish, see plays and criticize plays. But if you really make up your mind to write plays, spend three years on the actual stage. I don't care how badly you act; three years of that experience will teach you more than twenty years of closet study—or study from an orchestra chair, for that matter. Browning is the living example of what can't be done by a great genius who won't buckle down to learning the stage technic."



White, N. Y.

CHURCH GOERS AT LINTIEHAUGH

From Act II, *Buntie Pulls the Strings*, At the William Collier Comedy Theatre, New York



THE MATINEE GIRL



I WISH I had the space of an entire MIRROR to tell you these true stories and to point the morals that bestrew them. But I've only a few lines to tell the facts and you will deduce the morals yourselves.

A leading woman of one of the strongest and most artistic companies playing in this country sat down in a miserable little room that was home, a few years ago, and surveyed her life, looking at what was behind, facing what was before. Hers would have seemed to be a foredoomed start along the way we call life. Her father was a drunkard. Her mother suffered from chronic discouragement. Small brothers and sisters swarmed about her. She had escaped into matrimony and found herself a little worse off. For we are a little worse off for the time at least when a structure of our airy hopes and fancies has fallen into ruins. She had married one whom the neighborhood said was a "good man," and so he was—good for nothing. For such a husband and two children she provided by "doing fine washing."

That day as she sat down, while the "wash" was drying, and thought of life, it seemed that the door of opportunity was forever shut to her. But concluding that it only seemed forever shut, she unlocked it with the triple keys of talent, determination and industry. She went on the stage. In a short while she bought, for a few hundred dollars, a share in the little repertoire company. She played assiduously in stock. Her great chance came at last and she embraced it. She has won, by honest means, the prize—success. The first evidence of the substantial nature of that success was the home she built for her father, upon the promise that he had taken his last cheering drink.

As audiences pour out of one of the popular theatres a woman with a vivid face and a voice in which are still notes of richness begs the playgoers to buy a paper. Nobody wants a newspaper at midnight, and unless the face and voice arrest attention there is no sale. A celebrated actor was one of a recent audience in this house. With mind full of the performance of the evening he did not see the face, did not hear the voice. But the voice persisted. It pronounced his first name. He stopped, glanced at the vendor, and thrust his hand into his pocket. "I am sorry for you," he said kindly, and walked on, his face thoughtful. The woman thrust the five dollar bill he had paid for his paper into her ragged handbag, tossed the newspapers into the gutter, and slunk away into the shadows of a side street. Many who passed had seen her, a young, beautiful, enchanting woman, on the New York stage. Not one, except the actor, recalled to that time by her voice, recognized her, a leading woman of yesterday.

It is never safe to make jokes about advanced mothers within Emma Dunn's sensitive hearing. Miss Dunn proudly and courageously avows herself such a mother. She is bringing up her eight-year-old Dorothy



Gen. Morahan, Seattle.

EMMA DUNN AND HER DAUGHTER DOROTHY

after all the newest ideas of sparing the rod and making the child a reasonable being. She permits Dorothy to ask "Why?" of any maternal mandate and always uses logic instead of a slipper. She is bringing her up in a Harlem house, with the biggest back yard in town for a playground, and has provided her a human doll, a small adopted sister, as a playmate. The result of Miss Dunn's advanced motherhood is a nut-brown maiden who exudes health and cheerfulness, who fears nobody and nothing, and who gives promise of long life and evidence of a robust appetite therefor.

The Society of A. A. A. D. A. is not so formidable as it sounds. It is a friendly lot of folk who radiate from a hospitable centre high above the swirl and roar of Broadway, a cosy green-walled room that is open from nine in the morning to six on the same day, for the rest and refreshment of those students who have graduated from what is most commonly known as the Sargent School. Its longer drawn title is the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Its alumni congregate there, singly or in cordial half dozens, as circumstances permit. If one of the

alumni or alumnae finds a dozen ahead in line to the great manager, he doesn't pucker his forehead nor let his lips droop into discouraged lines, but goes to the alumni room, certain to find there a cheering book, or stationery inviting one to write those long delayed letters, or solitude or the quiet of low-toned voices, in which he may study his part. It is a polite loafing place, this room of the A. A. A. D. A., with an atmosphere of inspiration. The discouraged alumnus, from the pictures on the walls and the long roll of names of fellow graduates, can derive encouragement. He finds there the names of William C. De Mille, Cecil De Mille, Alice Fischer Harcourt, Alma Kruger, Mabel Roebuck, Campbell Gollan, Charlotte Townsend, Lincoln Wagenhals, Winchell Smith, the late Robert Taber, Wales Winter, Wilfred Buckland, Harriet Ford, Louise Clouser Hale, Brandon Tynan, Helen Ware, Jane Oaker, Norah Lamison, Doris Keane, Margaret Wycherly, Edith Barker, Edith Chapman, Mabel Dixey, Laura Burt, Fernanda Eliscu, Consuelo Bailey, Margaret Gordon, Izetta Jewell, Christine Norman, Dorothy Dorr, Ina Hammer, Selene Johnson, Josephine Lovette, Maude Odell, Amy Ricard, Dircie St. Cyr, Ida Conquest, Dorothy Tennant, Blanche Walsh, Lucille Watson, George Fawcett, Robert Warwick, White Whittlesey, John Westley, W. H. Lewers, John Blair, Roy Atwell, Joseph Addleman, and A. H. Van Buren.

On the Friday afternoons when the president gathers resident or visiting alumni about her over the tea tray spirits rise with the fragrance of oolong.

It is a good place to call on a stale, dusty, parched day, as I've found and as you will find if you call. The doors are always open for friends of the school.

THE MATINEE GIRL.



GERTRUDE COGHLAN

THE STAGE BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

CONDUCTED BY JOHNSON BRISCOE



JERRY J. COHAN

January 31.

JERRY J. COHAN, the clever father of a clever son, for some years seen in the support of his offspring, now playing the role of Henry Spooner in *The Little Millionaire*.

BUD WOODTHORPE, for many years stage-director with N. C. Goodwin, and this season appearing in a like capacity with William H. Crane, and also playing the role of Reeves in *The Senator Keeps House*.

FRANCES GORDON, recalled some years ago in the Daly musical comedies, like *The Geisha* and *The Runaway Girl*, later in *Three Little Lambs*, *San Toy*, *Mrs. Black Is Back*, *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*, and *The Man Who Owns Broadway*, while this season she is with Frank Daniels in *The Pink Lady*.

RUPERT HUGHES, author of *The Bathing Girl*, *The Wooden Wedding*, *Tommy Rot*, *In the Midst of Life*, *Alexander the Great*, *The Triangle*, *All for a Girl*, *My Boy*, *The Bridge*, and who is making a fortune out of his latest play, *Excuse Me*.

S. N. OPPENHEIMER, than whom there is not better known figure in St. Louis theatricals, manager of the well-known Suburban Garden there.

ELINOR BROWNELL, whose early stage training was gained in various Boston stock companies, and who recently did most excellent work in a minor role in *The Lady of Coventry*, supporting Viola Allen.

PERCY LYNDAL, the English actor, who has played here for many years, chiefly in attractions managed by Charles Frohman, though, unless greatly mistaken, he last appeared here in the musical comedy, *Bright Eyes*.

HELEN FERGUSON, the daughter of the popular comedian, W. J. Ferguson, and who made her stage debut under David Belasco's management, in *Is Matrimony a Failure?*

CHARLES MERRIWELL, lately seen under the direction of Frazee and Lederer, with Thomas W. Ross in *An Everyday Man*.

DOROTHY DAVIS, who plays a small part in *The Blue Bird* very neatly indeed and who should be heard from later in her career.

JAMES HUNEKER, who has a vast and profound knowledge of all topics pertaining to the drama and its people.

February 1.

HENRY MILLER, now starring on tour in *The Havoc*, who has announced a production of *The End of the Bridge* before the season's close.

GERTRUDE COGHLAN, for a long time identified with the role of Beth Elliott in *The Traveling Salesman*, though her most recent original creation on Broadway was Marion Nairne in *The Noble Spaniard*, with Robert Edeson.

VICTOR HERBERT, the distinguished composer, who has been well represented in New York this season, as witness *Sweet Sixteen*, *The Duchess*, and *The Enchantress*.

HARRY HARWOOD, whose return to Broadway should be the cause for rejoicing, now appearing at the Garrick with William H. Crane in *The Senator Keeps House*.

EILEEN ERROLL, remembered in *The Lion and the Mouse*, *The Rector's Garden*, *The Round Up*, and in stock in Los Angeles, Union Hill, and Duluth.

JOHN JACK, the veteran actor, who for some time has been a resident at the Edwin Forrest Home.

February 2.

MAUDE KNOWLTON, who has appeared in *Trelawny of the Wells*, *Brown's In Town*, *The Bonnie Briar Bush*, *Under Cover*, *An African Millionaire*, *What the Butler Saw*, *The Chorus Lady*, *The Call of the North*, *The Commuters*, and who this season made her debut in musical comedy, appearing with Blanche Ring in *The Wall Street Girl*.

ROBERT CUMMINGS, the popular character actor, creator of Time in

The Blue Bird, and nowadays playing a dramatic sketch in vaudeville.

CLYDE MACKINLEY, much of whose stage career has been spent under the Florenz Ziegfeld banner, with Anna Held in *A Parisian Model* and *Miss Innocence* and *The Follies of 1911*.

ROSAMOND O'KANE, now in her second season in the part of Christine in *The Deep Purple*.

REYNOLD WILLIAMS, popular stage-manager in stock circles, this season responsible for the productions at the Cleveland Theatre, in the city of that name.

BOBBY NORTH, whose abilities as a Jew comedian are generally recognized, specially recalled for his work in *Buster Brown*, *The Merry-Go-Round*, and *The Girl from Kay's*, as well as a long series of Weber and Fields burlesques at Fischer's Theatre, San Francisco.

February 3.

ROBERT T. HAINES, who is this season devoting his time to vaudeville, appearing in a condensed version of George Broadhurst's *The Coward*, in which he formerly appeared when it was a regular evening's entertainment.

ETHEL JACKSON, who has not appeared on the stage since her creation of the title-role, Sonia, in *The Merry Widow*, she having in the meantime become the wife of Benoni Lockwood, Jr., the lawyer.

LINA ABARBANELL, who succeeded Miss Jackson in *The Merry Widow*, since when she has appeared in *The Love Cure* and has been specially successful in the name part in *Madame Sherry*.

SAM H. HARRIS, of the well-known producing firm of Cohan and Harris, owners of the Gaiety and Cohan theatres, and who have two of the biggest successes on Broadway this season to their credit—*The Little Millionaire* and *The Red Widow*.

MARIANNE FRENCH, this season playing the role of Nanette in *Pomander Walk*.

ALBERT S. HOWSON, who in the support of Sothorn and Marlowe has played *Touchstone*, *Paris*, *Feste*, *Tubal*, *Biondello*, *Marcellus*, etc., and who this season was in Henry B. Harris's production of *The Scarecrow*.

ESTELLE PERRY, of the pulchritudinous Ziegfeld school, this season adding to the lustre of *The Follies of 1911*.

LOUIS ALBION, until recently light comedian of the Lewis Cody Stock, at the Alhambra Theatre, Stamford, Conn.

NANCY PRICE, one of London's most popular players, creator of several Pinero parts, but who has yet to make her American debut.

February 4.

HARRY CONOR, whose fame will ever rest upon his admirable work in the Hoyt farces, and who was seen at Daly's Theatre early in the season with Helen Lowell in *Next*, now being on tour with Marie Cahill in *The Opera Ball*.

FANNY RICE, of *Miss Innocence Abroad* and *At the French Ball* fame, but who for many years past has devoted herself almost exclusively to the vaudeville stage.

ALBERT EASDALE, who won his early spurs in San Francisco and who recently appeared on tour as *Cheat-the-Devil* in *The Piper*, with Edith Wynne Matthison.

HILDA TREVELYAN, who created the role of Maggie Wylie in the London production of *What Every Woman Knows* and who is now touring the British provinces in this piece.

IVAN SIMPSON, for a long time seen in E. S. Willard's support, and now touring with John Drew in *A Single Man*.

ELSA REINHARDT, for some years a leading figure in the front row of various Lew Fields productions, such as *The Girl Behind the Counter*, *The Midnight Sons*, *The Hen-Pecks*, and *The Never Homes*, in which last she has both a solo to sing and lines to speak.



CATHLEEN NESBITT J.A. O'ROURKE
"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

U. WRIGHT SYDNEY MORGAN AND SARA ALGOOD
AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE



LILLIAN KEMBLE
WITH "THE GAMBLERS"



TOM LEWIS IN "THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE"



JOHN CONNERY
HARLEM OPERA HOUSE
STOCK COMPANY



ROSE STAHL AND LEE KOHLMER IN "MAGGIE PEPPER"

IRISH AND NATIVE TALENT



Huron, N. Y.
THE THUNDERBOLT



White, N. Y.
MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS



White, N. Y.

THE GAMBLERS

LAST YEAR'S OFFERINGS BY THE NEW THEATRE, THE AUTHORS' PRODUCING SOCIETY,
WILLIAM A. BRADY, THE SHUBERTS, AND DANIEL V. ARTHUR

JEAN RICHPIN, the eminent French dramatist, many of whose plays have been translated into the English language.

ZENA DARE, popular in London musical comedies, such as *An English Daisy*, *Sergeant Brue*, *Lady Madcap*, *The Little Cherub*, *The Beauty of Bath*, *The Catch of the Season*, and *The Gay Gordons*, but who exactly a year ago married Captain Maurice Brett, son of Lord Esher, and retired from the stage.

February 5.

MAXINE ELLIOTT, who has been most successful as a star, particularly in *Her Own Way*, *Her Great Match*, *The Chaperon*, and *The Inferior Sex*, and whose retirement it is to be hoped will not be permanent.

EDMUND ELTON, for two seasons seen with H. B. Warner in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, and who this season is playing the smaller cities in the title-role in this piece.

VIOLA FORTESCUE, daughter of the once popular comic opera comedian, George Fortescue, and who is now playing her second season in the role of Mrs. Simpson in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

JOHN DALY MURPHY, who trips lightly from drama into musical comedy, being specially well-known as a light comedian in stock, at present being with Valeska Suratt in *The Red Rose*.

MAE PHELPS, remembered in *Miss Bob White*, and now playing *Pepita* in *Madame Sherry*, just preceding which she was with Victor Moore in *The Happiest Night of His Life*.

JAMES CAREW, formerly seen in the support of John Griffith, Eugenie Blair, Henrietta Crosman, and Maxine Elliott, and last seen here with Ellen Terry in Captain Brassbound's *Conversion*, at which time he married that famous star.

MARY COARSE, recalled in the original productions of both *The Sins of Society* and *The Little Damsel*.

NACE BONVILLE, who will long be remembered for his work in

Floradora, later seen in *The Silver Slipper* and *Miss Molly May*, and now with Frank Daniels in *The Pink Lady*.

MAURICE HEGEMAN, who is immensely funny in the few opportunities afforded him as Dr. Mazou in *The Pink Lady*, with which he has been playing since the first night.

JOHN CHARLES BROWNELL, still playing in *The Fortune Hunter*, his third season with this attraction.

February 6.

EUGENIE BLAIR, who has lately abandoned *The Light Eternal* as a starring vehicle and turned her attention to *The Test*, in which Blanche Walsh formerly appeared.

BENNETT KILPACK, seen last season with Gertrude Elliott in *The Dawn of a To-morrow*, and now playing the role of Affie in *Kismet*, at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

AIMEE ANGELES, whose chief successes have been in *A Chinese Honey-moon*, *Mother Goose*, *The Rollicking Girl*, and *Wonderland*, after which she married George Considine and left the stage, reappearing for a short time, about two years ago, in *The Girls of Gottenberg*.

EUGENE ORMONDE, recalled with Blanche Bates in *Under Two Flags* and *The Darling of the Gods*, but who has not been especially conspicuous hereabouts in recent seasons.

ESSEX DANE, the English actress, who has appeared here with Ellis Jeffrey in *The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt*, Eleanor Robson in *Nurse Marjorie* and *The Girl Who Has Everything*, and in *The Servant in the House*.

NORMAN THARP, recalled for his work with stars like Nat Goodwin and John Drew, and last here in *Mrs. Avery*, at Joe Weber's Theatre.

VAL KENNEDY, the popular member of Henry B. Harris's business staff.



Hall, N. Y.

John Flood

Charlotte Ives

Amelia Gardner

Vincent Serrano

FROM AS A MAN THINK'S

SOME ILLUSIONS OF THE THEATRE

BY MARY MANNERING

ILLUSIONS, after all, are the framework of one's destiny, on which we hang nearly all precious things, the pretty things, the best things we do. Without illusions most of us would find our daily lives rather bleak.

I once knew a woman who had no illusion about anything at all, and she was delightful. Men hated her, of course, but women adored her, because she was such a comfort at critical times.

She was a rare being, though; a glorious exception. She was not beautiful to look at, but she was beautiful to know. She gave common-sense an actual radiance that was greater than the glory of illusions. But she was not an actress; in fact, she had no relations with the theatre at all. I have often wondered, if she had been an actress, how much she would have crystallized the illusions of the theatre. There is no way to escape them, no evasion of them except to make them allies in your career.

A woman's career is very different from a man's, and that is one of the illusions every woman who has to make her own way in the world encounters. When I was a little girl, in England, the business woman had just begun to peep over the horizon of prejudice against her, and I always marveled at her pluck, her heroism, her ability to manage just like a man. The theatre seemed a very different sort of occupation for a woman than the business world. It was the one place where woman must be, where they are needed, I thought. It did not seem to me such a place of drudgery and work for a woman as the business world.

This was one of the most obstinate illusions I had till I had been on the stage some years and knew better.

The woman on the stage is always there, night and day awake, and even in her dreams she is in her work. After all, her work is a sort of dream in itself, for she is always weaving with all her heart and soul some human ideal of the play.

I believe in illusions, you see, for I have always had them with me.

The commonest illusion of young girls who want to go on the stage is that they must have beauty; they will crowd the theatre with people who just want to come and look at them.

What a lot could be written about this illusion!

How many beautiful women could, I am sure, by their own knowledge destroy it.

If you have beauty be thankful for it, because a pretty face delights the world; but it is a radiance given you by a magic of circumstances you had nothing to do with. You are happy in the gift of beauty, but it has no values in the theatre that you want, without intelligence, character, personality.

A pretty face or figure will attract the eye, the promiscuous and superficial interest of people, but the skill of your personality added to your pretty face are especially hopeful for success in the theatre.

A beautiful woman does not always mean a pretty woman in the ordinary sense, for real beauty is a sort of hidden light, an enchantment of individuality; of thought, of knowledge gained by the quests of character.

The pretty girl on the stage is one of the worst illusions of the theatre. The pretty woman does not always succeed on the stage, and most pretty women have good sense enough to know this.

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MARY MANNERING

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Stage work! Here is one of the greatest disillusiones for the matinee girl, who sees only the glitter and none of the work of the theatre. We on the stage must sacrifice every other interest, we must give up all our social rights, so as to conserve our vitality, for without this vital strength no one can have the magnetism, which is so important a part of the player's art.

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Walter, N. Y. Arthur Lewis

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Count Antoni Diamasso the Sand Diviner

IN THE GARDEN OF ALLAH, AT THE CENTURY THEATRE

SOME ILLUSIONS OF THE THEATRE

BY MARY MANNERING



MARY MANNERING

ILLUSIONS, after all, are the framework of one's destiny, on which we hang nearly all precious things, the pretty things, the best things we do. Without illusions most of us would find our daily lives rather bleak.

I once knew a woman who had no illusion about anything at all, and she was delightful. Men hated her, of course, but women adored her, because she was such a comfort at critical times.

She was a rare being, though; a glorious exception. She was not beautiful to look at; but she was beautiful to know. She gave common-sense an actual radiance that was greater than the glory of illusions. But she was not an actress; in fact, she had no relations with the theatre at all. I have often wondered, if she had been an actress, how much she would have crystallized the illusions of the theatre. There is no way to escape them, no evasion of them except to make them allies in your career.

A woman's career is very different from a man's, and that is one of the illusions every woman who has to make her own way in the world encounters. When I was a little girl, in England, the business woman had just begun to peep over the horizon of prejudice against her, and I always marveled at her pluck, her heroism, her ability to manage just like a man. The theatre seemed a very different sort of occupation for a woman than the business world. It was the one place where woman must be, where they are needed, I thought. It did not seem to me such a place of drudgery and work for a woman as the business world.

This was one of the most obstinate illusions I had till I had been on the stage some years and knew better.

The woman on the stage is always there, night and day awake, and even in her dreams she is in her work. After all, her work is a sort of dream in itself, for she is always weaving with all her heart and soul some human ideal of the play.

I believe in illusions, you see, for I have always had them with me.

The commonest illusion of young girls who want to go on the stage is that they must have beauty; they will crowd the theatre with people who just want to come and look at them.

What a lot could be written about this illusion!

How many beautiful women could, I am sure, by their own knowledge destroy it.

If you have beauty be thankful for it, because a pretty face delights the world; but it is a radiance given you by a magic of circumstances you had nothing to do with. You are happy in the gift of beauty, but it has no values in the theatre that you want, without intelligence, character, personality.

A pretty face or figure will attract the eye, the promiscuous and superficial interest of people, but the skill of your personality added to your pretty face are especially hopeful for success in the theatre.

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Lewis Waller

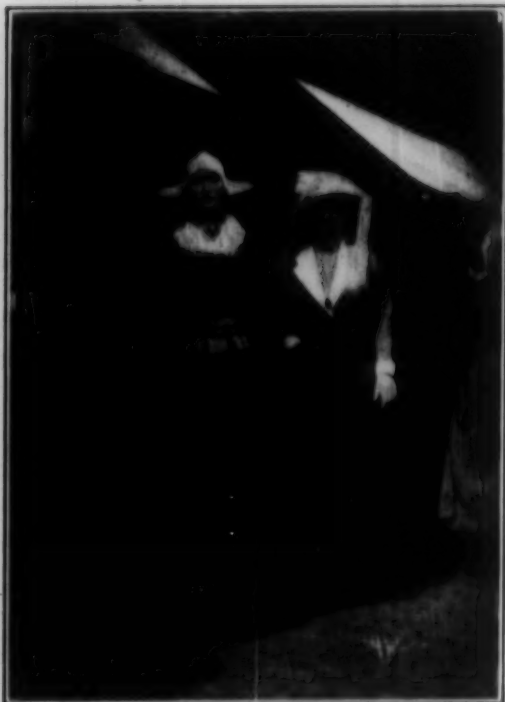
Eben Plympton

Count Antoni Dismisses the Sand Diviner

IN THE GARDEN OF ALLAH, AT THE CENTURY THEATRE

EUROPEAN MUSIC HALLS

BY LEW FIELDS



MRS. LEW FIELDS IN HOLLAND



LEW FIELDS



LEW FIELDS IN HOLLAND

THE American who goes to Europe with the expectation of being shocked by performances in popular music halls runs little danger of disappointment. Parisian managers particularly have acquired the idea that tourists check their sense of shame at the customs house on entering the country, to be called for only upon embarkation for the return home, if one can judge of their mental attitude by what they set forth for the delectation of Summer visitors. Consequently, the man who neglects this formality on arriving is constantly embarrassed in his search for amusement by variety bills that he would never have supposed possible. No sane man with any regard for himself or his family can extract any real pleasure from the unlovely items that constitute these Parisian programmes. Only the search for novelties fit for transportation to America and for incorporation into my forthcoming New York productions would have permitted more than one visit to these theatres. A lady simply cannot enter them. For rational enjoyment, a gentleman must immediately eliminate Parisian music halls from his itinerary, limiting himself, if necessary, to museums, art galleries, and 'bus rides.

Americans should understand at the outset that these resorts are not patronized by the Parisians who give social distinction to the French capital. If these residents have not abandoned the city at the beginning of the American season, as the Summer is called, they know better than to look for anything but vulgarity in the houses that cater to the transient trade from June to September. With the migration of these Winter patrons, most of the reputable first-class music halls close their doors, and only the meaner temples of art remain to misrepresent the tastes of their nation by vicious and vulgar displays cooked up for the uninitiated foreigner.

No doubt, the shrewd French manager has learned by experience that this sort of thing pays; he is simply supplying wares at the demand of English and Americans who frequent Paris to shed superfluous cash. Commercially, the idea is sound enough, whatever one may say of its morality. This fact makes the tourist blush for his countrymen—or at least for that section of his countrymen who have planted such an erroneous estimate in the minds of Europeans. To correct the impression that degradation is widespread through English-speaking nations, would require all Europe to inspect us thoroughly in our own haunts.

As a result of this unfortunate opinion, Parisian music halls in Summer are filled with incredible turns, which cannot be too roundly con-

demned. Apparently no attempt is made to retain the sprightly gaiety and brilliant vivacity for which the best performances in Paris have long held a reputation. The grossest actions explain so clearly the import of dialogue and songs that they cannot even be called suggestive. They leave suggestiveness far behind, because they discard the questionable grace of a double meaning. Nothing depends upon imagination. They do not stop within a thousand miles of decency. Nor do the purveyors of this ribaldry gloss it over with any delicacy or charm of dainty music. The scores for their ballads are so excessively commonplace that stripped of the accompanying words and actions, they would never get a hearing on the stage. Without denying Paris the possession of much that is clever, the tourist speedily learns that it is not on tap in the American season, because the music halls divest themselves of every attractive quality that might induce one to tolerate them for anything except their disgusting sensuality.

Perhaps this sounds as much like an indictment of Summer visitors as an indictment of Paris, but the jury should bear in mind that America in sowing its wildest oats never tolerated anything so repellent. I used to think that my own experiences on the Barbary coast of San Francisco in the old days were rough enough, but they were Sunday school picnics in comparison with what goes on in Paris. The fact remains that people visit Paris for this sort of thing just as naturally as they flock to Reno for another purpose. Many tourists, no doubt, are drawn to the music halls rather to satisfy idle curiosity than to relish the tawdry vulgarity, for it is difficult to believe that any sensible man really extracts pleasure from such dissipation. Plenty of Europeans travel over our country, but they do not come for the debauchery of our music halls, and it is to be hoped that they never will find such an attraction on this side of the Atlantic.

German vaudeville takes on a different aspect, but, although Berlin is the most beautiful city in the world, its variety stage does not live up to the standard set by the architecture and plan of the town. Actions never offend as they do in Paris, but the breadth of the dialogue will never entitle Germany to an accusation of false modesty. Jokes contained in the lines most hilariously appreciated by the audience, frequently take away one's breath by their blunt audacity, and rarely contribute any feeling of comfort to the alien who is unaccustomed to such manifestations of humor. His moment of solidest security and relief occurs when the final curtain has descended to put a period to speeches that jar upon susceptible nerves. Not



IN "GRAND HOTEL" ST. PAUL

LOUISE RANDOLPH



WHITE 12

JOSEPHINE BROWN



BLANCHE BATES
IN "NOBODY'S WIDOW"



THE LADY IN

TRULY SHATTUCK



WHITE 11

AURORA PIATT



WHITE 11

EDGAR KENT

DOROTHY PARKER

LENNOX PAWLE IN "POMANDER WALK"

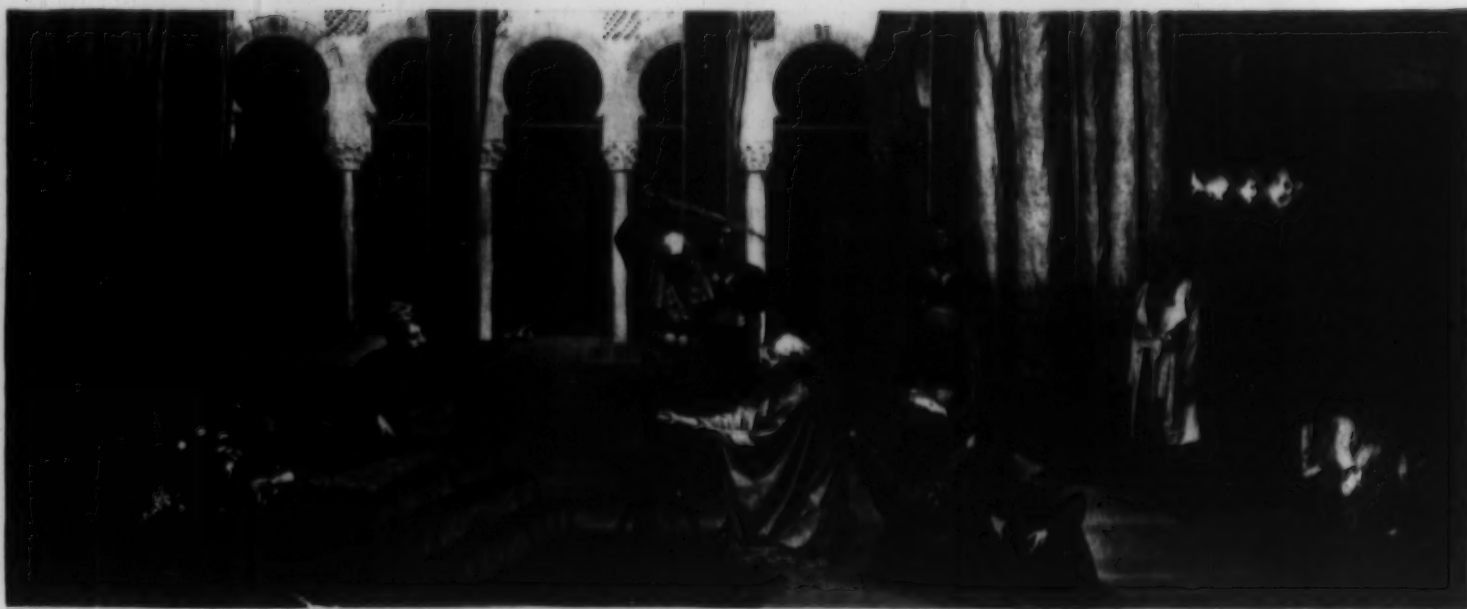
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH ACTORS



ACT III IN THE WAZIR'S HAREM



ACT I THE QUARREL IN THE BAZAAR



ACT II HAJJ BEFORE THE WAZIR MANSUR.

SCENES FROM KISMET, BY EDWARD KNOBLAUCH

all the dialogue is tainted by poor taste, of course, but the patches of mouldy humor are so numerous as to destroy confidence in the manager's judgment concerning what is fit for use. Even when the wit of the lines does not sin in this respect, it hardly ever suits the demands of the American in search of transportable commodities, because as soon as the words are translated into English, they lose their fun. German comedy often depends upon local conditions, or else upon a word with two meanings that in English are represented by two different words. Consequently any adaptation completely misses fire.

Since German music halls are patronized and encouraged to a large per cent. by natives, the coarseness prevalent in their entertainments cannot be laid at the door of tourists. The Germans themselves are responsible for whatever blot their music halls have placed on the Teutonic 'scutcheon.

American patrons of vaudeville are already acquainted with numerous popular turns from the English halls, and while some of them are worthy of every commendation, some others—notably the songs—have been about as raw as anything ever presented to our public. Without rivaling the flagrant ribaldry of French lyrics, they indulge in vicious suggestiveness which is as bad in its way because it works insidiously. English song writers evidently are laboring under the delusion that to escape insipidity they must embrace questionable innuendo, and the populace that haunts the London music halls applauds so heartily that they may, perhaps, be pardoned their error. Surely, however, English lyric poetry contains enough proper comedy to teach them their mistake, if they only choose to look about them.

The variety stage in England also suffers a dearth of comedians. Perhaps they have all come to America, or perhaps they have been graduated into legitimate comedy; at any rate, the drought would appeal to patrons in this country. These remarks, it should be recalled, do not apply to the regular English stage, which is peculiarly rich in the best actors in the world. London music halls, however, have no use for quiet humor; the successful monologist is practically unknown. For that reason the American comedian with his quieter methods usually fails to please when he makes his bow to the British public. According to demands of that clientele, every line must be illustrated by obvious physical action, such as

the explosions of a firecracker on his head, or the illumination of an incandescent bulb under his nose, or some other delicate whimsy of like nature. This may be harmless enough, but with all respect to our Anglo-Saxon cousins it isn't on a level with our own vaudeville humor.

Like the Germans, the English attend their music halls in Summer as well as in Winter, where, despite risqué songs and slapstick comedy, they find a considerable amount of praiseworthy endeavors for their amusement. On the whole, British variety decidedly excels the Gallic and the Teutonic counterpart. Without vilifying Europe, however, the American can truly feel that in cleanliness of lines, in rollicking fun, and in easy animation of music, our vaudeville far surpasses that in Europe, because our public would not tolerate the things that characterize trans-Atlantic music halls.

Lew Fields

THE ACTOR'S PRAYER

Oh, Lord, give me grace never to forget that I am a human being before I am an actor; let me hold fast to the simpler virtues and realize that while a good line may bring easy applause, the plot of Your drama requires action. Teach me to play tragedy nobly and comedy cleanly. Grant that I may never be lacking in respect for my profession or for my fellow-workers. Show me how to accept correction humbly and applause modestly, and how, if I cannot be a great artist, I can still be an earnest and conscientious worker. Let me never forget that grease-paint on the face cannot disguise ignoble lines in the heart. Preserve me from being bound in by the four walls of the playhouse, and from the forgetting that Your great universe is the scene of more wonderful dramas than are staged by man. And when the final curtain falls, and the lights are dimmed and the mighty Orchestra of the World has sounded my last exit-music, give me rest and the knowledge that I have been not wholly unworthy of the rôle You assigned Me, Oh Master Dramatist!

ANNE PEACOCK.



White, N. Y.

A. G. Andrews

Julian Royce

Ernest Lawford

"Baby" Davis

Louise Rutter

Richard Bennett

"MY LITTLE BOY KNOWS WHEN TO LAUGH," FROM PASSERS-BY

THE AMERICAN MUSIC HALL

BY JOE WEBER



JOE WEBER

THE field of burlesque is broad, the wise ones have asserted. Whether they mean that the field is broad, or that burlesque is broad, they do not exaggerate. It is both broad and long. Like that poetical and much overworked book of Tennyson's, it goes on forever, because human nature does not vary a great deal. People can't live without laughing any more than they can live without breakfast, and I secretly suspect that the man who has discovered the knack of making others think him humorous is about as important in the scheme of civilization as the most successful chef of the most gilded restaurant.

Of course it would be useless to disparage the art of the cooking range, for when mankind has been in the habit for twenty centuries or so of eating some sort of a meal three times a day, no one person stands much of a chance of altering the habit.

In Europe they like to combine these two diversions—eating and laughing—and, no doubt, laughter aids their digestion. Doctors have said so, and they ought to know. That's what they are paid for. Frequently the European digestion needs all the assistance it can get. Possibly that is the reason why vaudeville numbers are served up along with gastronomic delicacies which one gets in Berlin and other self-respecting communities.

Americans for the most part are willing to take their vaudeville and their reflections separate, putting their whole mind to each in turn, which is quite advantageous to both. Moreover, it gives the singer a better chance. Perhaps that for one thing is why singers on the American stage do not make a practice of dressing their songs in character. They can use the same costume for a plantation melody, a coster ballad or a sentimental lyric. They depend upon the aid of suggestion, letting the audience paint the picture, rather than trying to present it. This the American audience likes to do. Perhaps it gives them the agreeable sensation of using their own minds a bit, and nobody will deny that this should be encouraged within legitimate limits.

Why attempt to do all the thinking for a man when he can much

better do it for himself? You only give yourself unnecessary trouble, without getting any thanks in return.

Of course, in a way, it is a much more difficult matter to suggest a thing than it is to tell it outright, because you are relying on more delicate instruments. Everybody has agreed, however, that suggestion is far more artistic, and that is why the American music hall is superior to its cousins across the water. It is a more gentlemanly and a more educated place.

Like all progressive institutions, our music hall has changed with changing years. We have had all sorts of music, as well as all qualities. Nowadays we are getting very perky with our Viennese importations and imitations. It is a light, airy kind of melody, with its odd rhythm, and has permeated all species of musical scores. You aren't surprised, now, to meet it face to face in the wilds of the Rockies, although the grizzly bears out there have another meter all their own.

But the Viennese is not the only waltz we hear. That is one characteristic quality of the music hall—its hospitality. It invites in all the newcomers that have a grace to commend them, and tells them to make themselves at home. Very few of them refuse. The grizzly bear, the turkey trot, the slides and the glides and the one-steps, all stand up and shake hands with their predecessor from Vienna, or with the more ancient ragtime.

Ragtime is a purely American invention, and for that, if for no other reason, we ought to speak well of it. Its nationality, however, is not the sole argument in its favor; if it had nothing else to brag of, you would not hear it all over Europe. Ragtime has little surprises of melody and rhythm in store for its audiences, and thrives on them. People like to be surprised within moderate bounds, when there is no comeback. That's the charm of this particular brand of music; notes happen when you are not expecting them, and notes of this kind are so pleasant that you get to watching when they fall due.

Time was, before the popularity of ragtime—and memories not so



LEW FIELDS, JOE WEBER, AND DAVID WARFIELD IN HELTER SKELTER



FAY TEMPLETON AND LEW FIELDS IN SAPHO

very extensive can reach back that far, strange as it may seem—when music was of a straightaway nature. Its remnants survive in our sentimental ballads about the months, the moon, and other physical phenomena. There is nothing surprising about them, unless it is their remarkable tenacity of life, for they have a great deal more strength than they seem to have. They relied on sweetness and smoothness, which is a very good stock in trade after all. Listeners like sugar as well as pepper in their songs even now, although they may have become tired of using sugar to season every course.

Then the public is always ready for the big, good natured songs, that seem to slap you cheerfully on the shoulder and ask after your health. When a man greets you in that style you always tell him you never felt finer in your life, and you really do feel happy, just because he is. That's the sort of song you think of in connection with burlesque, and that's why burlesque is such a very essential part of human existence.

Burlesque may make fun of things, it may even make fun of you; that is its mission on earth. Somehow you don't mind being the butt, because you are invited to laugh also. When a man thinks you a joke and

keeps the point of it selfishly to himself, he is a most uncomfortable neighbor, and the poor joke resents his attitude.

Burlesque, however, is not the sort of missionary that goes around converting society; he leaves that estimable occupation to satire and other more gloomy dramatic relatives. Burlesque simply gathers in all the varieties of music and acting that he can lay hands on, and has a hilarious good time with them. If an audience gets any sermon out of the celebration at the same time, the audience is perfectly welcome to it without extra charge, but that is not what the party was specially given for. When a man does not enjoy life at a burlesque performance, he can make up his mind that it isn't genuine burlesque—for him.

For Weber

THE NEGLECTED ONE-ACT PLAY

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

EVERY ART has its waifs and the stage has its one-act plays—poor, neglected forms of dramatic expression. Why is managerial wrath turned against these children of an author's brain, who claim but a half hour or so in which to tell their story—poignant, intimate, psychological or corrective with "thoughtful laughter," as the case may be? True, bastard forms do speak upon the vaudeville stage, but, save in a few cases of accidental refinement, they are poor in the red blood of verity. Besides, in its average strata of democracy, vaudeville unites comradeship with trained elephants and sad-voiced sopranos. Whether this need be so or not, the purveyors tell us the vaudeville house, insulting as it generally is to the intelligence, though quite rightly agreeable to the risibilities, offers no permanent shelter to the one-act play; and, perhaps, the abrupt and constant adjustments of mood demanded of an audience suggest a fair explanation for this inhospitality. Only loud-mouthed, brightly-dressed children need apply, with strenuous gestures and muscular emotions; everything is red and green, with little call for the more delicate tints. But where shall these other children go—and exactly what may be the pretensions of a one-act play?

Uncommercial as it may seem, I personally am convinced that for some writers certain ideas can only be externalized in the one-act play form. I do not think such ideas can be successfully elaborated without anaemia of action; the full concentrated situation alone frequently compels the inevitable one-act expression. I am speaking more especially, of course, of the serious psychological drama—such as *Hop o' Me Thumb*—with its clash through points of view, which, after all, makes the real dramas of life; but, in a different tone it applies equally to the satirical comedies of *The Twelve Pound Look* or *The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet*. No one of these three plays could be elaborated successfully. The one-act play, thus, may be said to bear the same relation to the drama as the short story to the novel, except that it has little chance. My plea for its more extended use is not to restrict it to any particular *genre*, either serious or gay, but by its encouragement to create a supply which would prompt even the most commercial playwright to themes he would handle *con amore*. Thus many of the nooks and crannies of human nature, and snap-shots of the hidden acreage of life, which grows untold social problems, might be thrust, with one sharp impression, upon an audience. But is there an audience?

To add a one-act play to his long one the manager claims is a confession of weakness. Yet has he the right to complain if people stay away when they feel the shortness of his play and the length of his *entr'act* music is an intrusion on their pocketbooks? I believe to-day people are resenting the small return for capital invested. A glance at the old playbills will show what they obtained in the past. The drama should not be the luxury it has become, but a necessary social commodity—and that's not theory, but good business and accurate sociology combined. The curtain-



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GEORGE MIDDLETON AT HIS HOME IN NEW YORK

raiser in England, we are contemptuously told, is for the pit and cheap-priced seats. For whom, pray, is the drama, if not the occupants of these seats, which in the last analysis, too, really make a play's success? Should the porridge of the poor wait on the late diners? Our galleries are empty to-day. May not just a little explanation lie in this paucity of fare, rather than the moving pictures? And why is Mrs. Clement financially successful in her Bijou Theatre, Boston, where, with the co-operation of Mr. Keith, she is producing splendid one-act plays amid an artistic two-hour programme, for 10 and 20 cents?

I do not ask for a thirty-minute sop, but a real play, carefully chosen to suit the tone of the long drama, first produced at the same time, so that it may claim its equal right to consideration. If the long play scored and settled down to a run, why couldn't the short play be frequently changed and thus afford actors opportunity to keep their edges sharp through a changing repertoire? Further, as in England, new actors could be developed, and versatility given a real chance to manifest itself. And wouldn't the actor himself welcome the change? Why shouldn't there be two-act plays also? Why must we follow rigid ideas of form? Why is the one-act play neglected in "stock"? Rosina Vokes even made the evening of one-act plays popular, though there have been conspicuous failures in that line since. Yet the Toy Theatre in Boston is trying the experiment, and the Grand Guignol, Théâtre Libre and other theatres in France and Ger-



In gallery P. Hassinger R. S. Harris G. D. Caldwell A. F. Smithers

H. Henderson

R. E. Brock A. W. Macmahon
G. Hambidge

A. A. Coates

E. S. Swasey

J. H. Marchmont

J. Ellenwood
W. Logan

G. Mattheson

Prof. Algernon Tassin

L. Fraser

J. Fitz Randolph

J. K. McCormick

F. Nyland R. Hale

G. F. Butterworth

P. L. Moon

J. W. Swain

J. K. Lasher, Jr.

A. L. Graham

PHIOLEXIAN SOCIETY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY IN FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BONGAY

many have, at times, been successful. Mrs. Fiske's efforts in this direction have attracted wide attention. If such things depend on personalities, as may be claimed, why do those stars, who encourage people to believe at heart they stand for art, neglect the one-act play, which could so frequently be produced on the road? Why must the Irish Players show us this form can receive intelligent reception? Is there no room for the brilliancies of a Bracco, the cynicisms of a Schnitzler (Mr. Ames has just announced the inimitable Anatol), the penetrations of a Wedekind? What about Sudermann's Rosen, with its charming Far-away-Princess? And Yeats and Synge and Barrie and Bahr—are they exhausted in possibilities.

Of course any such suggestions are useless unless one believes in striving away from the morass our drama is in at present. It is only through questioning a diagnosis is obtained, and these questions concerning the one-act play are asked in that spirit. There is more than one place in which doctors may find their dilemmas. I merely suggest the one-act tabloid as a partial cure for some prevailing diseases.

Irving Luddick

THE EXIGENCIES OF ART

When Richard Mansfield was rehearsing the minuet scene in Beau Brummel, the end of the music left him with one foot suspended in midair. Poised on the other foot, the actor burst in explosive anger, demanding in no uncertain tone of voice: "Give me a chord to put my foot down on!" The musicians jumped to their instruments, and, to a grand blare, Mr. Mansfield planted his foot on the stage.

ON THE STRAND

From The Temple to Regent-Street, all the way along the Strand, John Drew and H. G. Wells were one day arguing, quite frankly but in perfectly parliamentary fashion, the merits and defects of the latter's book on America. They were seated in the front bench of one of London's famous sea-going "buses." They had climbed up there to engage the driver in talk, which is still one of the most recreating as well as informing ways of passing a London holiday. But no sooner were their places taken than the driver was forgotten and a terrific discussion began on America's problems and the Wells solution of them. As the bus neared the jeweler's shop he was in search of, Mr. Drew argued faster and faster out of a determination to rivet down a vindication of several beliefs dear to him. Whereat Mr. Wells, with perfect sang froid, said to him: "I say, old fellow, if it means that much to you, I gladly yield you the last word in the discussion. Now, here is your jeweler's; run along to it. I shall see you at dinner." It was the first concession in over an hour's talk, and, as quick as a flash, Mr. Drew met it in kind by the Parthian shot on his way down the rickety stairs: "Oh, thank you; but even so, kindly remember that all's Wells that ends well!"

THE HUMANITY OF NEW YORK

Last Autumn, when Helen Ware was looking about New York for a place where she might install her Lares and Penates for the season, to the caretaker, who was exhibiting an apartment with all the native grace of his species, Miss Ware remarked: "It seems very hot and close in this room."

"Yis, mum," the gentleman replied, readily. "There's a terrible amount of humanity in the air to-day."

Miss Ware signed the lease on the spot.



MARIE DORO

WILLIAM ELLIOTT AND ALICE DOVEY
"THE PINK LADY"

MARGARET ANGLIN



ARTHUR FORREST

CONSTANCE COLLIER "THAIS" ACT II

TYRONE POWER

STARS AND THEIR FIRMAMENTS



BILLIE BURKE
IN "THE RUNAWAY"



INA CLAIRE
IN
"THE QUAKER GIRL"



JOSEPHINE WHITTELL
IN "THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE"



MOLLY PEARSON
IN "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"



FLORA ZABELLE
IN "THE KISS WALTZ"



NELLIE MCCOY
IN "THE ENCHANTRESS"

FROM THE EARLY WINTER PREMIERES

THE PENNSYLVANIAN

BY BILLIE BURKE

A NEW-YORK-ER'S first channel of reluctance toward London is the Thames. Not the Thames at London, but the Thames above it. Take your little friend, who has seen the Statue of Liberty from the stern of a liner, in a launch from Pangbourne to Wallingford on a glorious July day. She will soon forget your slow omnibuses, your copery oysters and the rude restaurants, that turn out all the lights just when one is half way through supper on a Saturday night.

Last Summer Jeannot, Augustus, and I were staying with some people at—no, I won't tell you the exact name of the house, or of the place,

for you'd find out where my island is. As it isn't my island, but is covered all over with trespassing cautions, and you may, for all I know, be the owner—then, when you've read this, I should have to watch out.

Jeannot and Augustus are engaged and are fearful bores to any one but themselves. They are dear things, of course, but being a gooseberry is worse than eating one.

I always had to paddle the punt for them while they sat in front flirting with each other. It was no good chaffing; they only chaffed back about my accent and things.

Augustus (what Jeannot can see in him I can't think) reached his limit on the Sunday morning that we saw the Pennsylvanian.

It was this way. At the beginning of the month we were all three at Henley for the regatta. The great event to me was, of course, the race between Leander and the Pennsylvanians. They were a fine lot, those "Penna" boys, but somehow they haven't your style and they lost. But it wasn't my fault they lost, nor was it the fault of the man in the next punt to ours. He was a Pennsylvanian, too—one of their spare men, I guess—and we both just yelled to beat creation.

"Well rowed, Le-an-dar!" cried Augustus, as the veins stood out on his forehead.

"Here, hold on to this, and wave it," suddenly ejaculated the human megaphone in the next punt, while he handed me a little Old Glory.

"Much obliged—here goes!" I cried, and we made a corner in stars and stripes and shouts.

However, the Pennsylvanians lost, and I shall never forget our neighbor's look of disappointment; but he gave me the dearest smile as I offered him back his flag.

"Reckon you'd better keep it," he said. "It'll come on top some day."

Then he pushed off and I didn't see him again until the day I'm going to tell you about—the day Augustus reached his limit.

On Sunday, a little before luncheon time, I was paddling the



BILLIE BURKE LOST IN REVERIE IN HER DRESSING-ROOM

turtle-doves as usual.

Suddenly Jeannot cried, "Why, Billie, I believe that's your Henley friend coming along in the skiff."

It was he, sure enough. I should have known him half a mile off. Lured, like many of my countrymen, by Father Thames, he was evidently spending the Summer in England. In a single outriggered skiff, on the bow of which was a pennant bearing the letter "P," he was skulling up stream and in our direction.

"Yes," I answered, "it's the Pennsylvanian." And then it struck me how I might have some fun.

"Give me that pole, Jeannot, quick!" I cried, pointing to the short towing mast, and

from the little locker in the punt's stern I pulled out the miniature Stars and Stripes from where it had been reposing since Henley. In a second I fastened the flag to the pole and placed the latter in its socket. Then Augustus reached his limit. He actually said that the color of my hair was sufficient to attract the attention of "a strange man" without any decorating of the punt, and proceeded to pull down the flag. I was livid. My hair was never redder than my face became, and I threw myself between him and the pole, thereby nearly upsetting the punt, which a moment after crashed into the skiff and actually upset the Pennsylvanian.

What he said to Augustus!

I could have died.

Jeannot saved the situation—and how, do you think?

"I am so sorry," she cried, plaintively. "It was all my fault. I was trying to fasten the little American flag to that pole, so we didn't notice you coming. May we give you a lift back to the landing-stage?"

Can you beat that? How I hated her.

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least. It's a terribly hot day, and the river's mighty cooling. If you'll give me a hand with the punt, sir, I guess we can turn the skiff over and empty her."

Augustus helped him right the thing, looking an awful fool and trying to apologize and what not, and the Pennsylvanian, instead of killing him, laughed at the whole affair and smiled at Jeannot, who made him take Augustus's coat and straw hat. All the time not one of them took the smallest notice of me. I might not have been there.

Then the Pennsylvanian, settled once more in the skiff, raised his hat—or, rather, Augustus's—and moved off.

"We'd better get home now," was the next remark from Augustus.

Then I snatched the little banner that had caused all the trouble, placed it in my pocket, and drew myself to my full height. An easy task in a novel, but not in a punt.

"If you will kindly put me ashore, I will walk home," was what I said.



GEORGE Le GUERE, JANE GREY, AND BRUCE McRAE AFTER THE DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW, AT ELITCH GARDENS, DENVER, COLO.

"Oh, certainly," said Augustus, and directed the punt toward the towing-path. "You won't mind those cows on the bank?"

I am terrified of cows.

"Put me out on the opposite bank, please."

"That is private property."

"I will take the risk of that. Kindly do as I ask you."

"Oh, very well."

"You'll get into trouble," interposed Jeannot. "Look at that notice, *Trespassers will be rigorously prosecuted.*"

"I did not deign to answer her. I stepped off the punt, out of their hateful company, and waved them away.

In ten minutes they were around the bend of the river and out of sight.

Now to find my way through to the road. I could soon explain matters to an irate owner or gardener. Any predicament was preferable to Augustus or other wild cattle.

My voyage of discovery commenced, and resulted in finding that I

was on an island, containing only a small boat-store or Summer house and bounded on the far side by a back-water.

What was I to do now? There wasn't a soul or house in sight. If I were to shout it might only bring back the punt and its jeering occupants, who were probably lying around in the hope of my calling for them after all.

The back-water was too deep to wade and having on a pet of a frock from Peters I wouldn't swim.

There was only one course open—to wait, and be rigorously prosecuted.

I waited four hours.

Luncheon time and tea time had passed. I was hungry and I had had two good cries.

Once I had looked out on the main stream, determined to shout at the next boat that passed, but I thought I saw our punt coming along and darted back into hiding again.

I had thoroughly explored the island. The Summer house contained only some rusty boat-cushions and an old tennis-net. I had just made up my mind to become a female Robinson Crusoe when I noticed that beside the Summer house was a flagstaff. I looked up. Overhead floated the familiar cerise colored flag of the Leander Club.

Then I thought of Old Glory in my pocket. What if I were to pull down the Leander flag and hoist my own?

It would at least relieve my temporary Anglophobia.

No, it had beaten Pennsylvania fairly and beautifully.

An idea!

I unwound the cord, lowered the cerise pennant, fixed the Stars and Stripes beside it, then hoisted the two.

This was fair and friendly and, what was still more important, was bound to attract attention sooner or later.

What if somebody were to see it? for instance, the—the irate gardener!

Another two hours.

I had a very fair notion of what would happen next. Augustus would come and look for me and find me, and—what was that?

"Mamie, I've a little canoe."—

Somebody singing—

"Room for me and room for you."—

A man's voice—in the back-water.

"I'll paddle along and rock you in my cradle."—

It was he—the Pennsylvanian. I hastened to the bank.

"Mamie, you'll have nothing to do

When I've told my worries to you."

Rescue at last. There he was, with the most delicious smile. He bowed firstly to me, then to the entwined flags, while I noticed that the cushions of the seat in front of him were cosily awaiting a second person.

"Then Mamie, we might—"

"Oh, please," I interrupted quickly, "will you take me as far as the lock; I can't tell you how grateful I shall be."

And that's all!

Billie Burke

JOHN McCULLOUGH'S EXIT

BY ERROLL DUNBAR

AS I write the following facts from behind the scenes, the sorrow and pathos of that long ago tragic night is still with me.

Early in September, 1884, we were called for rehearsal at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The rehearsals were delayed by the non-arrival of the star, who had been found wandering aimlessly around Coney Island, after a trip to Germany made in the hope of restoring his health.

Fanny Gillette, William Haworth, Porter White, Master Thropp, and myself were the only new members of the company, and the old members, who had noticed McCullough's gradual breaking down for three

seasons, were much worried about "The Governor," as they all called him.

We opened our season in Milwaukee, Sept. 18, for a half week's engagement, and played there Virginius, Richelieu, and Ingomar. The star was not able to play Ingomar, and Joseph Haworth, our brilliant leading man, played the title-role. It was very noticeable that McCullough had lost all his old vigor and fire, and he was very uncertain in his lines. This was even more marked the following week at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, where we played Virginius the whole week. In one act he would

speak lines belonging to other acts of the play, and would call Virginia Servia, and get the names of other characters mixed up.

Physically he was a shadow of his former rugged build and had to wear pads for both body and legs. During the performances of *Virginius* he walked aimlessly about back of the scenes, and sometimes sat on a chair in L. 2. E., looking blankly at the performance, and dressed only in his fleshings and trunks. When he came to his dressing-room to make up he would drop in his chair, fall asleep, and while asleep Pritchard, his dresser, would undress him, dress him for the part, curl his hair, and then wake him up for his entrance cue.

The old members felt that our second Chicago week would decide whether we could continue the season or not, as the strength of the star would be tested by four bills—*The Gladiator*, *Jack Cade*, and *Julius Caesar*; I forget the fourth play billed.

We started rehearsals of *The Gladiator* Tuesday morning, after our Chicago opening, only to find that the star could remember but few of the lines of a part he had played for years. Bob Pritchard was sent post-haste to New York to get his part, as we had only a skeleton copy of the manuscript of the play with us. Even after the arrival of the part he did little better, and an air of gloom and anxiety pervaded the company when the curtain rose that eventful Monday night with *The Gladiator* as the bill.

I, as the Crixus of the cast, came on with Spartacus at his first entrance, and early in the scene my business was to remove the Gladiator's chains. A steel band was around his waist, connected by chains with bands around his ankles. As my predecessors in Crixus sometimes made stage waits in unfastening the catches of the bands, Charley Vance, our stage-manager, told me to go to Mr. McCullough's dressing-room and see if I understood the fastenings. I did so, and told Mr. McCullough why I came. He said nothing in reply. Helen Tracy, his old friend, who was in Chicago at the time, was sitting by him reading over his lines to him. I unfastened the catches and had refastened all but the one on his left ankle when Pritchard came to the door and said to him: "It is your entrance, sir."

I went to the centre entrance to wait for him. Looking back I saw Spartacus coming with Pritchard stooping down trying to fasten the chain clasps while McCullough was walking.

The entrance cue came, and McCullough knocked Pritchard over on the stage with his fist and made his first entrance, and his first long speech, beginning: "Is it a thousand leagues from Thrace?" with the unfastened chain dangling and rattling on the stage.

I think this mishap was the first cause of his stumble in his lines that night. Things went from bad to worse. The good sized audience soon began to laugh and hiss, and dwindled down to a mere handful before the final curtain.

All through the evening McCullough looked like a hunted animal and would catch hold of some actor on the stage near him, cling helplessly to him, and ask him for his lines. One of the many pathetic incidents of the evening was his walking up and down behind the scenes with Helen Tracy, she reading the lines of his part to his tired and worn out brain.

Here is another incident I recall. In his combat with the Fighting Gaul he used his sword so wildly and recklessly that William Haworth, to save himself from injury, shortened the fight by dropping to the stage.

In the last act Vance stood in the first entrance throwing lines to him. He could not take them, and would walk over to the entrance and say to Vance, in his deep, guttural voice, "What? What? What?" as loudly as he was trying to speak the Gladiator's lines.

At the death scene he heart-brokenly asked Frank Little: "What do I do now, my boy?" Little replied, "You die, Governor," and the noblest Roman of them all sank to the stage, and his final curtain fell in silence. Unapplauded, he went before the curtain and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you felt as badly as I have felt to-night, you would not have acted as you have."

We knew the end of the season had come, but were called to the theatre next morning. It was a mournful gathering, the ladies weeping and the men ready to weep. To our surprise McCullough came walking up the alley to the stage entrance in high hat and frock coat and greeted us with a good morning as if nothing had happened, though all the papers were full of his breakdown the night before. He called a rehearsal of *The Gladiator*, and we went through the five acts, he still forgetting his lines.

He then called *Richelieu*, and we rehearsed that play all through. At

the curse scene, apparently wanting to show us that he was all right, he started on the big speech, broke down at its climax, and walked to the prompt table, wiping the tears from his eyes.

During the rehearsal the now useless billboards from the front of the theatre were brought on the stage, and some of us moved scenery in front of them so he could not see them.

He wanted to appear that night, but was not allowed to do so. Our fares to New York, and two weeks' salaries, were given to us by him, and the company was disbanded.

A month afterward I spoke to him in front of the then St. James Hotel, on Broadway, where now stands the St. James Building. I told him I was going with Minnie Maddern. He asked me why I was doing so, as he was going out again, and that "if any of you boys want any money, come in here and Billie Connor will let you have it." Connor, his manager, was proprietor of the St. James Hotel.

Here is his last programme heading:

Second Week of the Eminent Tragedian, Mr.
JOHN McCULLOUGH,

Supported by a most carefully selected company,
under the direction of

MR. WILLIAM M. CONNOR.

Mr. Joseph Brooks.....Manager.

Mr. E. D. Price.....Business-Manager.

Monday and Tuesday Evenings, Sept. 29 and 30, 1884.

Dr. Bird's Prize Tragedy, in Five Acts,

THE GLADIATOR.

Of the cast, Joseph Haworth, John A. Lane, H. A. Langdon, J. H. Shewell, Frank Little, Edward Wilson, C. W. Vance, and Mrs. Augusta Foster are now "resting" with "The Governor." John McCullough died in Philadelphia Nov. 8, 1885, aged fifty-three.



From the collection of Stuart Janam Wendell.

JOHN McCULLOUGH AS THE GLADIATOR



WILLIAM BARTLETT REYNOLDS

TALES EN TOUR

BY

WILLIAM BARTLETT REYNOLDS

IN the box-office of English's Opera House down in Indianapolis, Willie Collier was perched upon a stool watching the seat sale for *I'll Be Hanged If I Do*. The demand was not brisk, and finally the property man of Collier's company appeared at the window, not observing his chief, and asked "Ad" Miller for two seats for that evening's performance.

Leaning over from his stool, and calling the property man by name, Collier inquired why the seats were needed.

"Why, Governor, in de second act, you know, we have to use a double barrel shotgun, and dese are for de guy at de store wot gives it to us."

"Extravagance," murmured Collier, then, turning to Miller: "Give him one, Ad, and we'll get along with a single barrel gun!"

* * * * *

In Detroit, Harry Vokes and "Hap" Ward, who with the aid of nimble Lucy Daly, are disporting themselves through the popular-priced houses in a musical farce called *The Trouble Makers*, were registered at the same hotel with the Princess Rajah, the Oriental dancer. It will be recalled by vaudeville patrons that a feature of the latter lady's seductive act is a dance performed with the aid of a huge and very lively snake. The reptile is very real, and is by no means a "prop."

On the night of the arrival of the Ward and Vokes principals, much excitement was apparent about the hotel, and it was explained to questioners that the Princess Rajah, who always carried her crawling team-mate with her to the hotel in a hamper basket, with the aid of her maid, had left her room for a moment, and during her absence the snake in some manner had contrived to wriggle from its basket, and porters, bell boys, and terrified chorus girls were all engaged in a frantic search for the fugitive.

Messrs. Ward and Vokes occupied what is known in the profession as a "double-bedded" room, and Ward, tired out, retired some hours earlier than Vokes. Soundly sleeping, the former scarcely noticed Vokes's entry into the room shortly after midnight, but a few minutes' later he was awakened sharply by a sulphurous exclamation from his partner. Ward inquired, lazily, what the trouble was.

There came a cry from Harry. "Hap, for the love of heaven, there's a big snake in my bed!"

"Whatcher been drinking?" asked Ward, yawning.

"Honest, Hap, there's a snake there! A big one! And it's black! A big black one!"

"There you go again, Harry," muttered Hap, as he rolled over to a more comfortable position, "letting your Southern blood come to the top."

* * * * *

Arthur Byron, last seen in New York in *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, was in the very thick of the San Francisco earthquake. On his return East, after his narrow escape from death in the collapse of his hotel, he was being congratulated by some fellow-players.

"Weren't you terribly frightened?" asked one.

"Yes, indeed," replied Byron. "In fact, I didn't realize, when that crash came in the middle of the night, how terribly frightened I really was, until I looked toward my wig-blocks over on the bureau. Every hair in my toupee was standing up straight."

* * * * *

A few seasons ago, a much-talked about young woman who came stormily into New York, labeling herself a "genius from Butte," and who instantly became conspicuous through the masculine taste she displayed in her costuming and general behavior, was assigned by the paper on which she had found employment, to interview Blanche Ring. It became my duty to arrange the meeting, which took place in Miss Ring's apartments in the Hotel Touraine, in Boston.

Miss Ring, feeling a bit tired, had agreed to meet the young woman for a few moments at a time when she usually indulged in an afternoon nap. The introduction was effected with Miss Ring lying indolently on her bed enveloped in an extremely gorgeous lounging robe. From among her pillows, the hearty and healthy singer of popular songs gazed with astonishment at the manly young woman before her. As the interview progressed, some of the young woman's questions became distasteful to Miss Ring, and it was evident that the two were not going to hit it off.

Crossing her legs and assuming even a more mannish position in her chair, the "genius from Butte" remarked: "I think, Miss Ring, that people so much in the public eye as you and me, rapidly become coarsened and even vulgar. Why, I've spent years in trying to remain a perfect lady, but I fear I've failed."

"No, indeed," sighed Miss Ring from her couch, "no, you haven't. You've become such a perfect gentleman."

* * * * *

To a small town in Wisconsin there came an advance agent, traveling ahead of a success which had just left New York. The theatre in the town had been named Daly's by some "highfalutin" local manager, but when the agent arrived, he discovered that the sets of dates for his printing were all labeled (since the majority of theatres in small towns bear that name) "Opera House."

He consulted with the local manager, exercising with him the same gorgeousness of conversational powers with which he was wont to deal with dramatic editors. The two discovered that it would cost \$11 to alter the printing, but only \$4 to have a new sign painted for the theatre. To the local manager, as he thoughtfully chewed his chin whiskers, the difference looked very good, so then and there the name of the theatre was changed, and Art and Augustin Daly's fame suffered to the tune of \$7.

* * * * *

To theatrical folk who visit Mobile, the name of "Jake" Tannenbaum is a familiar one, and is always recalled with a smile. For Mr. Tannenbaum is easily one of the most popular managers in the country, and with his excruciating German dialect and brilliant sense of humor, is a splendid companion. In his career as a manager, he has met practically all of the notables of the American and European stages, and is a positive fund of anecdote.

The late Madame Janauschek was one of Mr. Tannenbaum's frequent visitors on all her trips to this country. It will be remembered that madame, on all her visits to America, was always accompanied by her husband, an unobtrusive individual who appeared to be known only as "Willy." As each time the great actress visited Mr. Tannenbaum, she would inquire kindly after her American friends and acquaintances. Each year Mr. Tannenbaum would tell her of the fortunes of this, that, or the other American manager. He would recount the deaths during madame's absence in Europe, of those whom she knew, as the distinguished tragedienne would murmur little words of regret.

This programme was carried out season after season on all of madame's tours, and the number of deaths Mr. Tannenbaum had to recount rapidly grew, and madame would murmur that the list of their contemporaries was rapidly growing smaller. At the time of madame's last visit, Mr. Tannenbaum had an extremely lengthy list of fatalities among madame's ageing American friends to relate to her, and, at its close, gazing over toward the other end of the stage where her husband was thoughtfully seated before a dusty piano, pounding out a Polish air with one finger, the actress sighed sadly and murmured: "Ah, ah! yes, Meester Tannenbaum!" with even a more mournful sigh, "They all die but Willy!"



VIOLET DALE



KATHERINE
KAELRED



GEORGE MAC FARLANE
IN "PINAFORE"

DE WOLF HOPPER



EUGENE COWLES

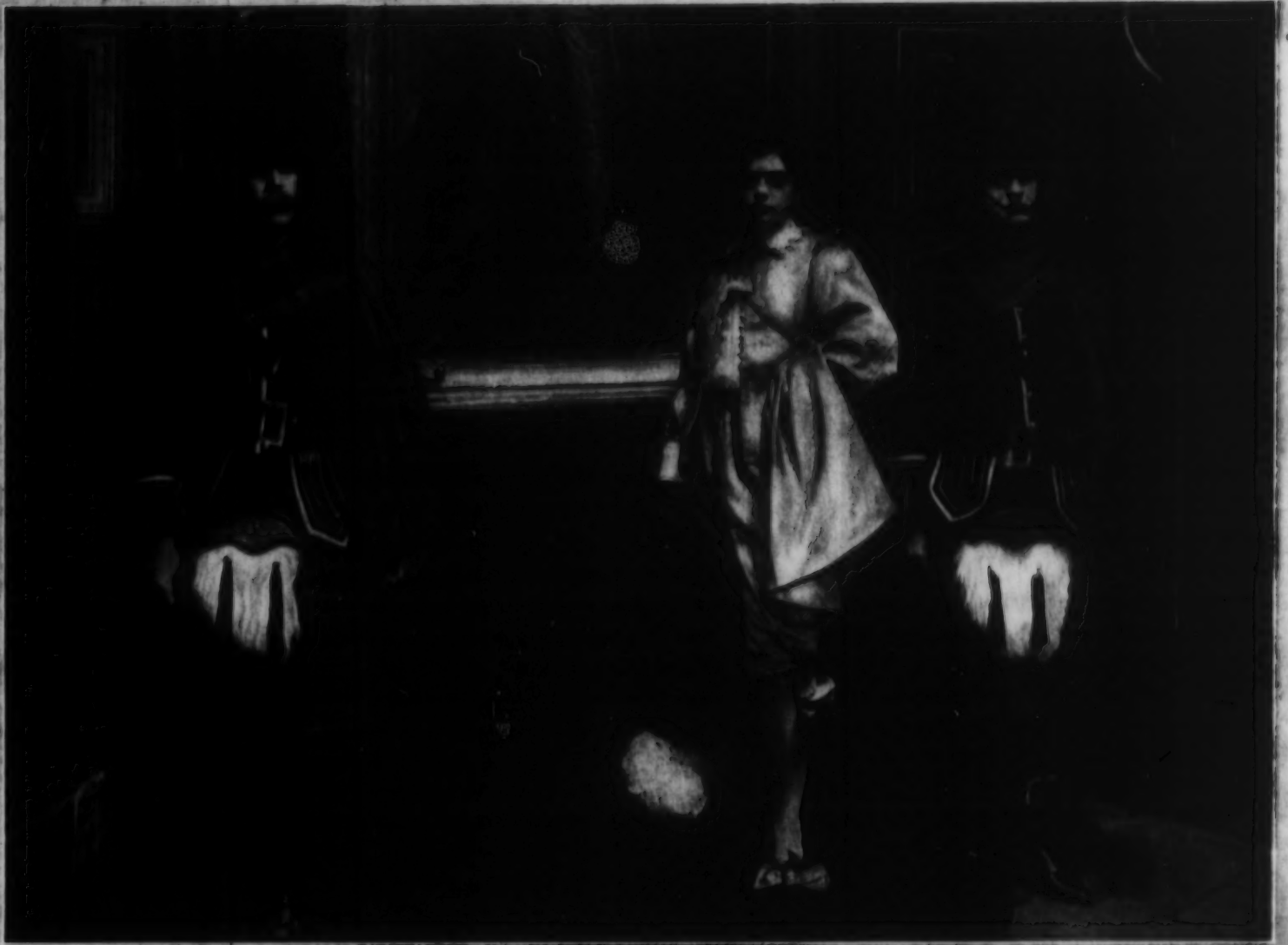
ALICE BRADY LOUISE GUNNING
IN "PINAFORE"

ARTHUR ALDRIDGE



LOUISE LE BARON
AS "CARMEN"

THE GOOD SHIP PINAFORE AND OTHERS



GERTRUDE BRYAN
AS LITTLE BOY BLUE.

WHITE N.Y.



THE BARROOM SCENE
IN 'THE MILLION'

WHITE N.Y.



TWO SAVAGE PRODUCTIONS AND A FROHMAN STAR

A REVIEW OF THE SEASON

FROM A CIVILIAN'S POINT OF VIEW

By LLOYD BURTE

AFTER wading through what the theatres offered during the past twenty weeks we chronicle a sum total of over seventy productions new to the metropolitan stage: about thirty were acknowledged failures and quickly withdrawn; seven are genuine successes, and of these only three cloak luminaries, all of the masculine gender; eighteen were written around stars whose personalities will draw fair business on the road, where the majority have gone; fifteen are musical and will doubtless survive as long as this class of "show" appeals to "the tired business man"; one is spectacular and another a smashing farce, each with its own clientele.

With the weather to his sardonic majesty's liking *The Real Thing* bore Henrietta Crosman into town. This name was a misnomer, for it proved to be a superficial hotchpotch. The next to heaven in sight was *A Gentleman of Leisure*, being that nonchalant, suave dispenser of good cheer, Douglas Fairbanks, who at present is in reality a free-lance. Then *The Siren* appeared, with only the bewitching beauty of Julia Sanderson and the self-assurance of the star recommending it. Should Donald Brian be lured to destruction it will not be because of any petticoat behind the proscenium, but one regrets to state that nimbleness of foot has taken this springly young man a step in the wrong direction.

Thy Neighbor's Wife and *Speed* succumbed to the early Autumn frost; no mourning cards were issued. *A Man of Honor* and *When Sweet Sixteen* had pretentious titles; but little else to boast of, so with *The Rack* and *Modern Marriage* they disappeared as the call, "Set 'em up again!" vibrated throughout six disappointed Gotham playhouses.

Though he remembered the fate of his *Daughters of Men* and *The Step Sister*, in writing *Maggie Pepper*, Charles Klein demonstrated clearly how little he feared the critics. Shekels, not laurels, were anticipated, and the marvelous hold *Rose Stahl* has on her public will gratify this desire. Miss Stahl is worthy of something better than a mediocre department store hallucination.

A Single Man is neither worse nor better than its predecessors, used to exploit John Drew during the past few seasons. As these other tea-table comedies succeeded, so does this evoke a mild ripple of mirth from the intellectual audiences to which this velutinous artist appeals, a class who demand that even milk be cultured.

The person who stated, "Nobody likes a fat man," was misinformed. Frank McIntyre in *Snobs* is both corpulent and pleasing. Through experience as *The Traveling Salesman* he has acquired the knack of forcing his stock in trade. In this instance it is a queer assimilation of the multitude and *Laura Jean Libby*, consisting of milk and mush. The wearer of a toupee will not have its equilibrium disturbed by any excess of laughter over this "satirical farce." The early Winter Garden revue, the *Folies Begere*, and *Bothwell Browne* as *Miss Jack* were short-lived. Another female impersonator, Julian Eltinge as *The Fascinating Widow*, has

mastered the difficult feat of appearing feminine without being effeminate or in the slightest degree offensive. Personally I would accelerate the final curtain on this entertainment.

Reward for sitting through many tedious and inane productions came with *Disraeli*. George Arliss is an actor risen to stardom on merit, and in portraying Benjamin Disraeli he finds scope for his remarkable ability. A bull's-eye was also recorded by *The Woman*. This play's destiny might have been different without the aid of David Belasco, to whom its author, William C. de Mille, graciously acknowledges indebtedness. Nothing Mr. Belasco offers lacks interest, therefore success was assured *The Return of Peter Grimm*. Even though the supernatural be to your disliking, the combination of Warfield and Belasco as player and author overcomes scruples. The play does more than a lifetime of sermons toward removing the sting of death. This delving into the beyond brings to the surface only beautiful, conciliating thoughts. Another success, *Bought and Paid For*, strikes a chord resonant of popularity, not through the leading characters, but by a wonderfully lifelike bit of natural acting on the part of Frank Craven as James Gilly, a \$14 a week clerk, with an idea ever fermenting in his gray matter. He is an imaginative cameo of finance, only needing proper setting to shed his radiance.

Popular in London, the New York engagement of *Passers-By* was of longer duration. Ernest Lawford as a tatterdemalion and Julian Royce as a menial exhibit conceptions without a blemish. Richard Bennett is obviously too American for the type of Englishman he is called upon to impersonate; a gentleman inferior to his valet is the impression he creates as Peter Waverton. Another example of misplaced personality was perceptible when A. Scott Gatty, an actor essentially English, appeared as leading man with Gertrude Elliott in that gruesome, repellent drama, *Rebellion*, a play of Chicago which should have remained penned in that windy city.

Margaret Anglin had her *Green Stockings* peremptorily removed from Maxine Elliott's Theatre through a disagreement with her management. She insisted upon being a comedienne, while they would have her lachrymose and emotional. Consequently this hosiery-named comedy had but a short run. It was fitting that the Irish Players begin their Manhattan engagement close upon the heels of the wearing of the green. After beholding three of their repertoire of sixty plays, I felt the other fifty-seven could be put in pickle without loss; however, each successive offering proved early conclusions erroneous. Mention of the Irish brings to mind the Scotch. Haig and Haig never sent across the briny deep a more welcome exhilarator than *Bunty Pulls the Strings*. The opinion of all who view this gem is as a unit—delightful! Quite the opposite to *What the Doctor Ordered*. This was so hard to swallow that we would have none of it, and journeyed to Daly's for our Next dose on the final day of September.



SCENE FROM ACT III IN *THE QUAKER GIRL*, AT THE PARK THEATRE

That old proverb, "The last shall be first," cannot be applied to Next unless interpreted thus: Born during the last hours of a month, it died at the first dawn following. The Cave Man was destined to return to his primeval condition, so in The Arab Robert Edeson became "the finest dragoman in the world!" By his stepping into the void created when Edgar Selwyn decided to adhere strictly to the role of dramatist, The Arab loses nothing.

The Runaway, meaning Billie Burke, is very enjoyable. The comedy, by no means logical, keeps Miss Burke on the stage almost continuously, and one forgets all else while listening to this vivacious girl. Although not imbued with a superabundance of histrionism, her Colette is the best she has shown yet; that is saying something.

Henry Kolker for some unknown reason starred in The Great Name, a romance as dull as opened pop. After this failure he joined Viola Allen in The Lady of Coventry. The funny skip-step in the eccentric musician of modern comedy was ludicrous, assumed by a war lord of medieval drama. If transplanted to a zoological garden, the many quadrupeds that Mr. Parker's puppets harp on could fill the whole park. Miss Allen as the lady was beautiful and youthful, making it hard to realize that nearly thirty years had elapsed since this writer first beheld her as Virginia to McCullough's Virginus. Uncle Sam usually has his way, but the farce comedy of this name in which Tom Wise and Jack Barrymore fussed proved the exception. When two such players find it necessary to do knitting for laughter, it is time the public reproved Uncle Sam. Another transitory visitor was The Sign of the Rose. The withering of this particular nosegay brought to us an actor of whom in late years we have seen too little. The new sign proclaims the Garrick the permanent home of William H. Crane and associate players. I trust The Senator Keeps House for many moons.

Picturesque trappings of the Civil War era surrounding The Littlest Rebel, combined with bristling dialogue, a child prodigy and the hand-

some Farnum brothers, tends to produce a melodrama old as the Sphinx, but more movable. Madame Simone, who came as The Thief, but who failed to purloin scarcely a commendable word of praise until The Whirlwind stirred things; The Only Son; and Fritz Scheff, needing no title such as The Duchess to proclaim her royalty, arrived simultaneously on Oct. 16, departing likewise shortly after. Papers inform me Mlle. Modiste has been called to The Bat; this will, perhaps, be humorous to home-run Baker. It was not difficult to prognosticate the snuffing of The Three Lights, flickering dimly about May Robson for a few days. As she supplied the oil, no one else was to blame for the darkness which followed. The Drana Players can now assist in the game of blindman, for they, too, failed to see anything encouraging amid the white lights of the Rialto. The recollection of these dead ones makes apropos the statement that Weber's Theatre will acquire the reputation of East Twenty-sixth Street should asphyxiation continue at this tiny playhouse. Here A Man of Honor was hardly cold when Mrs. Avery met her demise. Then another invalid, casting aside covers, appeared, only to discover she, too, was doomed, so The Wife Decides is of interest merely to the coroner.

On the road The Million failed expectations, and after witnessing a private performance at the Gaiety, the management of that house refused it. To cap the climax its translator, Leo Ditrichstein, discouraged, declined to have his name appear on the programme at the New York premiere. Then began Henry W. Savage's ceaseless labors, rehearsing and rewriting until the intense gloom, preceding the dubious curtain on this kinetoscopic farce, was swept aside by his intelligent handling, resulting in a ten-strike. Antithetic to this was The Garden of Allah. For two years before its advent the grandeur and multiplicity of forthcoming wonders were heralded. Magnificent this spectacle is, but in the vastness of scenic investiture the story of Boris Androsky becomes an infinitesimal grain. Lewis Waller carries the burden of elucidating this dramatization of Robert Hichens's novel in a herculean effort as the monk, making his welcome to America well deserved.

Accepting The Price after reading the manuscript, its star was brave, being fully aware of the possibilities afforded another character to get the pulse of her audience. This part, played by Jessie Ralph, saves the play from collapse, and therefore could not be blue-penciled. In making Ethel Toscani worthy of a moment's consideration, Helen Ware deserves high praise, for the author depicted a woman devoid of chastity and thoroughly selfish. Her cumulative method is marred only by unconsciously protruding her tongue as though a hair had gone astray. As plain Nazimova, Charles Frohman has reintroduced an artiste in need. Until this wonderful woman secures a meritorious medium none will know her limitations. In The Marionettes another side of an octagonal nature is displayed. To see Fernande anticipate the snuggle in her husband's waiting arms, at the end of this vaporous offering, makes reparation for the author's antiqueness.

Ethel Barrymore as Stella Ballantyne ascends to intellectual sincerity predicting a cyclonic triumph if given opportunity. The Witness for the Defense nearly ruined the author's case. A. E. Anson made him a bloodless creature, precipitating the lady's trouble by "butting in." After the first act of vigorous melodrama, nothing follows but reiteration, talk, and tea. "One or two lumps?" London importations seem incomplete without it. Why not a coffee klatch by way of diversion? If the aged English gentry are as pictured by A. E. W. Mason, in Green Stockings and The Witness for the Defense, Mr. Osler's misquoted remarks could be taken literally without loss to John Bull's island.

Like many another man who promised great things until entering the White House, Charles Nirdlinger rather disappointed hopes. The First Lady in the Land furnishes delightful entertainment during the first two acts; then we behold variegated diplomats, and what a lot! This can be truly said of the stout lady from Holland, the one big feature of a tiresome Presidential reception. Elsie Ferguson sparkles throughout until a tear or two is shed on behalf of Aaron Burr, whom the author would have us believe a much maligned man.

At the Fulton Theatre on Thanksgiving the entire Collier household, who participate in Take My Advice, soon made all present feel part of a joyous family gathering: William Collier and most of his efforts defy criticism. Each year brings forth a relaunders line of jokes and, like inquisitive neighbors, we peek. As president of the Pacific Lemon Company he corrals many laughs. None handle this acid fruit better. In Kindling Charles Kenyon strove to have the socialistic features predominate, but

Sarah Allen
Arthur H. Delaney
Wm. Kenyon
Fred O'Donovan
Sydney Morgan
Eileen Magee
Eileen O'Donoghue
Maire ni Shinklaigh
J. A. O'Rourke
Udolphus Wright
Augusta Gregory
G. F. Flynn
James Robson

ORIGINAL CAST OF THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD
 MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

material instinct is the motive upon which it coins favor. From the moment he brings the gist of the narrative to the surface, interest never flags. Margaret Illington as Maggie was a revelation; the little details were carefully thought out. Kindling is not all froth lightly blown away.

Evidently the dinner "to the unemployed, by the unemployed, and for the unemployed," recently partaken of at the Lambs' Club, bore fruit, for The Stranger recruited its cast from this assemblage. A repertoire company, such as Wilton Lackaye is endeavoring to root at the Bijou, is sadly needed in New York, but there should be no name in large type, and prices from 25 cents to \$1 would place the undertaking on a paying basis.

Kismet opens and closes with a snore. However, during the interval nothing of a somnambulist nature predominates this Oriental array of splendor. After weary years of expectancy, like an anxious Lothario, Otis Skinner is at last wed to a role into which he pours his pent up and mature art. Without braggadocio, one can point to this player and say, here at least is one actor rare as the mastodon, and about as little sought after during a decade of struggling. Thanks be, he has arrived.

When James K. Hackett underwent bankruptcy a short time ago he must have figured his acting ability as an asset, assignable to creditors, for not a vestige of it was visible in The Grain of Dust. Actor-managers are bound to "go broke" when foolhardy enough to discontinue the profitable road tour of an impossible concoction, to bask in the limelight of Broadway. Frozen out of her husband's playhouse by a success, Bought and Paid For, Grace George was at home to a host of well-wishers at Maxine Elliott's Theatre on Jan. 1. Just to Get Married is the essence of femininity. Having interested mankind for centuries, no doubt it will furnish Miss George with a cloak for her spontaneous, ingratiating and varying moods throughout the season. Billed as caustic, it is a mantle light as eiderdown, a trifle fluffy and underweight for Lyn Harding, who apparently possesses the strength of Samson. Without effort he lifts his role head and shoulders above the meridian of mediocrity.

The Little Millionaire is George Cohan; what more can one write? Seats at his theatre must be purchased weeks in advance. The Enchantress and The Quaker Girl are also at hand to please the patrons of musical hits. The Kiss Waltz, with its near star cast, and The Never Homes, the usual pentahexahedral display of loveliness supplied by Lew Fields, have begun the strain of perambulation. Mr. Fields's other kinemacolor tomfoolery, The Wife Hunters, failed to attract the cash. One with an ear for really melodious music, far removed from the syncopated and moony "best sellers," emanating from "Tin Pan alley," cannot help regretting the failure of Gypsy Love to draw in Manhattan. The Three Romeos, succeeding Marguerita Sylva, although going Shakespeare two better, possessed none of the lasting qualities the Bard of Avon invested his lovesick swain with. Raymond Hitchcock, on the first night of The Red Widow, thanked those present for their "redundancy" of applause, also saying "that word redundancy sounds good to me. I must remember to use it upon my next visit to Syracuse." Why Betsy got good notices puzzles me. I thought the whole reincarnated affair ghostly.

The man who imagines he failed to get the equivalent of his expenditure after viewing the Winter Garden must be "a grouch!" Little Boy Blue is a miss, having no connection with our childhood's fable. Gertrude Bryan, a newcomer, has a personality pervaded with magnetism; she is a dainty girl, sweet voiced and agile of foot. Otis Harlan's cockatoo song, pirouette, and abstinence from spotlight insistence are commendable.

Peggy was strange to behold. We have become accustomed to horseless movables, smokeless powder, boneless fish, wireless messages, wifeless men, childless wives and fatherless children, but I hardly think voiceless prima donnas will prove popular. Preceding The Girl in the Taxi were rumors of naughtiness. Upon disclosure little startling of any nature registered. In fact, the "to hire" sign was shortly displayed. Still, A. H. Woods had the courage to try it again. Modest Suzanne is but a refined name for the aforementioned girl. In conclusion, I will jot down my approval of The Wedding Trip. Like numerous other compatriots, I say "America for mine." I have recollections of many other agreeable features, although the only really funny moments were furnished by watching Edward Martindel's acting limbs and a chorus of men who posed queerly in fantastic costumes. There were no visible blackhands amid these esthetic brigands. De Koven or Herbert bred, in preference to Vienna roles, any day.

TRIALS OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Ever since the days of Robert Burns, the best laid plans of mice and men have been noted for taking matters into their own hands and turning out in the most unwarranted fashion. Even theatrical stars have suffered from such unforeseen events.

"The very nicest thing that ever happened," Blanche Bates asserts, "was in Under Two Flags, when Burr Mackintosh, after two shots were fired, had to come down stage from the door and announce that Cigarette had been shot. This night the shots not coming on time, he unconsciously said: 'Bang! bang!' and made his announcements. I had to play a death scene on top of that! and the audience never even smiled!!

"Then, there was the borrowed baby in Milwaukee for Madame Butterfly. He submitted gracefully and stoically to everything until Cho Cho San thrust the American flag into his hand with some touching speech about remembering his father's country. Whereupon this miserable child, burning with the repressed indignities of two hours, shrieked: 'Ich want my mütter! Ich want my mütter!' That ended Madame Butterfly for that afternoon."

George Nelson Hall
H. Cooper Cliffe
Daniel Hall
Frank Macy
Marion LeMay
Frederic de Belleville
Henry Wernan
John L. Shine
Juliette Day
James Stevens
Marian Blackburn
Jean Barrett
Maudie Higgins
Alta Hammerstein
Nida Bennett
Hubert Osborne
Bonny Maxwell
Muriel Platt
Patricia Collinge
Arthur H. Toffan

ORIGINAL CAST OF EVERYWOMAN
 HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

THE STAGE GENTLEMAN

A SYMPOSIUM OF OPINIONS

THE charge most frequently brought against American actors nowadays states that the gentleman—or the convincing portrayal of gentlemen—has vanished from the footlights. If the field is so vacant as native and English commentators have alleged, young actors should take notice, for it means an opportunity in a branch where competition is comparatively negligible. Let the ambitious youths carefully cross their histrionic t's and dot their histrionic i's in "straight" roles, and see what comes of it.

To arrive at some sort of conclusion upon this subject, three questions were submitted to men representing four sides of theatrical activity—actors, authors, critics, and managers. The results are eloquent as well as interesting, both in their general unanimity and in the emphatic dissent of a minority.

The first question concerned the salient point upon which the discussion is based: *Is it true that we lack young actors who can satisfactorily*

have done so as far back as I can remember the stage, both in England and America. These parts are seldom satisfactorily filled except by actors who are approaching the forties."

Adolph Klauber.—"In my opinion, there is a considerable shortage of actors capable of creating the sense of breeding and good taste. The failing is apparent in poor speech and diction, which suggest a lack of culture, in slovenly gait and carriage, in awkwardness of gesture and attitude, and in general deportment which fails to create an illusion of superiority."

Louis V. De Foe.—"Most of our young actors do not portray characters at all, but exhibit their own personalities. When they attempt to represent 'gentlemen,' they frequently do so by sitting on tables or astride chairs, which is usually the fault of their stage-managers."

J. Rankin Towse and George Broadhurst both set down a succinct, "Yes."

Channing Pollock.—"We lack two kinds of actors who can 'satisfactorily portray a gentleman' on the stage—young actors and old actors. Also actresses."

Daniel Frohman.—"Yes. This is due to the fact that while we have many clever young actors, there are not enough, as most of our young men who might become capable actors of good style and distinction, are drawn off into commercial pursuits."

The consensus of opinion points to an establishment of the contention, and Mr. Arliss and Mr. Frohman have suggested reasons for the lack. Another cause may occur to one. Economical principles teach that the demand usually creates a supply. It may be that the stage has not much need for actors of polished bearing and self-possession in "straight" acting. Men like John Drew, who are associated with such roles, received their training in the days when stock companies were popular. Probably a stock company never existed for a season without presenting The Charity Ball, or Diplomacy, or some equivalent for them. Those dramas demanded the stage gentleman, and the crop grew more luxuriantly because the sun of popularity was shining on the sprouts.

This consideration prompted the second query: *Are American authors supplying plays that demand more such actors than we possess?* The vote went seven to three for the affirmative. The former negatives, David Warfield and Charles Klein, recruited George Broadhurst, who declared that "American authors are writing plays of character rather than of manners." Mr. Klein said, "The supply has generally been found equal to the demand," and Mr. Warfield replied, "I don't think so."

Mr. Arliss and Mr. Towse briefly sided with the affirmative. The longer answers follow:

Otis Skinner.—"American plays do not always call for the most cultured types. In the delineation of characters of the more pronounced order—the elemental sort of person, the man of force, of eccentric, or comic attributes—I think our actors are at their best, and this kind of character is constantly being used by our dramatists. Often, however, their plays call for men of manners and refinement. I do not know if this particular type is increasing in favor or not, but I do know it is always a very difficult thing to get the ideal man for such a part."

Adolph Klauber.—"Since our playwrights are offering more of the so-called society plays, or plays dealing with our general life, rather than those of local phases (as witness the Western drama, Southern, rural plays, etc.), the demand for actors capable of sustaining an illusion of social breeding and refinement is greater than it once was. Judging from the general exhibits, I should say it is in excess of the supply."

Louis V. De Foe.—"American authors are supplying more plays than their talents justify, and therefore more than our actors, whether good or bad, can equip. With half the number of plays our art standard in the drama would be twice as high."

Channing Pollock.—"Yes; or, at least, this would be true if more than one author in five knew how to write such parts, even were there actors to play them."

Daniel Frohman.—"Yes. There are more authors, more theatres, more managers, and consequently a greater demand."



White, N. Y.

JANE MAY

portray a gentleman on the stage? Charles Klein replied with a round "No," and David Warfield, while suggesting that the management of tea-cups and the style of evening clothes admit improvement, added that, "We have many charming and delightful light comedians." Eight others agreed, however, upon the affirmative. Their answers follow:

Otis Skinner.—"Certainly, our American stage is anything but blessed in the types of gentlemen portrayed by its young actors. An average group of our stage gentlemen generally exhibit linguistic eccentricities that would make them absurd in cultured circles."

George Arliss.—"If you mean, 'Do we lack actors who can satisfactorily portray young "straight" parts?' I should say, 'We do.' And we



RICHARD CARLE



DIMITRE SMIRNOFF



LAURA NELSON HALL

BYRON N.Y.
THE PIPER
OLIVE OLIVER JOHN TANSEY
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON

CATHERINE CALVERT



RUTH BENSON

HOLBROOK BLINN
IN "THE BOSS"

JOHN M. TROUGHTON

WHITE N.Y.

A PAGE OF MUSICAL COMEDY, OPERA, POETIC ROMANCE, AND DRAMA



"DON"
LOUIS CALVERT
AS ALBERT THOMPSETT
E. M. HOLLAND
AS CANON BONNINGTON



CATHERINE CALVERT



VIOLET HEMING



ESTHER BISSETT



FRANKIE RAYMOND



WILLIAM COLLIER GIVING ADVICE
TO WILLIAM COLLIER JR.

TWO VARIETIES OF COMEDY AND SOME YOUNG ACTRESSES

Since seven men out of ten are convinced that American authors are writing more society plays than there are actors to fill the male roles satisfactorily, it is interesting to look at the actual figures on the matter. In the season of 1910-11, New York saw 366 productions, 150 being plays never done before in this city. Of these 366, drawing-room plays amounted to twenty-three in first-class theatres, and probably a dozen more in other houses. Of these twenty-three, seven were revivals, and sixteen were new. Also, eleven were by American authors, and the remaining twelve came from England or France. Of the twenty-three, only five were successful enough to run until the present date, and every one of them won its success as much by the acting as by the writing.

It has been difficult to compile exact figures because plays are usually not subject to exact classification, and two men might readily disagree over the label for such a comedy as Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, for example. Without exception, however, it is notable that the purer samples of drawing-room drama came from other than American authors. Our nearest approach to it for last season is *As a Man Thinks*, or possibly *Keeping Up Appearances*—both of which, as Mr. Broadhurst observes, are plays of character rather than of manners.

For the season upon which we are embarked, from the first seventy openings at first-class theatres, thirteen belong in the class under discussion, one of them being a revival. Only two have yet established themselves as striking successes, both by English authors. Five are American contributions, three of which have already closed. The two remaining are far from being specimens of purely society drama, although they are more than anything else.

One obvious cause for the failure of many imported society plays is the fact that English and French society is different enough from American to remove the vital interest that we might take in pictures of them. Consequently, actors are not always responsible for failures of imported drama; their abilities should more fairly be tested by American work. It may be that American authors are writing plays of American society, but beyond a question they are not being produced. Native playwrights have not recently given us a play of this sort that has not been embellished by appreciable sections from other kinds of dramatic composition.

A second reason for the lack of actors who portray gentlemen properly is indicated by the third question: *Does the American public care for the drawing-room play as much as for the more picturesque drama?* In answering this question, George Broadhurst alone stood for the negative. The other nine agreed that the public likes anything that is good of its kind.

Otis Skinner—"I do not believe the American public cares for any one type of play more than another. We have more drawing-room plays because they are easier to write than the romantic or strongly dramatic sort of thing. An amateur can sometimes concoct a drawing-room play of some effectiveness, but it requires a writer of skill and imagination to construct a genuine drama, and a genuine drama depends on no period or country for its time or place. If it is real drama, that is all the public asks."

David Warfield—"The American public cares for all plays that are good and wholesome."

George Arliss—"Broadly speaking, no theatregoing public knows what it wants until it gets it. The public is hungry for a good play. If we give it that, it doesn't care whether it is in the drawing-room or the desert."

Adolph Klauber—"In general, I think that the so-called drawing-room play, taking the term to mean any play which represents the realities of life as opposed to the purely romantic phases, is, at present, preferred by our audiences."

Louis V. De Foe—"The American public will accept any play that is good of its kind. Most plays fail because they are picked before they are ripe."

J. Ranken Towse—"It depends entirely upon the quality."

Channing Pollock—"Yes. The American public seems to want drama of here and now, whether it is laid in a drawing-room or in the cold storage vault of a poultry dealer's warehouse."

Charles Klein—"Not necessarily. They want good plays well acted, whether drawing-room or picturesque."

Daniel Frohman—"The American public cares for any sort of play that is very good of its kind or class, no matter whether it is romantic, modern, society, or Sierra."

The conclusions to be drawn from these answers are as obvious as they are instructive. American actors are not giving us the stage gentle-

man as most of us understand the term, and the fault lies with the actors themselves rather than with authors or audiences. On the other hand, although this statement represents popular opinion, one would do well to bear in mind the contradictory evidence of statistics, especially in regard to the material supplied by authors. Assuming that the drawing-room play is the gentleman's drama, an observer discovers that the modern American drawing room play does not demand the portrayal of gentlemen quite so much as has been thought. Whether authors write for actors, or actors adapt themselves to the work of authors, may be subject for further contention; but one cannot help believing that if the drama insistently called for stage gentlemen in appreciable numbers, it would result in the creation or cultivation of talents to fit the demand.

METICULOUS

History vouches for a little story which will be appreciated by those who know E. H. Sothorn's scrupulous care in details of stage production. Members of the Players' Club were discussing a speech which Henry Arthur Jones had delivered there after a dinner.

"It was very interesting," said one. "But what did he mean by that word meticulous which he kept using?"

"I don't know," commented Mr. Sothorn, "for I'm sure nobody ever applied the word to me."



LEAH WINSLOW

WHO'S WHO

In his early days before lithographed posters had made his face familiar to the public, George Arliss belonged to a stock company in London. In each hiatus between scenes at rehearsals he used to stand in the doorway with his fellow Thespians, smoking and watching the boys at play in the alley. These boys, like true gallery gods, used to pick out the individual actors to each other, naming them in accents of admiration. Mr. Arliss waited until the more prominent members of his group had been inspected and discussed, thinking that his turn would come. It did.

Finally, a boy remarked, audibly: "Who that bloke in the eyeglass is, God knows."

CELESTE AIDA

BY JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

"PARDON me, b-but——"

He was so eager that he stuttered, and the lady gave him no time to finish. She did not look at him even. From his hand she received the little gold bag he had rescued from under foot, and with a richly murmured "Thank you" moved goddess-like to her waiting car. It swung quickly and smartly away, and Charleton, who had turned to watch, laughed.

"It's no use, son," he jeered, chuckling. "You're a mere man, with capital M's, and she's noted for lumping them all together—and having no use for 'em."

"But I know her!" Judson was staring after the car, now nosing its way through the slow-moving jam of the avenue.

"You can't possibly. She doesn't know any men—and it wouldn't do you any good if you did."

Even back in college Charleton had had a habit of assuming that he knew everything knowable about a given subject and then calmly implying that no one else knew anything at all. Judson had wasted much of four undergraduate years trying to break him of it, but it had persisted—flourished, evidently, in these last two years of gilded and care-free bachelorhood with no Judson by to hold it up to ridicule.

But Judson attempted no ridicule to-day. He merely shook his shoulders impatiently and ploughed forward through the afternoon crowd. But he presently ventured a feeble sarcasm.

"Perhaps you know her yourself?"

"Oh, no! I'm only— Really, Ken, this pace isn't civilized!" He



MADGE TYRONE



HENRY HICKS

took hold of Judson's arm and drew him down to a more practicable gait. "I'm only one of the hundreds who'd like to—just another mere man."

"Uh-huh?" Judson's grunt might have meant anything, which Charleton took to be interest.

"I never was lucky, you know. Nobody is, though, with her."

Judson, already calmed to a conversational pace, here came to a complete halt.

"Who do you think she is, anyway?"

"Think? Why man, I haven't been in the woolley wilds for the last century—I *know*!"

"Who is she then?"

"Why, she's Theodora Vernet."

Judson swung into his stride again, grinning widely.

"I told you so!" he remarked, and his chest took a perceptible puff.

"You didn't! You just said you knew her, and you can't, possibly. Why, she's *the* grand opera star of this half of the world, and she didn't hit New York till last season!"

Judson was so pleased that he was very patient.

"I knew her the minute I saw her. I've known Teddy Vernet ever since we were kids—and it's plain American Vernet, not Vernay. No *nay* about it."

Charleton was so astonished he stood stock still and blocked traffic.

"For Heaven's sake where? *Where* did you ever know her?"

"Out home."

Presently traffic refused to be blocked any longer and as he started moving again Charleton lost some of his dazed look. He held in his tor-

rent of questions till he had steered Judson into a cross-town street, where he could let them tumble forth over a little table in a retired restaurant corner. Fifth Avenue was no place for the probing of this undreamed of suggestion of something different in Kendal Judson's matter-of-fact life. The waiter had to be put off with an order for drinks first and then called back because Charleton suddenly remembered he had to take the six



Hortwood, N. Y.

STUART BEEBE

o'clock train for Philadelphia and might as well dine early. When the waiter had finally been sent about his business, "Now tell me!" he said, eagerly.

"You tell me! I haven't heard of her for years."

Charleton hastily reviewed what details the public was possessed of regarding Theodora Vernet, prima donna. Stripped of their press-agent frills they were pretty meager. She had appeared unheralded one night the Winter before in Faust, when the announced soprano became suddenly indisposed, and since then her career had been of the kind one reads about—a grand series of triumphs.

"Nobody knows much about her," he had to confess, "not even where she came from, for sure, except that it's somewhere in the West. She, or whoever runs her publicity, has elected to have her pose as a sort of Mysterious Unknown. She doesn't go in for the society game at all, and she doesn't hang out with any of the musical crowds. She could, though—she could have anything she wants. Why man, she's simply got this town going! She can sing and act, and she's young, and she's a stunner to look at. I knew she was that on the stage, but now I know it isn't the make-up—she's a stunner anywhere. Now let's hear your tale!"

Judson fingered his glass.

"There isn't any tale, really. We used to play together when we were kids."

"Out in——"

"Yes, out in!" The place of Judson's nativity had always been a joke to the fellows in college, requiring frequent and passionate defence from him. "She was always a regular song-bird, singing all the time. I used to go to places with her, parties and church sociables and things. And then I came East to college."

"Didn't you see her again?"

"Yes, once, when I went home after freshman year." Judson stopped and Charleton's merry eyes took on a merrier twinkle.

"Ken/I think I ought to tell you that I'm suspecting something."

Judson pushed his glass away.

"You'd better not. There isn't anything to suspect."

"Then why didn't you ever tell a fellow?"

"Because there wasn't anything to tell. I suppose she's forgotten all about me now. I didn't get home again till two years ago. She was off studying somewhere then. And you know you don't hear much about new prima donnas down in Sonora."

Which did not entirely remove the grounds for suspicion for Charleton, whose turn of mind was instinctively what Judson called "mushy."

"Well, you can look her up now, anyway," he remarked.

"Yes, I'm likely to! Why, she paid about as much attention to me as she would to a stray tom-cat—less!"

Charleton laughed.

"That's all right. You've probably grown up a bit since last you met, and you have an Indian look that isn't at all the Broadway kind. You really can't blame her, you know."

Judson's face, in spite of his wish to keep it expressionless, brightened.

"When does she—do you know when she's going to sing again?"

"To-night."

"Sure?"

"Of course I am—in Aida. I know because Sis is having a shin-dig in the box and I was counting on going till this trip to Philly came up and spoiled it. She's great in Aida! Say, I'm sorry I won't be here! You could let her know you're here and then introduce me!"

Judson grinned at him.

"Sorry myself," he said.

"Probably! But say, I'll telephone Sis and fix it up for you. There'll be plenty of room, and she'd love to have you."

"No, you don't! Thanks, though—but I'd look great in an opera party, wouldn't I? Just back from Mexico without a stitch of evening clothes."



ERNESTINE MORLEY

"Wear mine!"

"You've grown too fat. No, I'll get a seat somewhere outside the stylish circle. I can probably hear just as well there, and——"

And it wouldn't matter anyway, because she wouldn't see him wherever he sat, but he did not say it. In fact, he said very little more during the entire meal. He seemed to forget to care whether Charleton suspected anything or not, and his eyes took on a certain hungry look that had come to be at home in them down in the Mexican mines. And Charleton, for a wonder, let his silence go unremarked.

It was not yet seven o'clock when Judson added himself to the line crawling past the box-office window at the Opera House. As it moved slowly forward his eyes caught sight of her picture, framed with those of other singers, hanging on the wall of the lobby. He forgot about his place in line.

Yes, it was Teddy Vernet—Madame Vernet in her Elizabeth costume, though he did not know that. He did not know much about grand opera. With all the difference it was the same girl he had made boyish love to out in Indiana, with the same eyes that had glowed so beautifully when

she told him she could not dream of such a thing for years and years—she must make a career for herself. Well, she had made the career, and the years had been many and very long, it seemed to Judson, as he looked up at the picture and thought back to the night when he said good-bye. Then he remembered himself and hurried back into line again.

The line moved not so slowly now and he soon reached the window, to be met with a complacent "Admission only." He got his admission ticket and turned away. He would wander about—he might see her going in. He did not suspect that Madame Vernet had already been an hour in her dressing-room.

He turned down the cross street toward the back of the Opera House and stopped opposite the stage door. Many people passed him and went in, and then, in a little group of women talking in a quick, inflectionless jabber of Italian, a tall figure that made his throat tighten. The lights did not strike full upon her face, which was partly hidden by an up-turned collar, but something in her walk—he sprang forward, but already she was up the steps and through the door. He rushed after her.

Once inside he knew it couldn't be she. Prima donnas wouldn't come that way. It was a chorus woman or something like that—he saw her face now as she stopped at a time-registering machine. He grew very red at the realization of his foolish rush into a place where he had no business to be, but no one minded him being there, apparently—he was at the end of a line of men stretching along the wall, being checked off as they passed through an inner door. He lingered, curious.

"What's the game?" he asked the fellow in front of him, a dark, eager-faced boy, wracked with impatience at the slow-moving line. He was informed that they were going to "supe." "Couldn't I get in, too? What do they stick you?"

"Nothing. They pay you—pay you fifty cents. You have to be a regular, though, or a substitute for a regular."

"Look here—I'll give you a dollar for your place!"

The boy shook his head.

"I'll give you two dollars—five dollars!" The idea of such a chance to get near to Theodora grew on him. What was being in the audience compared with this?

The next man in front turned around in astonishment and eyed the two.

"Ain't you going to take it?" he asked the dark-faced boy.

"Of course not. Vernet sings to-night."

"Then I will." So Judson slipped a bill into the other's hand and received instructions. "You're number fifty-four. Tell 'em you're taking Penton's place. You'll see what you have to do when you get inside."



White, N. Y.

CHARLES BALSAR



White, N. Y.

Harry Jupp

Alma Francis

Louise Kelly

Alma Hagaman

Frank Lalar

William Elliott

The song, "Donny Did, Donny Didn't"

FROM ACT II, THE PINK LADY



HOPKINS CHICAGO
GRACE GEORGE
IN "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE"



VIVIAN OGDEN
LEW FIELDS
IN "THE HEN-PECKS"



HALL NY
H. COOPER CLIFF
IN "EVERYWOMAN"



HOPKINS CHICAGO
MABEL HITE



BYRON N.Y.
FLORINE ARNOLD



MRS FISKE
IN "MRS BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH" KATHLENE MACDONALL

STAGE N.Y.
MALCOLM DUNCAN

COMEDIANS AND A MORALIST



TWO PAYING COMEDIES AND SOME WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES

When they got inside, "Show me the ropes, will you?" Judson asked young Conti, as he heard the doorkeeper call the young fellow who preferred standing on the stage with Vernet to five dollars. And Conti, who looked like an Italian and talked like an American, smilingly led the way to a huge room in the basement, lined with lockers, where a crowd of young men were getting themselves into strange looking garments.

"There's fifty-four," Conti indicated, with a flourish of his hand, Judson's locker. "We're in the same section. I'll show you what you have to do. Put on the costume."

The costume hung on the door of the locker, an intricate mixture of armor and robes, with puzzling strings and buckles. Conti explained how it should be put on, chattering of the glorious Vernet as he adjusted folds and brought together mysterious hooks and eyes. He was a student at the Art League, it appeared, engaged on a wonderful portrait of Vernet as Aida. Of course he couldn't presume to ask her to pose for him, so he came whenever the opera was sung to study her from among the ranks of the supers. It wasn't going to be a bad portrait at all; it might even be worthy of hanging in the Spring exhibit.

Judson was finally ready, and after the noisy little French costumer had inspected him he was allowed to pass upstairs.

"They don't let us on the stage," Conti explained. "We have to go up into the fly gallery. They don't even let us stay in the wings. It's up, or back to the dressing-room."

"Where are the singers?" questioned Judson, looking eagerly about. The stage was already set with the massive Egyptian palace of the first scene, but no one was in sight save some shirt-sleeved stage hands and a man adjusting a glaring cluster of electric lights. "Where's Miss Vernet?"

Conti pointed to a closed door.

"She doesn't come on at first."

Judson followed him up flight after flight of stairs, across a bridge-like structure, where painters were daubing at a huge drop already assuming the likeness of sun-kissed hilltops, and up a steep iron ladder to the fly gallery. It was a narrow ledge of flooring, set at a dizzy height, filled with odd looking figures—soldiers, palace guards and temple servers, costumed according to the operatic idea of Isis-worshipping Egypt. Conti made a place for the two of them to sit on the big iron girder that formed a sort of railing, and there they perched, their legs swinging into space. Far below Judson could see the stage, visible in streaks between stacks of scenery that hung from the ceiling.

As he looked around him Judson thought of the Charleton box-party. Wouldn't they laugh, and envy him, if they could see him here among these strange people? And they were the people Teddy Vernet moved

among nightly! That was the unbelievable part. But he was not allowed to forget it—they were talking about her, many of them, discussing her as an artist, and they knew what they were talking about, these young art and music students, who took this way of seeing their opera. Judson could not follow the technicalities of their talk, how she used her voice in one passage or got certain effects in another, but it gave him a thrill of pride to hear them. Ted—good old Teddy—was the wonderful being they praised so eagerly, and he wanted to tell them what bully good fellows they were. But he sat silent, drinking it all in, till suddenly there was a hush and he heard the far away orchestra softly beginning. Then the curtain swept apart and a man below was singing.

Before he became a mining engineer and went to Mexico Judson had been to "shows" often enough, and musical shows had ever been his favorites, in spite of his constitutional inability to achieve anything better than a very distant approximation to a tune. There was one song in particular he had carried in his heart for years—something about a girl named



R. MacLeod

S. M. Babson

A. L. Swift, Jr.

W. Hubbard

J. T. Howard, Jr.

J. C. Goddard, Jr.

CAP AND BELLS OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE, IN THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE



AMHERST COLLEGE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, IN ROMEO AND JULIET



ROBERTO AND MATHILDE DESHON

Rhoda and her pagoda, forever consecrated by Teddy Vernet's singing of it in the Vernet front parlor when he went to call upon her in the full glory of his new sophomore estate. It was the one song he had always had Peter Fisher play when they started a "song-fest" at the house in college long after everybody else was tired of it, and the other inmates of his abode in Sonora could tell of tortured evenings when he had wrestled doggedly to evoke its melody from a battered old mandolin. But this music rising from below was a different and puzzling matter. He gazed

down at the oddly foreshortened figures of the two men on the stage, listening with all reverence, because it was Teddy's music, but with the respectful hope that presently they might start a tune. Then one of the figures disappeared and the other, moving forward with jerky strides until he stood close to the footlights, ceased trying to outblare some very loud trumpets and settled down to singing.

*"Celeste Aida, forma divina,
Mistico serto di luce e fior!
Nel mio pensiero tu sei regina——"*

Judson had not known that men could sing like that. Somewhere long ago he had got the idea, never removed by anything in his experience, that grand opera was a thing chiefly made up of jumps and trills for high sopranos, in which persons of the male gender bore a colorless subordinate part, not unlike that of the tenor and bass in the choir at home. As he listened that idea passed into the realm of things to be remembered only with a blush of shame. The words meant nothing to him, but that voice thrilled him with wonder, and all at once he knew a kind of sympathy with Teddy Vernet's ambition he had never felt before. He shut his eyes and let that sympathy glow through him with its loving warmth until the long applause told him the aria was finished. He looked down again upon the bowing figure of the tenor and saw that a woman had come upon the stage. He clutched suddenly at Conti's arm.

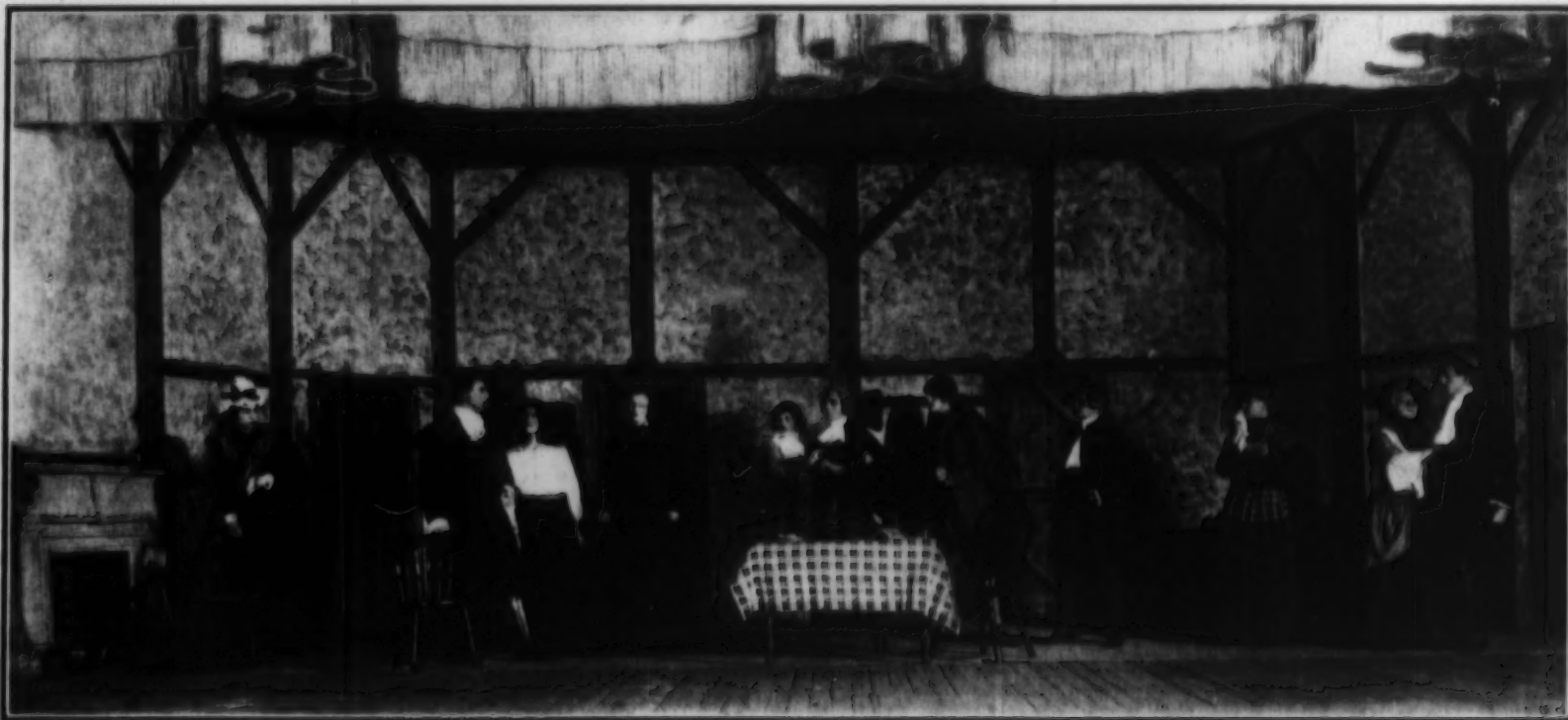
"Is that her?" he whispered.

There was only one "her" for the young artist, and he answered: "No. That's Amneris. She's pretty good, though. They have some duet business and then Aida comes on."

Judson waited impatiently for the man and woman to finish their unintelligible colloquy. Then as a wistful, seeking little thread of melody began to steal from the violins the artist nudged him.

"She's coming now!"

The rest of the act seemed very long. After the heart-swelling moment when he saw Theodora Vernet come slowly forward from behind the pillars at the back of the stage it was all a terribly irksome wait till he could get to her and speak to her. She seemed so very far away, that brown-faced, brown-armed woman, with strange Egyptian ornaments in her frowsy hair, standing in the glare of the footlights and singing things he could not understand. He longed to brush aside these opera trappings and hear her say a plain "Hello!" The newly discovered beauty of the music was gone, and he listened even to Teddy's singing with impatience. After she was through there was still another scene he had to sit through, fidgeting, a scene with a lot of poky moving about that was probably intended to be dancing and a row of priests continually bobbing up and down and endlessly droning out a tiresome invocation. When the curtain finally fell together he pushed and jostled to be among the first to the iron



Leopold, New Haven.

END OF ACT I, THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE, YALE COLLEGE



White, N. Y.

A Marriage En Route

SCENE FROM RUPERT HUGHES'S FARCE, EXCUSE ME

ladder, and had to wait while a leisurely half dozen, humming over and over that everlasting "*Noi t'invochiam*," climbed down ahead of him.

Once down, there was nothing he could do but stand idle in a crowd of trophy-laden soldiers and chain-laden prisoners. He tried to get away from them and at least send word to Theodora that he was there, but a step outside his assigned corner brought a sharp order to get back where he belonged; he could find no one to run an errand for him, or even listen to his plea. Chorus people talked a strange tongue on all sides; stout-legged ballet ladies stood haughtily in front of him, strangely hideous at such close view; nowhere was any help for him, and presently when he was led to one corner of an ugly papier maché bull, which it was his part to help carry in the triumphal procession, he gave up seeking. The entr'acte was over and he could hear Theodora singing again out on the stage. He wondered more than half seriously what would happen if, after he had marched on, he went straight up to her with a fearless "Howdy do!" He'd be kicked out, probably, and locked up for a lunatic. And what would happen to his corner of the sacred bull?

At length, to the foot-lifting flare of trumpets, the procession began to move. When Judson had finally trooped on in the wake of the conquering Rhadames he found himself at the back of the stage, with a mob of supes between him and the singers. No possible neck craning could discover if Theodora were among them. Then, when the crowd parted to let through the prisoners of war, she darted suddenly into sight toward the captured king of the Ethiopians.

"What d'y'er think you're doing? Hold on to your end!" grumbled one of his companions, sharply. Judson sheepishly resumed his corner of the bull.

He could catch only occasional glimpses of Theodora over the heads of the others, but he kept track of where she was. His impatience at these gabbling, officious people who served so effectively for her guard gave him a feeling that everything was conspiring to keep him away from her. He had sense enough to know that the feeling was silly, but he was quite resolved to knock somebody down presently if there was any more interference. So he waited sombrely, till the act was done and the curtain fell together. The sacred bull was straightway left to its other attendants and he was shoving his way to the front of the stage. She stood a little at one side, leaning against the gilded seat that was the king's throne.

"Teddy! Teddy Vernet!" With hands outstretched he stopped in front of her. She drew a little back, staring. "Don't you know me? I'm Ken Judson!"

"Ken?" Her eyes scanned him closely, then recognition broke in them and her hands met his. "Ken! What are you doing here like this? Where did you come from?"

"Mexico. I couldn't get at you any other way! Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad? I'm—wait here for me. I've got to go out for these curtain calls." A smile and a strong pressing of his hand and she had left him, a heavenly happiness singing in his breast that made him grin be-

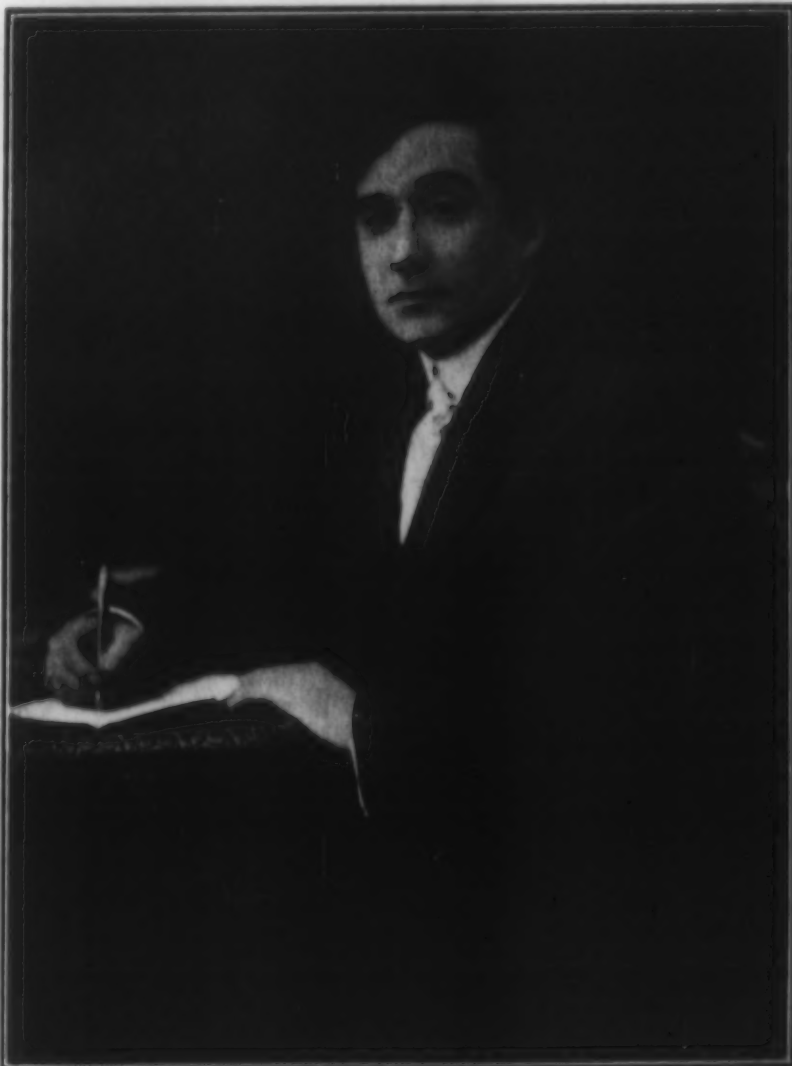
nignly on the stage hands, who roughly commanded him to get out of the way. He waited in the wings, haughtily explaining to officious challengers that he was there under Madame Vernet's orders, till at last she came back to him, her arms full of flowers.

"Take these—and tell me all about yourself!" she said, as a maid drew a silken shawl about her neck. "How are you, and what do you think of me?"

"You're great, Teddy! Just great!"

"Do you really think I am? It's so funny to see you again and be called Teddy!"

She led him through the door that Conti had pointed out, along the



JAMES KYRLE MacCURDY

corridor, and he followed, beaming. Outside her dressing-room she stopped.

"You look so silly in that costume, Ken!" she laughed.

"You don't, though! You're beautiful anyway."



Jackson, Brooklyn.

PHYLLIS GILMORE

"You are a nice boy! You must go now, because I have to rest. My biggest scene is in the next act. Good-bye!" She gathered her flowers in one arm and held out the other hand to him. "It is so good to see you!"

"But it isn't good-bye! I want to see you again, just as soon as I can!"

She warmed to the hungry look in his eyes.

"Well, be waiting, just outside that door, when I'm through. It can't be for very long, because I'll be tired." She smiled radiantly as she passed in and the door closed behind her.

He somehow got down to the basement, where he found Conti already putting on the last of his street attire, for their part in the performance was over.

"Going up to hear the rest of it?" Conti asked.

"Sure! Wait for me, won't you?" Judson hurried into his own clothes and they climbed up to the fly-gallery again. He had a feeling of tremendous friendliness for this little artist who admired Theodora Vernet so whole-heartedly. He was on the verge of confiding to him that he knew her—that she wasn't just a far-off celestial being created to be adored from a distance, but the same dear girl he had known long before she became famous. Then the idea struck him to keep it for a surprise; some day very soon he would hunt up the place where Conti painted and take Teddy there to pose, her own heavenly self, for the wonderful portrait. So he held in his joy and listened with rapture to the rest of the opera, thinking how immensely he was enjoying it, when all he really heard was the glorious inner music of his own happiness.

The Opera House was a dark and dreary place when Madame Vernet at last came forth with her maid and Judson helped her into her automobile. She looked unnaturally pallid without her make-up, and leaned back against the cushioned seat with closed eyes. She said nothing, but her hand sought his in a friendly pressure and he was happy just to sit in silence. They reached her hotel and were up in the elevator and in her apartment before she spoke, and then her words were in a tongue Judson could not understand, addressed to some one, still unseen, within.

It was a wonderful room, Judson thought, all dainty colors and gilt, with softly shaded lights and a gas-log flaming blue in the pink-tiled fireplace. Theodora reclined languidly in a big chair before it, like a flower against the pale silk of her thrown-back cloak.

"Now tell me! What have you been doing in Mexico?"

He tried to tell her, but it turned out to be only the tale of his waiting, with her at the end. She listened with half-closed eyes, and then suddenly interrupted him.

"What did you think of me to-night?"

"You were wonderful, Teddy! Simply great!"

"It isn't so easy, you know, Ken. Aida is such an obvious thing the way they usually sing her. I have tried so to get at the soul of her, to make her something real, different from the creature with a picturesque costume and a few high notes. Any woman with a voice thinks she can do it, but—"

"You were splendid, Teddy!"

She sighed, a gently weary sigh that somehow came not alone from her breast, but from her lifted arms and all her body. Then she smiled, with a touch of conscious sadness.

"You don't understand much about it, Ken!"

He laughed a bit ruefully.

"I suppose I don't. But I know there can't be anybody that could beat you."

"You're a thorough-going American. They don't know much about the artistic temperament, Americans; they'll applaud an artist, applaud her thunderously, and pay enormous prices to hear her, but they don't really know what she is giving them. They don't understand."

He felt the subject was getting beyond his depth and shifted it abruptly.

"Teddy, what I wanted to see you about most of all—it wasn't your singing! Do you remember the last night we saw each other?"

Her languor and gentle melancholy were suddenly gone. She eyed him almost curiously for an instant, and when she spoke it was in a tone decidedly businesslike.

"Now you mustn't make love to me, Ken!"

"I must. What have I waited all this time for?"

"To give me one more sight of the nice boy who used to be so good



VIVIAN MARTIN



NORA BAYES AND HER COLLIE "SCOTT"



CECIL SPOONER



JEANNIE CRANE



HELEN HOLMES



EDITH TAYLOR



DOROTHY WILSON



RALPH ERROLE AND CHRISTIE MACDONALD
IN "THE SPRING MAID"



IDA ADAMS

STARS PRESENT AND FUTURE



HAZEL DAWN
IN "THE PINK LADY"



WINIFRED FRASER

ROSINA HENLEY



HARVEY GILLES

JANE MAY



GROUP FROM "DOCTOR DE LUXE"

ON BROADWAY AND ELSEWHERE

to me, I think. S-sh! I remember—I've thought of you many times, and I've—Come, look here a minute."

With her fingers on his arm she led him across the room to a door and noiselessly held the curtains a little apart. He looked, and through another door into a farther room he saw a man, sitting at his ease, smoking and reading, beside a shaded lamp.

Theodora dropped the curtain and moved back to stand again before the gas-log.

"I suppose I had to try to be dramatic about it." She laughed, the slightest shade nervously, as Judson came and stood at her side.

"You're married, then?"

Her eyes moved with an almost furtive quickness from the blue gas-flame to his face, then back again, and her head dropped with a motion that for him could have but one meaning. Then she reached back with one hand and touched his arm.

"Good old Ken!" she said. "Just the same good old Ken!" She turned to him, smiling slightly, and held her hand out. "You must go now. Good-bye!"

"But—" Wasn't he to be given a chance to know the man whose place he had dreamed of having? But her eyes, for all their smile, held a look of unmovable finality. He grasped her hand tightly. "I hope you'll be very happy, Ted!"

"Oh, I intend to be. Good-bye, and lots of good luck."

He was out in the corridor before he quite realized he had been dismissed.

* * * * *

"You haven't an awful lot of time if you're still planning to catch the three o'clock." Charleton consulted his watch and did some mental arithmetic.

"Three, four, five o'clock—an hour or so doesn't make much difference. The store is up the street a little ways. I saw it this morning and I want you to tell me what to get. I'm going to introduce high-brow music into Sonora."

Judson led the way to a big phonograph shop and bade Charleton do the ordering.

"I suppose you want some Aida?" Charleton's eyes gleamed slyly.

"All they've got."

Charleton marked various selections in the catalogue, while Judson gave directions for shipment.

"Oh, say, here's a new Vernet record! I didn't know she sang for this machine. Let's hear how it sounds."

The salesman started the record.

"O terra addio, addio valle di pianti—"

"Ou-uh!" Charleton's face wrinkled into lines of distress. "What a squawk! Her voice certainly wasn't built for canning. Shut it off! You don't want that, Ken!"

"Put it with the rest of 'em," said Judson, imperturbably. "And that'll be enough for now, I guess. If I hurry I can get that three o'clock after all."

INOPPORTUNE INCIDENTS

Nothing is quite so irretrievably lost as a dispelled illusion. Viola Allen tells of two such instances, in which the lines immediately following heightened the ludicrousness of the situation.

While she was playing an open-air performance of *As You Like It*, a Summer shower drove actors and audience to shelter where the sylvan romance was resumed. The very first words came from the rain-drenched Touchstone, who plaintively remarked: "Now am I in Arden. When I was at home, I was in a better place." The appreciative audience rocked with laughter.

On another occasion, when Ingomar had escaped up the side of a cliff, Parthenia—Miss Allen, herself—leaned pensively against a set piece, and soliloquized sadly: "What sudden change has come upon the world?" On the instant, the set piece overturned with the actress, leaving only one sandaled foot projecting in sight of the amused spectators.

THE JUVENILE BERNHARDT

When Sarah Bernhardt was a slender little child in the convent, she was not looked upon as promising histrionic material, and upon the occasion of the performance of a play by the pupils, Sarah was passed by in the



ETHEL MILTON

distribution of parts. At rehearsals, however, her playmate, Louise Buguet, was so frightened that the delighted Sarah was substituted for her. Having seen the performance, Sarah's godfather, the Duc de Morny, suggested that the child be sent to the conservatoire.

"She is too thin to make an actress," objected her mother.

"I won't be an actress!" declared Sarah.

"Why not?" asked the others in surprise.

"Because I saw Rachel when she came to visit little Adèle Sarony. She went all over the convent and into the garden, and she had to sit down because she could not get her breath. She was pale—oh, so pale—and I was very sorry for her, and Sister Appoline told me what she did was killing her, for she was an actress; and so I won't be an actress—I won't."



White, N. Y.

MAUDE ODELL
In Little Boy Blue



White, N. Y.

IRENE FENWICK
In The Million



White, N. Y.

GERTRUDE BRYAN
In Little Boy Blue

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

"I love those that love the books that I love"

INDUSTRIOUS publishers have turned out a great variety of books of late to add to the theatrical library—plays new and old, textbooks, commentaries on authors and their works, and essays grave and gay. From the mass every one who ever heard of Broadway and Forty-second Street can select something to his taste.

WHOEVER thinks that Broadway consists only of theatres, however, will learn considerable more about that versatile thoroughfare from J. G. Kerfoot, who has treated the highway most personally in his volume, **BROADWAY**. In an easy, alluring style, he relates how the street sprouted out of Bowling Green, and rambled northward till the last that he heard of it in Alaska it was headed for the Pole. He has hung embroidered fancies about the famous highway, until it seems more like a swashbuckling knight than a busy prosaic street, for he finds as much sentiment down in the wholesale district as seductiveness in the nocturnal illuminations above Herald Square. For the reader, the whimsical account is enhanced by the illustrations by Lester G. Hornby.

FOR the man of greater mental sobriety, the Houghton Mifflin Company, who published Mr. Kerfoot's book, have issued C. F. Tucker Brooke's volume on **THE TUDOR DRAMA**. The author's name is sufficient guarantee of scholarly treatment. From mystery cycles and contemporaneous moralities like *The Castle of Perseverance*, through the numerous forms of the interlude such as *Hickscorner*, *Nice Wanton*, and *King John*, he leads out his lengthening chain to the heroic tragedy, the immediate forerunner of classical English drama. Pausing to speak of the influence of ancient and foreign models in comedies like *Ralph Roister Doister* and tragedies like *Cambises*, Professor Brooke comes to what is probably the most interesting point—pastoral comedy like *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bongay*, historical plays by Marlowe and Shakespeare, drama of contemporary incident like *Arden of Feversham*, and realistic comedy by Jonson. He attributes the decline to Puritan influence during the Jacobean period. Although interesting in itself, Professor Brooke's volume will not attain its highest possibility unless it inspires a reader with the desire to investigate those old plays at first hand.

LONDON has seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell play *LADY PATRICIA*, by Rudof Besier, and New York has the promise that Mrs. Fiske will play it. As yet we know the comedy only through the volume published by Duffield and Company. It reads very prettily, although the plot is a bit of sheer artifice, considerably less original than *DON*, by the same author. It is full of fantastic conceits. The sentimental lady puts a virginal lily in wine to make it tipsy, and she dresses luxuriously in black to symbolize her humility. Although the rest of the characters are no less individually sketched, they are balanced so carefully that the plot lacks genuine dramatic qualities. This deficiency does not detract from the pleasure of reading *LADY PATRICIA*, although it may show in actual production.

THE Irish Players have widely advertised the plays by John Millington Synge which John W. Luce and Company have issued. Those who saw the plays will enjoy these volumes for that reason, and others will wish to read them because they haven't seen the plays. *RIDERS TO THE SEA* nearly deserves all the encomium heaped upon it, for its simplicity makes it the most poignant tragedy lately contributed to the English stage, without robbing it of human qualities. For profundity of tragic spirit and for ideal treatment of its theme the play has no recent competitor. Of a more enigmatical variety is *THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN*, with its curious study of the relationship of wife and husband, their entire lack of sympathy, and their final separation. *THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD* is no enigma at all, but a humorous exposition—incensed Irishmen have chosen to call it satirical libel—of hero worship. When the hero came true, he found himself deserted by all except his tough old "da," and Pegeren had to return to her humdrum Shaneen.

A MORE entertaining critic than Edward Everett Hale, Jr., a general reader will not find in American letters at present, for he has a pleasing manner of stating his ideas—which are not too revolutionary—in lucid enough style to be perfectly comprehensible to the reader that runs. In the sixth edition of his collected essays, *DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY*, published by Henry Holt and Company, he has taken pains to pick out the



Wallinger Studio.

GEORGE EDWIN PERIOLAT



Hahnfeldt, N. Y.

JANE AUBREY



Moffatt, Chicago.

JOSEPH ALLENTON

leading characteristic of the most important French, German, and English playwrights, after a foreword on the methods of criticism. This attempt to classify authors carries its own peril, because one author is apt to have many important traits in different plays, or even in one play. For example, Mr. Hale sets Hauptmann down as a realist, and rather undervalues his symbolism because Rostand is pre-eminently the symbolist. Mr. Hale also disregards Hauptmann's tendency toward mysticism, because that is Maeterlinck's field. His estimates of Pinero as a technician and of Stephen Phillips as an undramatic poet are neither especially new nor profound, although eminently correct. His method almost broke down in dealing with Sudermann, whom he places half way between the older romantic and the newer realistic school. Bernard Shaw he takes seriously, however, despite Mr. Shaw's disconcerting inclination to don the jester's cap and motley. Mr. Hale's condescending way of referring to critics with whom he disagrees is amusing, and the same good nature pervades the whole of the book, lending it an air that commends it to all readers, whether they subscribe to his sentiments or not.

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IN the first annual Shakespeare lecture delivered on July 5, 1911, before the British Academy and later published in New York by the American Branch of the Oxford University Press, J. J. Jusserand presents the novel idea that a great artist eliminates himself from his work, and to Shakespeare he accords high rank as an artist for doing so. To many of us this will seem an unusual argument, for a work of art frequently is art only by virtue of the individual way in which it is expressed. Another man, utilizing the identical thoughts, may produce the most trivial or the most uninteresting results.

Possibly M. Jusserand means that a dramatist's characters express beliefs which the dramatist does not personally second. This is certainly true. Yet M. Jusserand himself reads from Shakespeare's plays many of the poet's creeds.

The lecturer optimistically states, however, that as fast as the perfection of modern machinery gives leisure to more people, it will restore the popular regard for Shakespeare, because the Stratford dramatist wrote for the public, and not for a coterie. Poets who scorn the public and affect a holier-than-thou attitude, constitute the decadent school, and Shakespeare was not one of them. Everybody who reads Shakespeare at all must hope that M. Jusserand, in his lecture on WHAT TO EXPECT OF SHAKESPEARE, is not prophesying in vain.

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Moffat, Yard and Company. Through Mr. Winter's long and active career he has been a keen and discriminating student of the great English playwright, and in this book he has embodied his extensive and accurate knowledge of Shakespearean history. Although the enormous amount of ground to be covered by a complete record of the six plays he selected—King Richard III., The Merchant of Venice, Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, and King Henry VIII.—necessitated paring down the text to a mere record on many points, the entire account is set forth in Mr. Winter's familiar, trenchant style, animated by his own infectious interest and by his astonishingly diverse vocabulary.

Proceeding systematically in the treatment of each play, he discusses first the plot and characters with all expedient brevity, then the history of the text, and finally the notable performances from the earliest on record down to the present time. To this he occasionally adds other matters of special significance. The important part, of course, is the account of the performances by various actors, whose interpretations Mr. Winter distinguishes for the reader in such points as delivery of particular lines, stage business, accuracy of costume, and personality. Such an undertaking required an exhaustless search of records and a comprehending consideration of details unearthed—a task for which no man is better fitted than Mr. Winter.

At the beginning of the book he presents a long array of figures to prove his vehement contention that Shakespeare does not spell ruin. He has also added to the text a large and rare collection of pictures to make more vivid his description of various actors and actresses in the roles that he discusses. The volume is important not only for the interest of perusal, but also as an authoritative reference.

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THE habit of publishing plays, which prevails more among English than among American dramatists, has given us two volumes by Granville Barker from the Mitchell Kennerley Press. One contains THE MARRYING OF ANN LEETE, THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE, and WASTE; the other contains THE MADRAS HOUSE.

Of these, THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE is probably uppermost in the public mind, since it is in the repertoire of the Chicago Drama Players. In its tone of dissent from established conventions, THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE is characteristic of the author, at least in the days before he took to producing musical comedies. One finds it hard to believe that he has deserted his seat in the radical wing, if he believes all the things he proclaims in his play, for if anything is "hopelessly middle class"—the quality against which Mr. Barker chiefly inveighs—it is the general run of musical comedies.

A VALUABLE addition to Shakespeariana is contributed by William Winter's volume, SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE, published by

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE is a study in the sins of the father, which the hero attempts to undo, and which most of his brothers complacently let slide from their shoulders as no concern of theirs. The elder Voysey had misappropriated funds entrusted to him, and handed down these debts to his son. Characters are skillfully differentiated in appearance, mental and moral attitude, and mannerisms. Alice Maitland appears to be the only one of whom the dramatist approved without reservation.

The other plays, for which space is here lacking, will be reviewed later.

C. E. MONTAGUE'S DRAMATIC VALUES, from the MacMillan Company, is a collection of readable essays, originally printed in the *Manchester Guardian*. They cover a variety of topics in an un-

ostentatious way, but are full of thoughtful comment. For example, Mr. Montague remarks that "Sarah Bernhardt is sadly deranging to critical austerity. When she is not there, one can judiciously count up her sins against her art. . . . Her faults are rank; they cry out to Heaven—when she is not there. Then you see her act once more, and you feel as if you were gazing at Florence from Fiesole, or Leonardo's Mona Lisa, or ripe corn with poppies in it." In the same unconventional fashion he sums up the well-made play, the wholesome play, Oscar Wilde's comedies, Masfield's tragedies, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Moliere, and others. Although not a startling volume, an examination will reveal an unusually large percentage of substantial thought, quietly stated without rhetorical flourish. Mr. Montague's book is much like a mild, self-contained man, who is worth cultivating for what lies below the surface.



MRS. FISKE

THOMAS.—Rumor, through its most active agent, the press, has several times had Augustus Thomas director of the New Theatre. At a banquet held by the theatrical managers recently, Mr. Thomas apparently set the minds of those present right concerning his espousing that cause. He believes firmly in the theatrical situation as it exists to-day, and his respect is strong for those managers sometimes dubbed commercial by people not intimately acquainted with the theatrical situation. Mr. Thomas has no Utopian dreams about uplifting the drama by reaching down to it from a height in the nebular regions. His suggestion is that the national theatre be established by the managers who are responsible for the present not-to-be-sneezed-at prosperity of our stage—prosperity from an artistic as well as a financial standpoint. Such a plan must appeal to the rational as fine. Of such an organization who could be found a better helmsman than he who broached the plan? Mr. Thomas is a man so broad that he has none but warm friends throughout the whole profession of actors and managers. To say that he is able to shoulder such a responsibility with complete success is to say what everybody knows.

FISKE.—It is human nature to wish to crown an idol. The majority of people always have a store of medals marked greatest this, that, and the other, and they are forever pinning them on some one. There are plenty of people who give their medals of worth to Minnie Maddern Fiske as the leader of our stage. It will never cease to be a pleasure to write of her as an actress. A mental equipment for creation and direction not surpassed in this country, an incisive touch upon the dramatist's meaning and an expression of it to carry instantaneously to the spectator; a comedy in an infinite variety of shadings, creating nothing but sheer delight, and an emotionalism touched with the true fire of life, bringing the response of tears inevitable, and to her fellow players, all of whom have testified to it again and again, a gentleness, a patience, and a buoyancy under the most dismal or excruciating circumstances, and a humanity lighting it all, that is Mrs. Fiske. Tess, goaded past tension, reflecting vividly the soul-struggle of a woman who awakens to a deceit which has blasted her whole life; Mary of Magdala, with her spiritual agony, in the face of temptation, her terror and joy in being saved by Christ; Nora, with her childishness, later her despair; Becky, impudently imperious in Brussels, of insinuating charm, raging when her perfidy is disclosed, then philosophically calm, and years later, simulating devoutness and humility; Mrs. Hatch, sacrificing herself for her child's love, alternating poignant grief and great happiness; Rebecca West, erotic, unscrupulous, but human; Lona Hessel, breezily optimistic; Nell, still the same woman when she wins souls in the Salvation Army as when she clung to her drunken man before her own regeneration, and the countless satires on society people; these are the great achievements of this actress. As an artist she has been an inspiration and a training school to the most notable list of actors and actresses ever associated with a star.

PERSONALS

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE PROFESSION



E. H. SOTHERN

SOTHERN.—When, in 1906, Edward H. Sothern visited England in company with Julia Marlowe, and presented his classical repertoire for British approval, the distinguished English critic, Arthur Symonds, greeted the couple with a warm eulogy. Mr. Symonds's rating of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe as the leading co-operative exponents of English classic drama in the world was entirely just. When Sothern some fifteen odd years ago was still the clever comedian and distinguished romanticist, he had his own ideas of stage-managing, which he did not hesitate to suggest freely—so freely that, after a rehearsal of considerable exciting debate, his manager, leaving the theatre in somewhat ruffled spirits, was heard to remark: "Why that young man will want to play Hamlet next!" Mr. Sothern in attempting to establish himself in the Shakespearean field had as obstacles to overcome a big reputation as an actor of light comedy and of romantic melodrama. True, he found few competitors on the American stage, and his personal popularity has made Shakespeare "pay" as probably no modern drama would. Playing in conjunction with his wife, he can make as large a profit, with smaller prices charged at the box-office, as any other actor. But there has surely been no harder working man on the American stage than he; the ambitious productions of the plays would tax any man—he carries about 30,000 feet of canvas for scenery; taking personal supervision of all the acting in his company, acting roles demanding unusual strength and endurance, and giving everything the most careful study and thought, it is for these things that Mr. Sothern merits laudation. Many take exception to his interpretations, but the contemporaries of the greatest actors have done that.

FROHMAN.—The general anxiety felt for the health of Charles Frohman during the last half-year is an attestation of the regard felt for him. He has served our public faithfully and long and has been our most distinguished manager ever since he built the Empire Theatre in 1893. The absolute justice, kindness and courtesy of his business relations are known to everybody. His personnel of players has included the foremost actors of America, as well as those from England who have visited us. London, as well as America, has benefited by Charles Frohman's managership, and he is the only theatrical impresario who has kept irons in more than one fire. Any actor will speak of the "atmosphere" of a Frohman company, and this is merely a reflection of the man himself. One does not always expect this quality of the self-made, as Mr. Frohman is. He served his apprenticeship as reporter on the *New York Tribune*, but before he was twenty he joined his brother Daniel, who was managing the Madison Square Theatre for Steele Mackaye. His first big success came with the spectacular production of *Shenandoah* on his own account. A few years later he established the stock company which finally became the Empire Theatre company, and which settled him firmly in New York.

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CRITERION—WHITE MAGIC

Comedy in three acts, by Rol Cooper. Music, from the novel by David Graham Phillips. Produced by Liebler and Company, Jan. 24.

Beatrice Richmond Gertrude Elliott
John Wade Julian L. Stranget
Doctor Richmond George Le Guere
Mrs. Daniel Richmond Ruth Chester
Miss Kinner Florence Brian
Mrs. Kinner Susanne Sheldon
John Peter Capulet Alexander Scott-Gatty
Daniel Richmond Ben Johnson
Butler Charles Ford
Valentine Susanne Perry

It is a pity that public sentiment should drive Gertrude Elliott from a play like *White Magic*, which everybody admitted had some ideas in it, to a vacuous affair like *White Magic*, which yields nothing of the sort after a most searching inspection. The new play is simply another one of those absolutely harmless, artificial diversions, which may entertain the uncritical for a few minutes, but which are neither strong enough nor clever enough to stand retrospective analysis.

Beatrice Richmond is one of those typical American girls that sound so interesting in best sellers, but that would be an addition in any household. She dived herself at a young painter, in whose bungalow she had found shelter during a summer shower, and proposed to him before she knew his name. When her excessively wealthy parents attempted to do things in a more conventional way, she converted them to her point of view, although her father managed to wound the temperamental feelings of the artist to such a degree that the young fellow started for Europe, with Beatrice hot-foot after him. Two minutes after they had begged everybody's pardon all around and Roger had departed, never to return, he burst into the room again, having changed his mind in the hall outside, and embraced Beatrice and her millions, to her father's very comprehensible relief.

Old as the initial situation is, it has a sound dramatic element, but neither here nor later did author or actors handle complications with sufficient brilliance to make them seem sincere. *White Magic* is not a play that one can condemn as absolutely bad; it simply falls into that unfortunate middle class which irritates because it is not better—or worse.

The initial performance suffered obviously from unfamiliarity of actors with alterations recently interpolated. Delayed entrances, muddled lines, and stentorian prompting showed that it needed much more rehearsal. Even the efforts of a cast which has hitherto proved its competency could not steer the craft out of troubled waters. Picturesque as Gertrude Elliott appears, she was far from at her best, particularly in the light comedy scenes. She always conveyed the impression of capability and level-headedness, however, which were points in the heroine's character. Julian L. Stranget gave an easy, graceful performance, and made Roger Wade seem almost a possible man. Fortunately, we know Ben Johnson of old, for, although he rings true—except in one or two sentimental speeches—his performance is no standard of his ability. George Le Guere was simply his attractive self, with little to do. Susanne Sheldon, an actress of unusual ability, is practically extinguished in her insignificant role. Alexander Scott-Gatty played with his usual animation, which—considering his role—was commendable. Others had little in their roles or their acting that was particularly notable.

A breezy but flimsy little comedy not ready for production, *White Magic* tried bravely to carry off its debut with spirit, but its life is not likely to be a long story.

IRVING PLACE—PIETRO CARUSO.

Dramatic playlet by Roberto Bracco. Produced on Jan. 24.

Pietro Caruso Adolf Link
Margherita Anni Forster
Count Fabrizio Fabrisi Erich Ehrhart-Platen

Adolf Link gave a more worthy demonstration of his fine talents on Wednesday last, when he presented for the first time Roberto Bracco's dramatic playlet, *Pietro Caruso*, used as a curtain-raiser to *Have You Nothing to Declare?* Bracco's forty-minute tragedy is a commendable effort, strong in its interest, and playing forcibly upon emotions. It made a profound impression and scored instantly.

Pietro Caruso, dragged down by drink and his gambling proclivities, has reared his daughter, Margherita, in ignorance of the ways of the world. Count Fabrizio has been a visitor at the sparsely furnished home, informs Pietro that he is going away and offers him a large sum in the guise of a gratuity for past services. Margherita implores her father not to accept the money, and confesses that it is the price of her shame. Furious at the disclosure, he commands his daughter to leave the house, but reconsiders and demands that the Count marry the girl. Although Fabrizio admits his love for Margherita, he claims Caruso's bad reputation stands in the way of marriage. Caruso, overcome by the realization of his own helplessness and mistakes, gives ear to a proposition that the relations of the Count and the girl continue with his cognizance, if Margherita acquiesces. Declaring her love for her betrayer, the father, whose two passions have been drink and the honor of his daughter, will not live to see her further degradation, leaves the house, having previously slipped a revolver into his coat pocket.

Herr Link's portrayal of the various phases of the old man's character was admirable. His assimilation of the drunk, the clarifying of his befuddled brain by the understanding of his daughter's misdoing, and the realization of his own shortcomings each in turn were clearly defined and revealed powers of which his previous characterizations gave no indication. The work of Anni Forster and Erich Ehrhart-Platen was dimmed in comparison, Miss Forster rendering the between service of the two.

DAS SÜSSE MÄDEL (THE SWEET GIRL).

Operetta in three acts. Book by A. Landenberg and Leo Stein. Music by Heinrich Reinhardt. Revived Jan. 25.

Count Balduin Herr Home
Laila Paul Verheyn
Count Hans Hans Marlow
Laila Winter Gretel Meyer
Florian Leblitz Hans Marlow
Fritz Weynauer Fritz Weynauer
Fronner Plesner Fritz Weynauer
Max Fritz Weynauer
Anast Fritz Weynauer
Mizzi Fritz Weynauer
Fanny Fritz Weynauer
Klanner Fritz Weynauer

The Viennese Operetta company, which shut down suddenly at the Irving Place Theatre a short time ago, and then took a fling on Broadway, returned to the scene of its first American invasion on Thursday evening and was generously welcomed by an audience that packed the house. Reinhardt's operetta, *Das Süsse Mädel* (*The Sweet Girl*) was revived for the occasion. The delightful rhythmic music, with its swinging waltz airs, contagious to a high degree, was splendidly rendered under the direction of Herr Glans and lost none of the entrancing and exhilarating qualities of its earlier productions. *The Sweet Girl* number won its customary quota of encores and continues the most popular of the many tuneful songs.

Gretel Meyer in the title-role was in excellent voice and played with her accustomed spirit and abandon. She received a splendid reception. It is regrettable that Fritz Weynauer, always sparkling and effervescent, had so little to do as Fritz, but that little she accomplished in her truly artistic manner. In conjunction with Hans Marlow in an English parody duet she was able to bring her dancing art into play and was forced to repeat the number until Nature threatened to give out.

Paul Verheyn sang his various songs to the enjoyment of all. His rendition of "Laulche Dame" (*Fickle Dame*) was splendidly shaded and proved one of the hits of the night. Hans Marlow sings better than he acts and appeared to be out of his element as a character tenor. Herr Home and Ernst Robert were comedians with funny ways and laugh-provoking methods.

KINDLING ENDORSED BY WRITERS.

A circular letter addressed to "The Writers of New York and Chicago" has been sent the rounds in an effort to arouse interest in Charles Kenyon's play, *Kindling*, which is Margaret Dillingham's present starring vehicle. Part of the letter reads:

"We have several times seen the performance, and it is our general opinion that it is one of the greatest American plays in years. Beyond the literary and dramatic quality of the piece, beyond the fine acting of Miss Dillingham, it has the merit of treating adequately a great and vital social theme.

"Beginning Jan. 20, its last week in New York is booked for the Manhattan Opera House in Thirty-fourth Street. On Feb. 5 it opens at the Cort Theatre, Chicago.

"We should like to see it brought back to Broadway for a long season, and to that end we urge your support and attendance."

IN SYRACUSE

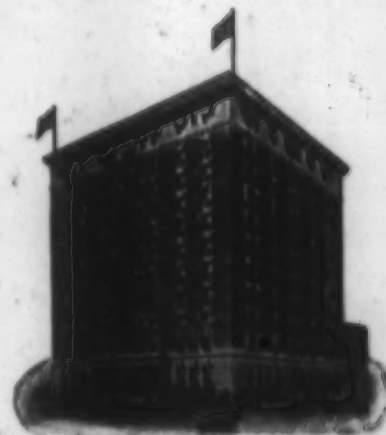
q There's a new hotel the equal of any in the country.

q Its range of prices is such that you can afford to stop there.

q It's fireproof—can you afford to stop anywhere else?

EUROPEAN PLAN

Direction
F. W. ROCKWELL
Proprietor
THE TEN EYCH
Albany, N. Y.



THE ONONDAGA

"It may be necessary in this day of press-agent devices to add that we have prepared and issued this statement on our own initiative."

It is signed by Wallace Irwin, Will Irwin, Samuel Morvill, Irvin Cobb, Channing Pollock, George Middleton, Rachel Crothers, Frederic C. Howe, William Johnston, C. Ross Kennedy, Julian Street, E. Thomas, William Malley, Clayton Hamilton, Louis Haynes Gilmore, Arthur Bartlett Maurice, Ada Patterson, Gail Burgess, Lincoln Stephens Austin Strong, Rupert Hughes, Paul Armstrong, Glenmore Davis, J. H. Oakman, Edna Kenton, George Jean Nathan, Norman Hapgood, Walter Pritchard Eaton, and Franklin P. Adams.

THE SITGREAVES NATINEE.

At the first matinee *Francine* on the afternoon of Feb. 13 at the Hudson Theatre, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Anne Morgan, Elizabeth Marbury, Mrs. William Osgood Field, Mrs. Ben Alt Haggis, Princess Amelia Troubetzkoy, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Madame Lillian Nordica, Mrs. E. H. Gary, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Edmund Bayles, A. Morris Hagby, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, and E. Townsend Martin will be patronesses and patrons. The programme will embrace French playlets, monologues, pantomimes, and songs. Among the artists will be Beverly Sitgreaves, Madame Pilar-Martin, H. Jose Ruben, Paul Dufault, tenor, and Marie Gude, soprano, who will make her debut. The special interest, which the patronesses are taking in this matinee *Francine* is an indication that there will be a series of performances in French by American players to follow. This will be the first time that the French language has been used by a company of American artists. Beverly Sitgreaves, assisted by Jose Ruben, will make her New York debut in French, in the part of Sylvia in *Le Passant*. Miss Sitgreaves was engaged in Paris in the support of Madame Sara Bernhardt. Madame Pilar-Martin's performance of *L'Enfant Prodigue* is the most celebrated pantomime performance in the world.

ENTERTAINMENT BY HARRY DODD.

Harry Dodd, at one time a member of the original Gilbert and Sullivan companies in England, and writer of the first four burlesques ever used by Weber and Fields, entertained an appreciative audience at a "nine o'clock" at the Hotel Brevoort on Jan. 24. The programme was a humorous recital of songs and stories by Mr. Dodd, who accompanied himself on the piano. He told many amusing anecdotes about Sir W. Gilbert, Henry S. Leigh, and others, and

sang selections from their work which have passed out of print, and exist only in Mr. Dodd's memory. His rendition of "A Song Clerk" was rich in Scottish dialect. He then instructed his hearers how to write a comic song, and illustrated his directions with "Nothing" and "Followed the Directions in the Book." The Irish songs were amusing, and Mr. Dodd pleased the audience, especially with his pantomime song, "When I Dance the Polka." He was delightful, and strengthened his old reputation as a fine entertainer.

JAMES P. DUELL.

James P. Duell died in Philadelphia Jan. 23 in his seventy-second year, at his home, 1719 Arch Street. He was one of the last actors whose activities dated back to before the Civil War. In the '50s Mr. Duell accepted a position as call boy in a New York theatre. A manager offered him a small part, and from 1858 to 1875 he was with all the stars of that period. In 1875 he received an offer from the management of the Walnut Street Theatre to serve as stage-manager at that house, and he accepted. Five years later he was placed in charge of the Chestnut Street Opera House stage, and held that position until his death.

He played as a supporter of Booth in Othello at the New York Winter Garden in December, 1866. All the actors whose photographs are in Duell's office at the theatre were close personal friends of the stage-manager. Some of the better known are Lester Wallack, Henry Irving, J. Kyrle Bullew, Annie Russell, Ben Porter, Jeffie Angellie, Lewis James, Marie Dressier, William H. Crane, Marion Manola, Jennie Yeamans, Maggie Mitchell, and J. B. Mason.

CHARLES DILLINGHAM ILL.

Charles B. Dillingham, the theatrical manager, was operated on recently for gallstones. It is reported that he is making a speedy recovery. Mr. Dillingham went to Carlsbad last summer in hopes of avoiding an operation, but he had several attacks since his return, and while directing a rehearsal of *Over the River* at the Globe he was stricken so severely that he was taken directly to a private hospital, and the operation was performed.

IRISH PLAYERS PRECIPITATE MORE RIOTS.

The Irish Players caused riots at the Adelphi Theatre, in Philadelphia, two weeks ago. The final decision of the judge who was to pass on the morality of *The Playboy of the Western World* exonerated the members of the company.



SELMA HERMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE MIRROR ANNUAL

Marguerite Skirvin, who appears on the cover of this issue, is a youthful newcomer to the stage. She was graduated from National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., in 1910, and during the following months

attended the Gardner School in New York. When she announced her intention of going upon the stage, it caused some commotion in her Oklahoma home, which subsided only when Henry Savage gave her a position in

his Southern company, playing Excuse Me. The signatures of the original New York casts of *The Playboy of the Western World* and *Everywoman* are reproduced on pages 20 and 21 by courtesy of Dixie Hines, who has an important collection of such documents.

Jane May, page 22, is now with Ethel Barrymore in *Cousin Kate*. She began her stage career as a companion to her sister, Edna May, but, not being a singer, she had no opportunities in musical comedy, and therefore took the small bits offered her in order to remain with her sister. Miss May appeared in *The Belle of New York*, and remained with the company during its run in London. She also appeared in *A Great Conspiracy*, at the Duke of York's Theatre, and in *Brewster's Millions*, *The Builder of Bridges*, *Raffles*, and *Over Night*.

Leah Winslow, page 23, and Mathilde Deshon, page 28, are at the Crescent Theatre, Brooklyn.

Henry Hicks, page 24, and Stuart Beebe, page 25, are both in the Gotham Theatre, Brooklyn.

Madge Tyrone, page 24, is at the De Kalb Theatre, Brooklyn.

Ernestine Morley, page 25, is at present not playing.

Charles Balsar, page 26, has had ten busy years on the stage, playing nearly three hundred parts. He leaves *Nasimova* in *The Marionettes* on Feb. 3. He has also played in support of Mariows and Sothorn, Annie Russell, Grace George, Madame Kalich, Edith Wynne Matthison, Mrs. Fiske, and John Mason. Under the Lieber management he originated leading roles in *The Affair in the Barracks* and *When All Has Been Said*. He is popular in summer stock in Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit, and other cities.

Roberto Deshon, page 28, is appearing in *The Spanish Music Master*, in vaudeville.

James Kyrie MacCurdy, page 29, is a young Californian, who has had an interesting career in numerous character roles. He played the title part in *The Old Clothes Man* for six years, as well as the chief roles in *A Gentleman of Mississippi*, *Pathe and the Boys*, and *The Yankee Doodle Detective*. At present he is a member of the Gotham Stock company, Brooklyn, in his second year there.

Phyllis Gilmore, page 30, is at the Lyceum Theatre, Brooklyn.

Ethel Milton, page 31, is at Payton's Theatre, Brooklyn.

Joseph Allenton, page 33, is of the Frohman forces.

Selma Herman, page 36, is playing in *The Fugitive*, a new and successful drama by C. L. Nagely, under the management of Nagely and Bennett.

Ernest Truex, page 36, is a young leading man, well known on Broadway, and now in *Over Night*. His fourteen years on the stage have given him varied experiences in vaudeville, musical comedy, stock, and dramatic work. Recently he has appeared in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, *Wildfire*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *Giriles*, and *Dr. De Luxe*.

Lillian George, page 36, closed on Jan. 13 with *The Three Twins* company in Annapolis, Md., to return to her New York home. Miss George has met with marked success in the role of Kate Armitage, the leading part in this musical comedy. Her lyric soprano voice has been praised universally and everywhere she has received special

mention for her work. Miss George has hitherto been known professionally as Maude Lambert, which is her own name.

Stapleton Kent, page 36, is another of the English actors who is now identified with the American stage. At present he is playing *Merkle in The Country Boy* to the uniformly enthusiastic approval of road critics. Last season Mr. Kent was in *The Scandal*, supporting the late Kyrie Bellew. Previously he had been seen with Cissie Loftus and Lawrence D'Orsay in *The Lancers*, with Marie Doro in *The Morals of Marcus*, with Rose Stahl in *The Chorus Lady*, in *The Witching Hour*, and in *The Duel*.

Kathryn Hutchison, page 37, is a talented young woman who is beginning her theatrical career as leading woman in *The Bachelor*, and *The Mummy* and the *Humming Bird*, which Paul Gilmore is playing on tour. Critics who have seen her comment admiringly upon her attractive personality and sincere work.

Edwin F. Helly, page 37, general press representative of Corne Payton's attractions, has been identified with the business management of some of the most prominent stock companies in the United States, and enjoys a wide acquaintance among stock actors and newspapermen. In his spare moments Mr. Helly has written several successful vaudeville offerings, his latest, *The Turn of a Card*, having recently been produced with success.

Isabel Dainty, page 37, is a member of the Mutt and Jeff company, this week at the West End. Her work in this popular affair has been admiringly commented upon.

REFLECTIONS.

Stair and Havlin are now booking attractions for all the popular priced combination theatres in the United States and Canada.

Rouclere is promising a bigger production this year than before.

Adelaide French is enjoying prosperity in her production of *Madame X*.

Among coming Klav and Erlanger musical comedies are *Sweet Fanny*, *The Primrose Villa*, *The Count of Luxembourg*, *The Little Café*, and *The Man from Cook's*.

Louisiana Lou is crowding houses in Chicago, so it will not move into New York for some time.

Werba and Luescher expect Rosemaid to repeat the success of *The Spring Maid*.

The Orpheum Circuit maintains offices in London and Berlin, and expects to extend its operations even farther.

A. H. Woods has twelve productions on tour. Next season he will have his own theatre in New York for them.

Maurice Brierre, Jr., and Grace King are touring in *The Sweetest Girl in Paris*, which has not yet come to New York.

The holiday number of *Broadway Buzz* is a spicy publication, as usual.

Besides *Little Boy Blue* and *The Million*, which are playing in New York, Henry Savage is sending out companies in *Everywoman*, *Excuse Me*, and *Madame X*, and an



ERNEST TRUEX



LILLIAN GEORGE



Brosberger, Auburn, N. Y.

A. STAPLETON KENT



Watts, N. Y.
HOMER BARTON

A leading man who is gaining favor in town

English opera company of The Girl of the Golden West.

Percy G. Williams heard a young man sing in a moving picture house in Brooklyn last week, and was so impressed by the



McCoy, Knoxville, Tenn.
KATHRYN HUTCHISON

range and quality of his voice that he engaged him for vaudeville. The singer is Cesare Neal, and he was born in Italy. He will sing at the Williams theatres, beginning at the Colonial this week.

Wadsworth Harris was the guest of Rev. John H. Holmes at the social club of the



EDWIN F. REILLY



ISABEL DAINTRY

Church of the Messiah, in this city, recently, when he gave a group of readings.

The Pacific Coast is now the home of the stock company. The New Alcazar in San Francisco plays fifty-two weeks a year.

David Belasco is one of the most conservative producers. He usually has a production playing outside of New York ready to bring in as soon as the old ones leave. At present, it is The Case of Becky.

One of the amazing successes of the year has been Mutt and Jeff, four companies of which are touring the medium-priced theatres.

From the Tiffany Studios has been issued a book on "Antique Brasses from China and India," which is as interesting to casual readers as to buyers.

Edward S. Curtis gave New York its last opportunity of hearing his interesting talk on "Indian Tribal Life" at the Hudson Theatre on the afternoon of Jan. 18. He devoted the time to the Hunkalowanpi, the Indians of the Palm Cañons and Cactus Plains, the Apache, the Hopi, the North Pacific Coast tribes, the Pueblo and the Navaho. The pictures shown were selections from a collection which Mr. Curtis has been fourteen years in preparing. For sheer beauty of color and impressiveness of scene they surpass any-

thing displayed recently. The orchestra of fifteen pieces rendered music founded on Indian themes. The arrangements contained a great deal of color, and were a treat to any music lover. The composer should have been accredited on the programme, as his deserts are incommensurate.

Viola Allen opened at the Lyceum Theatre in New London, on Jan. 20, in Rachel Crothers's three-act drama, The Herford.

An invitation performance was given of Elevating a Man at the Liberty Sunday night.

Modest Susanne went into the storage house on its closing at the Liberty.

Marshall Darrach will give three recitals at the Plaza at eleven o'clock on the mornings of Feb. 3, 10, and 17 for the benefit of the Church Periodical Club. The successive subjects will be The Tempest, Julius Caesar, and Twelfth Night.

David Belasco and David Warfield have been prominent buyers at the Grigsby art auction in the Anderson Gallery on Madison Avenue.

The University Dramatic Association of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., presented Pizarro on Dec. 19. This is Sheridan's famous tragedy, founded on the German by Kotzebue. The cast included Robert Allen, Ed. Flynn, W. McGuire, P.

Friedrich, D. Wolfe, C. Wiltz, D. Koster, V. Schmitt, J. Hartung, W. Henshaw, L. Drohan, E. Mahowald, A. Braun, A. Mann, G. Dierkes, F. Fleissner, H. Buer, F. Johannes, A. Schmid, J. Mondloch, J. Hain, J. Bast, F. Kolar, W. Rege, G. Fruth, G. Endress, R. Calhoun, C. Kapane, R. Steichen.

Lieber and Company announce that Commander Walk has been a great success out of town this season.

Frank Campeau, who originated Tampos in The Virginian, has replaced George Fyfe in Kinding.

On Thursday afternoon, Feb. 15, George M. Cohan will give a benefit performance of The Little Millionaire for Ted L. Marks, who was taken ill and forced to give up his duties as manager of The Trail of the Lonesome Pine some time ago.

Mikail Mordkin is performing the "bow and arrow" dance, to Tchaikowsky music, at the Winter Garden.

Annette Kellermann will soon add singing to dancing and diving at the Winter Garden.

Twelve members of the Russian Imperial Court Ballet Orchestra have remained in this country and will make their first vaudeville appearance at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre on Feb. 5.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS

Week ending Feb. 3.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Stock co. in Du Barry 12 times.
 ALHAMBRA—Vaudeville.
 ASTOR—Raymond Hitchcock in The Bad Widow—13th week—101 to 108 times.
 BELASCO—David Warfield in The Return of Peter Grimm—16th week—123 to 130 times.
 BIJOU—Closed.
 BROADWAY—The Wedding Trip—6th week—43 to 49 times.
 BRONX—Vaudeville.
 CANTO—Summar—3d week—16 to 23 times.
 CENTURY—The Garden of Allah—15th week—119 to 126 times.
 COLUMBIA—Knickerbocker Burlesques.
 COMEDY—Buntly Pulls the Strings—17th week—146 to 154 times.
 CRITERION—Gertrude Elliott in White Magic—3d week—6 to 13 times.
 DALY'S—The Rose of Panama—2d week—9 to 16 times.
 EMPIRE—Ethel Barrymore in Cousin Kate—1st week—1 to 8 times.
 FULTON—Closed Jan. 27.
 GAIETY—Office 665—1st week—1 to 8 times.
 GARRICK—Closed Jan. 27.
 GEORGE M. COHAN'S—George M. Cohan in The Little Millionaire—19th week—143 to 150 times.
 GLOBE—Belle Fay in Over the River—4th week—25 to 33 times.
 GRAND OPERA HOUSE—William H. Crane in The Senator Keeps House—75 times, plus 3 times.
 HARRIS—The Talker—4th week—25 to 33 times.
 HERALD SQUARE—The Million—91 times, plus 4th week—25 to 33 times.
 HIPPODROME—Around the World—22nd week.
 HUDSON—Miss Simone in The Return from Jerusalem—4th week—25 to 33 times.
 HURD and SHAMON'S—Big Banner Show.
 IRVING PLACE—Helen St. Nicholas in The Vermin—15 to 17 times; Das Suesse Model—4th time; Adolf Link in Pietro Caruso—4 to 8 times; Model Wives—3 times.
 KEITH AND PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE—Vaudeville.
 KNICKERBOCKER—Otis Skinner in Kismet—8th week—43 to 49 times.
 LIBERTY—Louis Mann in Elevating a Husband—2nd week—10 to 17 times.
 LYCEUM—Margaret Anglin in Lady Gilmore—7 times.
 LYRIC—Little Boy Blue—10th week—75 to 83 times.
 MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—Margaret H. Hamilton in Kindling—56 times, plus 3 times.
 MAXINE ELLIOTT—The Bird of Paradise—16 times, plus 2d week—9 to 16 times.
 METROPOLIS—Ocell Spooner Stock co. in Two Little Virgins.
 METROPOLITAN—Grand opera co. in repertory—12th week.
 MINER'S BOWERY—Jardin de Paris.
 MINER'S BRONX—Girls from Reno.
 MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE—Follies of the Day.
 MURRAY HILL—Midnight Maidens.
 NEW AMSTERDAM—Trail of the Lonesome Pine—8 times.
 NEW YORK—Jefferson De Angeli in The Pearl Maiden—2d week—9 to 16 times.
 OLYMPIA—Vanity Fair.
 PARK—The Quaker Girl—15th week—117 to 124 times.
 PLAYHOUSE—Bought and Paid For—19th week—154 to 163 times.
 PROSPECT—Stock co. in The Man of the Hour—10 times.

REPUBLIC—The Woman—20th week—157 to 164 times.
 THIRTY-NINTH STREET—A Butterfly on the Wheel—4th week—22 to 29 times.
 VICTORIA—Vaudeville.
 WALLACE'S—George Arliss in Dunsen—20th week—155 to 163 times.
 WEST END—Mutt and Jeff—16 times, plus 3.
 WINTER GARDEN—Vera Violetta—11th week.

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Carter & Sherburne Co.
Lynn
J. M. Nelson, Drugs
New Bedford
The Browne Pharmacy
Pittsfield
The Fabry Pharmacy
Springfield
H. & J. Brewer Co.
Worcester
Green, The Druggist
Scott & Son
Hall & Lyon Co.
MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor
Eberbach & Son Co.
Battle Creek
Baker-Jones Co.
Bay City
Mason & Beach
Detroit
Mrs. Clara M. Read
Standard Drug Store
E. C. Kinsel, Drugs
Gray & Worcester
Brown Pharmacy Co.
Wm. W. Fiero, Drugs
Whitney Costume Co.
M. R. W. Allen
Flint
Crampton & Litchfield
Grand Rapids
Peck Bros. Drug Co.
Schroeder's Dr's Store
West's Drug Store
Jackson
Athens Pharmacy
Kalamazoo
Rollins Bros.
J. L. Wallace, Drugs
Lansing
Robinson Drug Co.
Housner's Drug Store
Muskegon
Fred Brundage, Drugs
Port Huron
Knill's Drug Store
J. Lohrstorfer
Saginaw
Larvinski & Leobrich
Sault Ste. Marie
Fred R. Price, Drugs
Traverse City
E. E. Miller & Son
MINNESOTA
Crookston
Yee's Drug Store
Duluth
Matz Drug Store
Winth's Drug Store
Mankato
John J. Lamm
Mississippi
A. D. Thompson Dr's Co.
Charles H. Clark
Lewell Bros. Drug Co.
Owl Drug Store
Smith Costume Co.
Brownies Drug Co.
Hughes' Drug Co.
Metropolitan Drug.
Owatonna
J. B. Christgau
Red Wing
Kuhn's Drug Store
St. Paul
Martin Olson
A. T. Hall, Drugs
F. M. Parker & Co.
City Drug Store
B. A. Boer & Son
Chas. T. Heller
Stillwater
Brenner Drug Co.
MISSISSIPPI
Meridian
Staple Pharmacy
Vicksburg
King & Co., Drugs
MOISSOURI
Brookfield
Chas. Green
Columbia
Columbia Drug Co.
Joplin
The Cooper Drug Co.
Kansas City
Midland Pharmacy
Orpheum Pharmacy
Owl Drug Co.
Fiedermann's Drug Store
Central Pharmacy
Club Pharmacy
Goldblatt Bros.
St. Joseph
Saint Joseph Drug Co.
Soper's Pharmacy
St. Louis
H. Schmidt, Costumer
Anti-Monopoly Drug
Enderle Drug Co.
Doering Bros.
A. Fugger, Wigs
Judge & Dolph, Drugs
Mrs. B. Sterling
City Hall Drug Store
B. Katsky Drug Co.
Central Drug Co.
Grand-Leside Drug
Woff-Vision Co.
Sedalia
Scotten Drug Co.
Springfield
C. H. Dalrymple
BILLINGS
Lee Warren, Drugs
Bozeman
Bozeman Pharmacy
Butte
Colbert Drug Co.
Carney's Pharmacy

MONTANA—Cont'd.

Livingston
Seaman's Pharmacy
Missoula
Missoula Drug Co.
NEBRASKA
Beatrice
Bock & Bullis
Lincoln
Riggs Pharmacy Co.
Meier Drug Co.
Omaha
Sherman & McConnell Co.
Beaton Drug Co.
Theo. Lieben & Son
Unitt-Dockal Co.
Myers-Dillon Co.
Owl Drug Co.
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Berlin
Counorsey Pharmacy
Manchester
O. L. Giguere, Drugs
NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park
Throkmorton Pharm.
Atlantic City
Apollo Pharmacy
Barnegat
Bainley's Drug Store
Camden
Dr. Paul N. Litchfield
Dever
Thomas K. Edwards
Elizabeth
Graham & McCloskey
Hoboken
Wm. Kamiah
Jersey City
Hartwell Drug Co.
F. G. Schaefer
Laurer Drug Co.
Hewman & Co.
C. J. McCloskey
Newark
Freeman's Phar. Co.
Chas. Holshauer, Drugs
Riker & Sons Co.
Stink's Pharmacy
Crescent Drug Store
L. Bamberger & Co.
New Brunswick
Van Deuren Pharm.
Monigan's Pharmacy
Orange
James C. Hahn
Passaic
Carroll Drug Co.
Paterson
Smith Drug Co.
Samuel Sykes
James L. Smart
W. W. Hovus
Perth Amboy
Laurer Drug Co.
Trenton
Chas. Stuckert
Riker's Drug Store
NEW YORK
Albany
Warner Drug Co.
Wm. Sautter Co.
Louis Sautter
Morris Drug Co.
Auburn
A. E. Adams, Drugs
Oshorne House Pharmacy
Chas. H. Sagar Co.
Binghamton
Waldron Drug Co.
Brooklyn
Block Drug Co.
F. J. Morriway, Drugs
Thos. H. Bohla
H. Burkhardt
M. J. Kantrowitz
Thos. H. Bonner
Riker's Drug Store
I. Schinberg
Chas. P. O'Gerrig
A. E. Lawrence, Cont.
Buffalo
Central Prescription
Cahill's Drug Store
Cahoon-Lyon Drug Co.
Store's Drug Shop
Potter-Buschner Co.
Rudin's Drug Store
H. A. Sloan, Drugs
Coney Island
Edward A. Ansell
Stiria
Terbell-Calkins Co.
Fishkill-on-Hudson
Loughran's Pharmacy
Gleas Falls
Bert H. Bentley, Drugs
Glensville
Winder Pharmacy
Jamestown
Swahon Drug Co.
Kingston
Wm. S. Eltinge
Little Falls
O'Rourke & Hurley
Lakewood
Baylin & Sweet
Mechanicsville
N. T. Van Rensselaer
Mt. Vernon
Anderson's Pharmacy
Newburgh
Merritt's Sons
New Rochelle
N. J. Patterson
New York
Kalkreuther Pharm.
Gibson & the Druggist
Hogeman & Co.
Wm. B. Riker Sons
Chris Pharmacy
James' Drug Store
John W. Ferrier
A. H. McKee & Co.
Geo. Rhindheim
Polk's Pharmacy
United Drug Store
The Chemist Shop
Krause & Co.
Penn. Station Drug Co.

MONTANA—Cont'd.

Helena
Parson Drug Co.
Livingston
Seaman's Pharmacy
Missoula
Missoula Drug Co.
NEBRASKA
Beatrice
Bock & Bullis
Lincoln
Riggs Pharmacy Co.
Meier Drug Co.
Omaha
Sherman & McConnell Co.
Beaton Drug Co.
Theo. Lieben & Son
Unitt-Dockal Co.
Myers-Dillon Co.
Owl Drug Co.
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Berlin
Counorsey Pharmacy
Manchester
O. L. Giguere, Drugs
NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park
Throkmorton Pharm.
Atlantic City
Apollo Pharmacy
Barnegat
Bainley's Drug Store
Camden
Dr. Paul N. Litchfield
Dever
Thomas K. Edwards
Elizabeth
Graham & McCloskey
Hoboken
Wm. Kamiah
Jersey City
Hartwell Drug Co.
F. G. Schaefer
Laurer Drug Co.
Hewman & Co.
C. J. McCloskey
Newark
Freeman's Phar. Co.
Chas. Holshauer, Drugs
Riker & Sons Co.
Stink's Pharmacy
Crescent Drug Store
L. Bamberger & Co.
New Brunswick
Van Deuren Pharm.
Monigan's Pharmacy
Orange
James C. Hahn
Passaic
Carroll Drug Co.
Paterson
Smith Drug Co.
Samuel Sykes
James L. Smart
W. W. Hovus
Perth Amboy
Laurer Drug Co.
Trenton
Chas. Stuckert
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Wm. Sautter Co.
Louis Sautter
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Polk's Pharmacy
United Drug Store
The Chemist Shop
Krause & Co.
Penn. Station Drug Co.

OKLAHOMA—Cont'd.

Lawton
Jones Bros. Drug Co.
McAlester
E. A. Daniels, Drugs
Muskogee
Muskogee Drug Co.
Crystal Drug Co.
Mortart Drug Co.
Oklahoma City
Westfall Drug Co.
Rock & Weaver
City Hall Pharmacy
Sapulpa
Frisco Drug Co.
Tulsa
Shackie Drug Co.

OREGON

Albany
Woodworth Drug Co.
Madford
Leon B. Haskins, Drugs
Portland
Powers & Estes
Woodard, Clarke & Co.
Slip Taylor Drug Co.
Rock & Martin
Skidmore Drug Co.
Leland Drug Co.
Salem
Opera House Phar.
PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown
The May Drug Co.
Allentown
Palace Pharmacy
Allentown
Booker & Meredith
Bradford
W. A. Kulp, Drugs
Butler
The Crystal Pharmacy
Easton
A. J. Odenweider
Erie
Adams & Streiber
Frank L. Felsner, Drugs
Andrew's Pharmacy
Germantown
E. J. Kelly & Co.
Greensburg
Stephenson Chem. Co.
Harrisburg
Gorges the Druggist
J. T. Ensminger
Hastings
Elin Pharmacy
Honesdale
McKee Drug Co.
Johnstown
Smith & Smith, Drugs
Charles Young
Lancaster
Brubaker Brothers
John H. Miller
McKeesport
Hawatha Drug Store
Oil City
W. K. George, Drugs
Philadelphia
H. A. Kells, Drugs
Van Horn & Son
Laubach Pharmacy
Geo. B. Evans, Drugs
Wass & Son, Costumer
Miller Drug Company
Jacobus Bros.
United Drug Store
H. L. Horst & Co.
Phillip L. Barment
Pittsburgh
The May Drug Co.
Ewer Bros.
E. E. Hook
Liberty Drug Co.
McKeesport Drug Co.
Plymouth
G. J. Durbin, Drugs
Pottsville
Chas. B. Sonts, Drugs
Reading
Barnard & Kemp
Stein's Pharmacy
American Medicine Co.
Scranton
Fahnenholt, Costumer
Reumster Pharmacy
Shamokin
Hollenback & Baker
Washington
M. M. Tompkins
Wilkes-Barre
Frank & Barber
The Mohans Pharmacy
Swainsburg Drugs
W. J. Pauling & Co.
Wilkesburg
Smith Drug Co.
Williamsport
Miller Drug Co.
York
Hays & Hildebrand
RHODE ISLAND
Newport
Hall & Lyon Co.
Providence
Colonial Drug Co.
J. Fred Gibson Co.
Hall & Lyon Co.
Woonsocket
Dunochter Bros., Drugs
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston
Parsons Drug Co.
Columbia
Taylor Drug Co.
S. DAKOTA
Sioux Falls
R. F. Brown, Drugs
TENNESSEE
Chattanooga
Live and Let Live Drug
The People's Pharmacy
Jo Anderson
Knoxville
Kuhman's Drug Store
Sharp's Drug Store
Memphis
Wm. Kaston
A. Renkert & Co.
Moseley-Robinson Co.
Nashville
C. R. Radoux Hair G'ds
Sand & Sumpter Drug
De Motville Drug Co.

OKLAHOMA—Cont'd.

Lawton
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McAlester
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Shackie Drug Co.

NASHVILLE—Cont'd.

Jennings Pharmacy
Mat Bloomstein
TEXAS
Austin
Van Smith Drug Co.
H. C. Jackson
Beaumont
Post Office Drug Store
Bonham
J. W. Peeler Pharmacy
Corpus Christi
Harper-Kaiser Co.
Dallas
The Owl Drug Co.
Skidmore & Sons
Dallas Costume Co.
El Paso
A. E. Ryan & Co.
Fort Worth
Lowe's Drug Store
Covey & Martin
Rudro's Pharmacy
Gainesville
Edwards Drug Co.
Greenville
Star & Martin
J. J. Scholt
Houston
Rouse's
Lewy's Drug Store
Paul Pharmacy
Paris
Gardner & Mohr
San Antonio
Wm. C. Kallinger
20th Century Pharmacy
Sherman
Crayer-Coffin, Dr's
Waco
Old Corner Drug Store
Wichita Falls
Marchman's Drugs
UTAH
Ogden
Utahna Drug Co.
Salt Lake City
F. O. O'Drugs Co.
G. F. Bates Drug Co.
Halliday Drug Co.
Druski & Frankham
Schramm-Johnson
Dayton Drug Co.
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NEW YORK THEATRES.

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Evenings, 8—Matinees, Wed. and Sat.
Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, Props.
Klaw & Erlanger Present

OTIS SKINNER
By Arrangement with CHARLES FROHMAN
in "AN ARABIAN NIGHT."

KISMET
By EDWARD KNOBLAUCH, Produced and
Managed by HARRISON GREY FRIER.

EMPIRE Broadway and 40th Street.
Evenings at 8:30.
Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2:15.
Charles Frohman - - - Manager

CHARLES FROHMAN Presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
In What May Be Described as
A NOVELTY
Followed by the Delightful Comedy
COUSIN KATE

LYCEUM Broadway and 45th Street
Evenings at 8:30.
Mat., Wed. and Sat., 2:15
Daniel Frohman - - - Manager

MARGARET
ANGLIN
In a New and Original Play
By HENRY ARTHUR JONES entitled
LYDIA GILMORE
LOUIS NETHERSOLE, Manager

CRITERION B'way, 44th St. Evg. 8:15
Mat., Wed. & Sat., 2:15
Charles Frohman - - - Manager

Gertrude Elliott
(Lieber & Co., Managers)
In a LEAP YEAR Comedy, Entitled
WHITE MAGIC
By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS
and ROY COOPER MEGRUE
With an Exceptionally Strong Cast

GEO. COHAN'S THEATRE, Broadway
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COHAN in the Speedy
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The 8th Wonder of the World
**THE GARDEN
OF ALLAH**

DETROIT.

Amelia Bingham's Efforts Pleased—Prospects
Bright for Good Business.

At the Garrick, Jan. 15-20, Gertrude Hoffman and her Imperial Russian Dancers gave one of the most interesting and diversified entertainments of this particular branch of art ever seen upon a local stage. The programme included a "chorographic" drama, Cleopatra, in which the title-role was assumed by Miss Hoffman, ably supported by Marie Baldina, Theodore Kosloff, and Nicolas Solanikov. The second part was a dancing tableau, Les Sylphides. The entertainment also included Miss Hoffman's imitations and her own arrangement of a dance to the Mendelssohn Spring Song. Next week, Marie Dressler in Trillie's Nightmare.

On the stage of the Temple Theatre 15-21 Amelia Bingham revived scenes from La Tosca and A Modern Lady Godiva, as well as an intense scene from Madame Sans Gene. Miss Bingham's efforts met with great enthusiasm, and her efforts, as well as those of her supporting co., were a credit to the vaudeville stage. The balance of the week's bill left little to be desired.

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Eve's at 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:15

Klaw & Erlanger Present
EUGENE WALTER'S Dramatic Version of
JOHN FOX, JR.'S, Popular Novel

**THE TRAIL
OF THE
LONESOME PINE**
WITH
CHARLOTTE WALKER

HUDSON Theatre, 45th St., nr. B'way
Evg. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MME. SIMONE

Assisted by ARNOLD DALY
(Lieber & Co., Managers)
In Maurice Donnay's Modern Play
**The Return from
Jerusalem**

HARRIS Theatre, formerly Hackett,
42d St. nr. B'way. Evg. 8:15.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

HENRY B. HARRIS presents
THE TALKER
A play by Marion Fairfax.

—with—
TULLY MARSHALL, LILLIAN ALBERT,
SON, MALCOLM DUNDON, FAULINE
LORD, ISABELLE FENTON, WILSON
DAY, ELLEN FOSTER, WARREN MUN-
SELL, BERTHA DOWN, and others.

NEW YORK THEATRE, B'way and
45th St. Orchestra, 5 sharp
Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.
Klaw & Erlanger - - - Managers

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WITH
Jefferson DeAngolis

LIBERTY 42d St., West of B'way.
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and Sat. 2:15. Wed. Mat.
50c.—\$1.50. 300 Seats, First Balcony, \$1.00.
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GEORGE ARLISS
LIEBLER & CO., Managers
In Louis N. Parker's New Play
DISRAELI
With a Notable Cast

The Moulin Rouge, a spirited aggregation of burlesque workers, held the stage at the Avenue Theatre 14-20, and The Kentucky Belles will arrive next week.
A spectacular singing novelty, The Seven Aviator Girls, headed the week's bill at Miles's Theatre 15-21 and proved an un-to-date act, even without the aviator number. Beatrice

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DAVID BELASCO presents
A New Comedy **THE WOMAN** By
Drama, William C
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With a Cast of Exceptional Merit

Moreland and Richard Clays offered a farce,
Taming a Husband, The Doris Grand Opera
Trio were well received.
There was a revival of The Soul King at the
Lyceum Theatre 14-20 with Harry A. Henshaw
and Glenn Mills in the principal roles. Next
week, Russia Blair.

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DAVID BELASCO presents
DAVID WARFIELD
In a new play by David Belasco
**THE RETURN OF
PETER GRINN**

Alma, Where Do You Live? was seen at the
Detroit Opera House 15-20. Next week, The
Girl of My Dreams.
There is nothing but sunshine on the Detroit
theatrical horizon, and traveling managers say
that the Detroit engagements are awaited with
interest by road cos. ELYP A. MARONI.

DATES AHEAD

Managers and agents of traveling companies and correspondents are notified that this department closes on Friday. To insure publication in the subsequent issue dates must be mailed to reach us on or before that date.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES

ADAMS, MAUDE (Charles Frohman): Atlantic City, N. J., 30, 31, Trenton Feb. 1, Richmond, Va., 2, 3, Washington D. C., 3-10.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE (Lieber and Co.): Cincinnati, O., 25-Feb. 3.
ALLEN, VIOLA (Lieber and Co.): Boston, Mass., Jan. 24-Feb. 3.
ANGLIN, MARGARET (Louis Nethercole): New York city Jan. 20—Indefinite.
ARLIS, GEORGE (Lieber and Co.): New York city Sept. 19—Indefinite.
ARRIVAL OF KITTY (J. M. Kidney): Sumter, S. C., 31, Camden Feb. 1, Orangeburg 2, Charleston 3.
AS TOLD IN THE HILLS (Alex. Story): Edgemoor, Kan., 31.
AT OLD HARVARD (F. W. Talbot): Huntington, Pa., 31, Greensburg Feb. 1, Johnstown 2, Altoona 3.
AT SUNSHINE (Darrell H. Leall): Mason City, Ind., 31, Spencer Feb. 1.
AT THE MERRY OF TIBERIUS (Glaser and Stair): Detroit, Mich., 25-Feb. 3.
BABY-MINE (Wm. A. Brady): Dothan, Ala., 31, Napoleon 1, Huntington, Ind., 2, Ft. Wayne 3.
BABY-MINE (No. 1; Wm. A. Brady, Ltd.): Springfield, Mass., 29-Feb. 1.
BABY-MINE (No. 2; Wm. A. Brady, Ltd.): Keokuk, Ia., 31, Hannibal, Mo., Feb. 1, Jacksonville, Ill., 2, Galesburg 3, Chicago 4-24.
BABY-MINE (No. 3; Wm. A. Brady, Ltd.): Monroe, La., 31, Ypsom Feb. 1, Jackson 2, Baton Rouge, La., 3, New Orleans 4-10.
BARRIERS BURNED AWAY (Giles and Bradford): Huntington, Ia., 31, Charleston 1, Bedford 2, Corning 3, Council Bluffs 4.
BARRYMORE, ETHEL (Charles Frohman): New York city Dec. 4-Feb. 17.
BATES, BLANCHE (David Belasco): Memphis, Tenn., 29-31, Nashville 1-3.
BEN-HUR (Klaw and Branner): Baltimore, Md., 29-Feb. 3, Philadelphia, Pa., 5-17.
BIRD OF PARADISE (Oliver Morosco): New York city Jan. 8—Indefinite.
BLINN, HOLBROOK (Wm. A. Brady): Boston, Mass., 28-Feb. 3.
BLUE BIRD (Lieber and Co.): Buffalo, N. Y., 28-Feb. 3.
BOUQUET AND PAID FOR (Wm. A. Brady): New York city Sept. 30—Indefinite.
BUNTY PULKS THE STRINGS (Ocell DeMille): New York city Oct. 10—Indefinite.
BUNTY PULKS THE STRINGS (Wm. A. Brady): Chicago, Ill., 15-Feb. 10.
BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL (Lewis Walker): New York city Jan. 9—Indefinite.
BURKE, BILLIE (Charles Frohman): New Orleans, La., 29-Feb. 3, Memphis, Tenn., 5, Nashville 7, Lexington, Ky., 9, Evansville, Ind., 10.
CAPT. WHITTAKER'S PLACE (A. G. Delamater): Kansas City, Mo., 1-3.
CARTER, MRS. LEBLIE (John Cort): Salt Lake City, U., 29-31, Orem Feb. 1, Reno, Nev., 3, Sacramento, Cal., 5, Stockton 6, San Jose 7, Oakland 8, Fresno 10.
CHICKENHEAD (Moxon and De Mille): Denver, Colo., 28-Feb. 3, Hutchinson, Kan., 5, Wichita 6, Salina 7, Junction City 8, Topeka 9, Lawrence 10.
CHERRY, CHARLES, AND EDNA GOODRICH (Daniel Frohman): Chicago, Ill., Jan. 29—Indefinite.
CLANSMAN (Southern Amusement Co.): Kansas City, Mo., 28-Feb. 3.
CLARKE, HARRY CORSON, AND MARGARET DALE OWEN: Honolulu, Hawaii, Jan. 1-March 30.
COBURN PLAYERS (L. N. Goodstadt): Decatur, Ill., 31.
COMMERCIAL TRAVELER (Frank W. Richardson): Flora, Ill., 31.
COMMUTERS, THE (Henry B. Harris): Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 9-March 2.
CONCRETE THE (David Belasco): Washington, D. C., 29-Feb. 3, Philadelphia, Pa., 5-17.
CONFESSION, THE (Portsmouth, O., Feb. 1).
COUNTESS, CATHERINE (Stair and Havlin): Minneapolis, Minn., 28-Feb. 3, Milwaukee, Wis., 4-10.
COUNTRY BOY (Co. A; Henry B. Harris): Boston, Mass., Jan. 8-Feb. 3.
COUNTRY BOY (Co. B; Henry B. Harris): Oskaloosa, Ia., 31, Ottumwa Feb. 1, Keokuk 2, Quincy, Ill., 3, Davenport, Ia., 4, Moline, Ill., 5, Rock Island 6, St. Madison, Ia., 7, Dixon, Ill., 8, Rockford 9, Aurora 10, Green Bay, Wis., 11.
COUNTRY BOY (Co. C; Henry B. Harris): Sharon, Pa., 31, Greenville Feb. 1, Elvira, O., 2, Lorain 3, Massillon 4, Canton 5, Wooster 7, Mansfield 8, Piqua 10.
COUNTRY SHERIFF (O. E. Wee): St. Catharines, Can., 29.
GRAND, WILLIAM H. (Joseph Brooks): New York city Nov. 27-Feb. 3.
DANIEL BOONE ON THE TRAIL: So. Framingham, Mass., 31, Westerly, R. I., 1, Fall River, Mass., 3.
DEEP PURPLE (Lieber and Co.): Jersey City, N. J., 29-Feb. 3.
DEEP PURPLE (Lieber and Co.): Medford, Ore., 3.
DUBBAY, LAWRENCE (John Cort): Cedar

Rapids, Ia., 31, Davenport Feb. 1, Rock Island, Ill., 2, Burlington, Ia., 3, Chicago, Ill., 4-17.
DRAMA PLAYERS (Donald Robertson): Chicago, Ill., Feb. 5-April 13.
DREW, JOHN (Charles Frohman): Portland, Me., 30, 31, Salem, Mass., Feb. 1, Lowell 2, Worcester 3, Trenton, N. J., 5, Easton, Pa., 6, Reading 7, Plainfield, N. J., 8, Atlantic City 9, 10.
EASIEST WAY: Titusville, Pa., 31, Corry 1, Erie 2, Dunkirk, N. Y., 3.
ELI AND JANE (Harry Green): Mexico, Tex., 31, Hubbard 1, Groesbeck 2, Calvert 3, Elliott, Gertrude (Lieber and Co.): New York city Jan. 24—Indefinite.
EMERSON, MARY (Samuel Lewis): Rochester, N. Y., 29-31, Syracuse 1-3.
EVERYMAN'S DAUGHTER (Rowland and Clifford, Inc.): Syracuse, N. Y., 29-31, Rochester 1-3.
EVERYMAN (Eastern; Henry W. Savage): Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1-Feb. 10.
EXCURSION (Eastern; Henry W. Savage): Topeka, Kan., 29-Feb. 3, London 5, Bradford 6, Hamilton 7, Kingston 8, Ottawa 9, 10.
EXCURSION (Southern; Henry W. Savage): Cheyenne, Wyo., 1, Ogden, U. S., Salt Lake City 4-7, Reno, Nev., 9, 10.
EXCURSION (Western; Henry W. Savage): Kansas City, Mo., 28-Feb. 3, Sedalia 5, Columbia 6, Hannibal 7, Burlington, Ia., 8, Galesburg, Ill., 9, Peoria 10, Davenport, Ia., 11.
FARNUM, DUSTIN AND WILLIAM (A. H. Woods): Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15-Feb. 3.
FAYERSHAM, WILLIAM (L. L. Gallagher): Savannah, Ga., 31, Macon Feb. 1, Atlanta 2, 3, Birmingham, Ala., 5, Chattanooga, Tenn., 6, Huntsville, Ala., 7, New Decatur 8, Memphis, Tenn., 9, 10.
FAY, BYA (Vaughan Glaser): Indianapolis, Ind., 29-Feb. 3.
FERGUSON, ELISE (Henry B. Harris): Boston, Mass., 29-Feb. 10.
FISKE, MRS. (Harrison Grey Fiske): Philadelphia, Pa., 29-Feb. 10.
FORDS-ROBERTSON, J. (Percy Burton): No. Yakima, Wash., 31, Spokane Feb. 1-3, Calgary, Can., 5-7, Edmonton 8-10.
FORTUNE HUNTER (Cohan and Harris): Denver, Colo., 29-Feb. 3.
FORTUNE HUNTER (Cohan and Harris): Boston, Mass., 29-Feb. 10.
GAMBLERS, THE (Original; Authors' Producing Co.): Pittsburgh, Pa., 29-Feb. 3, Cincinnati, O., 4-10.
GAMBLERS, THE (Eastern; Authors' Producing Co.): Torrington, Conn., 31, Danbury Feb. 1, Waterbury 2, 3, Plainfield, N. J., 5, Dover 6, Easton, Pa., 7, Phoenixville 8, Reading 9, Pottstown 10.
GAMBLERS, THE (Western; Authors' Producing Co.): San Diego, Cal., 31, Feb. 1, Pasadena 2, Redlands 3, Los Angeles 4-11.
GAMBLERS, THE (Southern; Authors' Producing Co.): Chillicothe, O., 31, Marietta Feb. 1, Parkersburg, W. Va., 2, Wheeling 3, New Philadelphia 4, 5, Coshocton 6, Cambridge 7, Zanesville 8, Newark 9, Springfield 10.
GARDEN OF ALLAH (Lieber and Co.): New York city Oct. 21—Indefinite.
GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD (Cohan and Harris): San Francisco, Cal., 28-Feb. 3.
GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD (Eastern; Cohan and Harris): Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 8-Feb. 17.
GILMORE, PAUL (Paul Gilmore Co.): Marion, Va., 31, Abingdon Feb. 1, Johnson City, Tenn., 2, Bristol 3, Morristown 5, Middleboro, Ky., 6, Corbin 7, Lafollette, Tenn., 8, Harriman 9, Dayton 10.
GIRL FROM RECTOR'S (Western; Max Plohn): Knoxville, Tenn., 29-31, Chattanooga Feb. 1-3.
GIRL IN THE TAXI (A. H. Woods): Clarksville, Miss., Feb. 1, Memphis, Tenn., 2, 3.
GIRL IN THE TAXI (A. H. Woods): Pittsburgh, Pa., 29-Feb. 3.
GIRL IN THE TAXI (A. H. Woods): Chicago, Ill., 28-Feb. 3.
GOOSE GIRL (Central; Baker and Castle): Providence, R. I., 29-Feb. 3.
GOOSE GIRL (Eastern; Baker and Castle): Jackson, Mich., 31, Kalamazoo 1-3.
GRAUSTARK (Eastern; Baker and Castle): Portland, Ore., 28-Feb. 3, Medford 9.
GRAUSTARK (Southern; Baker and Castle): Albany, Ga., 31, Cordele Feb. 2.
GREYHOUND, THE (Wagshal and Kemper): Chicago, Ill., Jan. 14—Indefinite.
HACKETT, JAMES K.: Baltimore, Md., 29-Feb. 3.
HACKETT, NORMAN (Stair and Havlin): Paterson, N. J., 5-10.
HANS HANSON (Louis Reis): Fort Lavena, Tex., 31, Victoria, B. C., 1, Wharton 2, Beulah, Can., 31.
HOUSE DIVIDED (Randolph and Norambers): Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20—Indefinite.
HUMAN HEARTS (Southern; Sam Delmore): Houma, La., 31, Thibodaux Feb. 1, Donaldsonville 2, Plaquemine 3.
HILLINGTON, MARGARET (Edw. J. Bowes): New York city 29-Feb. 3.
IN OLD KENTUCKY (A. W. Dingwall's): Chicago, Ill., 21-Feb. 3.
INTRODUCE ME: Chattanooga, Tenn., 31, Roma, Ga., Feb. 1, Cleveland, Tenn., 2, Huntsville, Ark., 3, Birmingham 5, Opelika 6, Montgomery 7, Mobile 8, 9.
IRWIN, MAY (Eisfeldt and Anhalt): Corninz, N. Y., 31, Oneonta 1, Albany 2, 3.
KISMET (Harrison Grey Fiske): New York city Dec. 25—Indefinite.
LACKEY, WILTON (L. S. Sire): Albany, N. Y., Feb. 3.
LENA RIVERS (Southern; A. J. McCollum): Skidmore, Tex., 31.
LIGHT ETERNAL (Milton Rice): Detroit, Mich., 28-Feb. 3.
LION AND THE MOUSE (Northern; United Play Co.): Springfield, U. S., 31, Provo Feb. 1, Morgan 2, Logan 3, Ordan 4.
LION AND THE MOUSE (Southern; United Play Co.): Gadsden, Ala., 31, Athens, Ga.,




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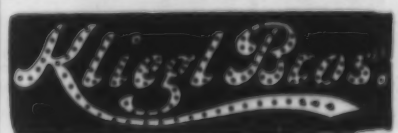
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MCINTYRE, FRANK (Henry B. Harris): St. Joseph, Mo., 30, 31, Atchison, Kan., Feb. 1, Sioux City, Ia., 2, 3, Omaha, Neb., 4-7, Cedar Rapids, Ia., 8, Des Moines 9, 10, Rock Island, Ill., 11.
MADAME X (Henry W. Savage): Burlington, Ia., 31, Cedar Rapids Feb. 1, Waterloo 2, Des Moines 3, Kansas City, Mo., 4-9, Lawrence, Kan., 10, Atchison 11.
MAN ON THE BOX (Monte Thompson): Petersburg, Va., 31, Hampton 1, Lawrenceville 2, Danville 3, Farmville 5, Lexington 6, Shenandoah 7, Luray 8, Front Royal 9, Berryville 10.
MANN, LOUIS (Warha and Linscher): New York city Jan. 22—Indefinite.
MANTELL, ROBERT R. (Wm. A. Brady): Bakersfield, Cal., 31, Fresno 1, Stockton 2, San Jose 3, San Francisco 4-17.
MASON, JOHN (Messrs. Shubert): Baltimore, Md., 29-Feb. 3, Washington, D. C., 5-10.
MERRAN, JOHN (Monte Thompson): Danville, Can., 31, Stratford 1, Owen Sound 2, 3, Meaford 4, Collingwood 6, Barrie 7.
MELVILLE, ROSE (J. R. Sterling): Seattle, Wash., 28-Feb. 3, Tacoma 4, 5, Victoria, Can., 6, Westminster 7, Vancouver 8, Bellingham, Wash., 9, Everett 10.
MILLER, HENRY: Detroit, Mich., 29-Feb. 3.
MILLION, THE (Henry W. Savage): New York city Oct. 24—Indefinite.
MISSOURI GIRL (Central; Merle H. Norton's): Holton, Kan., 31.
MISSOURI GIRL (Eastern; Norton and Edwards): New Vienna, O., 31.
MOORE, VICTOR (Frasse and Laderer): Chicago, Ill., Jan. 7—Indefinite.

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MOTION PICTURES



"SPECTATOR'S" COMMENTS

IN devoting to portraits of players so much of the extra space allotted to motion pictures in this annual number, *The Mirror* is merely responding to the desires of the picture public. The extent to which requests for portraits and inquiries regarding the identity of players have developed since this paper, the first of all publications, commenced replying to questions of this character, has been one of the most striking developments of the past year. Until *The Mirror* introduced the practice, accompanied soon after by the printing of portraits, picture players were unknown by name. Florence Turner, for instance, was the Vitagraph girl; Mr. Costello was Dimples, and one actress after another was the Biograph girl (they still are, for that matter). After *The Mirror* other publications adopted a similar policy, and now nearly every player is known by name, and their portraits, several hundred of which have appeared in these columns, are eagerly welcomed. The same pressure that *The Mirror* felt was experienced by the manufacturers, and the most of them responded by preparing sets of portraits of their players for distribution and display, until now it is one of the recognized features of the business.

The great army of motion picture spectators want to know all they can learn about the people whose animated images they see reflected on the screen. It was a natu-

its own exchanges twenty-one reels per week, and these exchanges are serving a considerable number of theatres. Thus we have ninety-three reels per week of new output going to the motion picture theatres of the United States in the established way, not including such special issues sent on tour to attraction theatres, as Dante's Inferno in five reels; the Kinemacolor Coronation and other subjects in natural colors; the Crusaders, etc.

It would have been inconceivable that so great an increase in production should not have been accompanied by some deterioration in quality. When a company doubles its output, as many did, it could only be done by overworking its producing force or increasing the force in proportion, and either method could only mean a lowered standard. Happily the representative companies accompanied their increases of production by enlarging their forces, and, while this resulted for a time in the raw recruits turning out more or less inferior films, it was only for a limited period, and it was not long before the old standard had been regained, and even passed in some instances. The net result is that better motion picture films and many more of them are being issued to-day in America than was the case in 1910, and in their production twice as many players are given employment. Of these players a truly astonishing number have become popular favorites, as will be appar-



Honus, N. Y.

MARY PICKFORD

One of the most popular picture favorites

with aversion by the exhibitors. But as the stories and the acting became better the one-reel subjects became more welcome. That the standard of production has so far improved that two and three reel films could command favor is, therefore, most significant. Scarcely any one will aver that they would have been possible two or three years ago.

So we may take it that on the whole the standard has shown improvement. Motion pictures are generally better than they were a year ago, and this in spite of the great increase in the number of productions. Here we come to another notable development of the year 1911. The Licensed companies increased their output by 50 per cent., issuing six reels on each week day, not counting some of the two and three reel issues. The Independent companies did likewise, until now in the two groups of producing companies represented by the Patents Company and the Sales Company the total production of new films each week numbers seventy-two. In addition to this large output in America there must be considered the development of a third group, represented by the National Company, which is releasing to



Dudley Hoyt, N. Y.

JULES E. BRULATOUR

President of the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Co.

ral result of the stock system of players which the producing companies found it necessary to organize. With stock players appearing time after time in the photoplays of each company, the public came soon to know them by sight and to feel an interest in their work. Any one familiar with stock company experience in stock theatres could have foretold the outcome. And the picture producing companies, in catering to this desire of the public, have, as *The Spectator* believes, increased public interest in the films. By feeding curiosity they have helped it grow.

The year 1911 saw a number of other natural developments in the growth of motion picture interest. Perhaps the most important of these is the tendency toward longer subjects. Films of more than one reel are no longer a curiosity, and, generally speaking, they have been received with favor. House managers who had found Vitagraph's Uncle Tom's Cabin in three reels a money maker for them became eager for other subjects of feature length, and again the manufacturers responded. Several films of two and three reels were issued during the year, and all found ready demand. Indeed, not a few met with phenomenal sale in Europe as well as America. The result proves a strong testimony to the steady improvement in motion picture art, which some persons are inclined to doubt, but which this paper believes has been in continual progress. It was formerly argued that the public would only accept short picture subjects; the one-reel film was looked on



WILLIAM F. HADDOCK

Experienced director recently producing *The Chansman* or *Kinemacolor*



ALLAN DWAN

Director of the American Company

ent from a glance over the portraits in this number of *The Mirror*.

How many players are now employed in motion picture work in America? The answer can only be approximate, as the forces of all companies are continually changing. The Biograph Company, producing but two reels a week, took about fifty regular players to Los Angeles, where, as occasion may require, extra people may be added. Taking twenty-five people as an average for each reel of pictures for the American output of thirty-one reels of Licensed films, and thirty-three reels of Sales Company films (about eight reels are imported), we have in these two groups 1,600 players. In addition to these, the players in free lance companies, whose negatives are sold by the foot to the National Company, and others employed in irregular ways, would probably swell the grand total of American picture players to close to 2,000. Quite a respectable army, it would appear.

It is doubtful if the standard of acting improved very much during 1911, except among the new recruits. The great advance in that branch of the art took place prior to 1911. Who can look back on the methods of picture playing three and four years ago, without a shudder? In those days the actors were told to "step high" in walking or running. Each player called by gesture on high heaven to witness each assertion. Talking, gesticulating, and grimacing at the camera was the constant



DOROTHY GIBSON

Charming leading lady with Eclair American Company

habit. Slapstick farce was the only known form of fun; the harder a poor devil fell or the more crockery he smashed the greater comedian he was supposed to be. Actors and actresses of any self respect refused to work for the films, or if circumstances compelled them to earn the money they carefully concealed their identity. The vast change that has taken place is nowhere more apparent than in this very difference in the attitude of professional people toward motion picture employment, a state of affairs for which *THE MIRROR* feels justified in claiming some credit. The companies can now have their pick of all but the most exclusive stars, and distinction in the films is eagerly sought by the best of them.

In the matter of stories, while little improvement in quality is apparent, one cannot but feel that good results have been all but obtained. Recognition of the absolute necessity of good plot construction is now general among producing managers. A technique of scenario writing has been evolved, and one after the other the important points to be observed are being comprehended by writers, editors, and directors. The psychology of the picture story and of the picture patrons is being studied and understood. A vast number of ambitious writers has sprung up, several thousand of them probably, and, although their work is mostly useless, there are among them many promising candidates for future glory. From this multitude of raw material may come bright stars to illuminate the picture story firmament of the future. Producing companies are at last coming to the policy of properly crediting the scenario writer with the authorship of his work. When there shall develop from these writers a few names of some distinction that will be remembered and recognized by the public, we may expect that the genuine uplift in story writing will set in.

Directing skill has undoubtedly improved, and to the extent that these active gentlemen and the scenario editors have participated in story construction there has also been story improvement. Certain points in the management of scenes and action are now much better done than formerly. It would take more space than is

now available to point out the many particulars in which all this is apparent. One or two instances will suffice: Where formerly no attention was paid to the direction in which players left one scene and entered another, the best directors are now careful to aid the illusion by making the scenes harmonize. So, too, in the matter of time elapse, directors now take care, or most of them do, that the spectator shall not be too greatly shocked. There still remains, however, the need of realization on the part of many directors that they should arrange their ideas to conform to those of the writer of the story, and should not feel it absolutely incumbent on them to rearrange every story to suit themselves. If they were producing stage plays they know very well they would not be permitted to rewrite and butcher the manuscripts. They would follow the scripts as they were written or they would hunt new jobs. While there are not many picture scenarios well enough written to be followed absolutely, there are, nevertheless, plenty of instances where the directors could add to the novelty of the stories by sinking their own hackneyed notions and adopting the scenario writers' ideas, even if they did run the risk of producing something fresh.

There remains to be considered in the year's progress the status of the motion picture press. The pages of the "trade" papers testify to the same general upward trend that has been apparent in the films themselves. In many particulars they have improved in contents, and in the helpful influence they have been able to exert. An important theatrical paper has been added to those now paying serious attention to motion picture reviews and two monthly publications are now devoted to the publication of short stories written from the films.

Finally as to *THE MIRROR*, it can look back with some satisfaction on its own participation in all the foregoing progressive steps. It has been fortunate in supporting



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Who played Prince Charming in Cinderella for Selig



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MABEL TALIAFERRO

Who played Cinderella for Selig

pretty much all of the helpful innovations introduced by the several producing companies, many of these advanced ideas finding their first printed expression in these columns. In its own sphere as a medium for the dissemination of pertinent information, the reflection of conditions and the interchange and crystallization of ideas, it has been significantly indorsed by its contemporaries, who have frequently copied and adopted the policies first introduced by this paper. If imitation is the sincerest form of praise, then *THE MIRROR* has had its full share.

THE SPECTATOR.

JULES E. BRULATOUR.

Jules E. Brulatour, president of the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company, whose portrait appears on another page, is of the type of business men who lend dignity and credit to any organization with which they are identified. He was formerly the representative of the Lumiere interests and has long been connected with motion picture affairs. He is earnest and conscientious in the discharge of his duties as head of the chief independent organization, striving always to advance its interests by honorable means and to strengthen the good repute and standard of motion picture production generally.

PICTURE REVIEW CONTEST.

The review contest announced last week has at this writing, two days after the publication of the contest, met with several responses. Criticisms of films have this early commenced to come in, indicating that the contest will meet with popular approval. Four prizes will be given twice a month, so that there will be plenty of chance for contestants to become winners—if not the first time they try, then the second or some later time. Writers are again cautioned to review only films that have been issued within a week of the date the review is mailed to this office.



VICTORIA FORDE



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A GROUP OF POPULAR NESTOR PLAYERS



ANE WOLFE



EILEEN ERROL



ALICE HOLLISTER



ALICE JOYCE

TEN FAMOUS KALEM BEAUTIES

THE Kalems, the O'Kalems or the Kalemmites, as they might now be dubbed, since a branch of the stock company is headed for the Holy Land, have won fame for two distinct peculiarities in addition to their admitted ability as picture players. First, and of course foremost, is the beauty of the women. While pretty faces are numerous in other companies, the Kalemmites are entitled to first prize, owing to the number of eligible candidates they can enter in the beauty contest. Even the Kalemite character women are ladies of charming attractiveness, and as for the star beauties—well, somebody around the Kalem establishment must surely have a most discriminating eye. The second distinguishing peculiarity referred to above is the traveling habit they have acquired. Some one or the other of the Kalem stock companies is always on the go. If they aren't taking pictures in Ireland or Holland they are cruising the Mediterranean to the land of the Egyptians, or going to or coming from Florida, or scouring the mountains and deserts of Southern California, or sojourning in the region of the Creoles around New Orleans.

"Oh, dear," said a despairing actress, who had failed to get an engagement with a Kalem company. "I do

so wish I could be with those people; they have such lovely times."

And indeed the Kalemmites must fare well, for it has come to be a stock saying: "Once a Kalem, always a Kalem."

But to return to the beauty show. This Mirror presents on this page a collection of ten pretty Kalem faces—and they are not show-girl faces either. Each one of the collection shows sweetness of disposition, strength of character, strong individuality, and undoubted brains. Can more be said of lovely femininity? Let us particularize.

Gene Gauntier, strong in emotional leads, a bewitching ingenue, faithful in character parts, an expert horse-woman, and a talented scenario writer and directress.

Alice Joyce, before her entrance into picture work, famous in the art studios of New York for her beauty, a daring rider and an earnest, capable actress whose ability in the art is constantly improving.

Jane Wolfe, the dependable, an original Kalemite, equally fine in leading or character parts.

Ruth Roland, originally a child actress of great promise, later successful on the stage, and more recently a leading lady of one of the Western Kalems, a fine rider, fencer, and rifle shot, and an actress equal to all the varied demands of an exacting position.

Marin Sais, a favorite ingenue on the stage, and for a year playing difficult leads and character parts in the Western Kalem company; particularly good in Indian and boy parts.

Anna Q. Nilsson, a recent acquisition, like Alice Joyce, recruited from the art studios of New York, now winning richly deserved praise in leading roles in the Kalem Florida company.

Alice Hollister, another Kalem beauty who had no previous stage experience, plays second leads with rare grace with the company now in Egypt.

Eileen Errol, an actress of experience in excellent stock and road companies, now leading lady for the newly organized New Orleans stock.

Marian Cooper, a trained actress from the stage, daring and athletic, accomplished and petite, now with the Florida company.

Helen Lindroth, well known on the stage, excellent in character parts and general business, now with the Florida company.

Although this is a beauty page, the gentlemen of the Kalem organizations are entirely ignored. They are good-looking, it is true, from the handsome proprietors right through the list of managers, directors, camera men, players and assistants of all kinds, but they are not ladies and must stand aside for the present.

CLANSMAN IN KINEMACOLOR.

The concluding scenes of an elaborate Kinemacolor production of *The Clansman* are now about completed, and the announcement of the film for exhibition is expected after the Durbar films have had their run. The *Clansman* Kinemacolor film has been made under arrangement with Thomas Dixon, author of the play and novel, and George Brennan, under whose management the play has been presented throughout the country for the past six years. Mr. Brennan personally superintended the preparation of the picture scenario and the production of the film, which was taken in the South with members of the original *Clansman* company in the principal roles. It will constitute an entire night's entertainment, being about ten reels of Kinemacolor film, equivalent to five reels of black and white. The remarkable business done by *The Clansman* the first two years of its presentation, still standing as records in hundreds of cities and towns, will be recalled by all theatrical people. The play still draws big attendance. The novelty of seeing it now in motion picture form, far more realistic in effect and enhanced by the brilliant colors of Kinemacolor, is expected to attract unusual attention.



Gross, Chicago.

HELEN LINDROTH



MARIAN COOPER



GENE GAUNTIER



MARIN SAIS



ANNA NILSSON



RUTH ROLAND



GERTRUDE Mc COY
In an ingenue part



LAURA SAWYER
A talented actress



JEANIE Mc PHEARSON
In The Two Flats



BLISS MILFORD
In Ludwig from Germany

EDISON PICTURES AND PLAYERS

IN the days of long ago, before the time of the big flood of motion picture progress, *The Mirror* remembers that it lamented the fact that Edison pictures were not at the forefront of all. The lament was but an echo of the thought that filled thousands and thousands of American minds. All America felt then, as it does now, a sense of pride in Edison and his great achievements—a pride of proprietorship. Edison's glory was American glory and the grand old man was, as he is, a popular idol. To think, therefore, that his name was not pre-eminent in dramatic motion picture production, as it was in almost everything else that he was interested in, was a source of deep regret. But that, let it be repeated, was in the days of long ago, at the very dawn of the great uplift. What all the world was thinking the Edison people and Mr. Edison himself were thinking. They felt that they must in their own picture productions demonstrate in its highest realization the value as a new medium for artistic dramatic expression of the marvelous inventions Thomas Edison had given to the world. So the Edison management came to have an ideal, and, having an ideal, it was not long before a producing force was organized that stood for the very best in motion picture progress. Such is the secret of the tremendous advancement in artistic quality and high ethical aim of Edison motion pictures. No longer—indeed not for a long time, as time goes in this rapid art—have the admirers of Edison had cause to look with anything but pride on Edison films. They have now a distinct standard of excellence in certain important respects above those of any other motion pictures in the world. And the most important of these important respects is the desire, proven by repeated examples, to employ the mighty influence of the films for the actual and material benefit of the people. Other film producers have on occasion issued picture subjects designed to teach valuable lessons; the Edison company has done this many times. Indeed, as the public knows, it is one of

Mr. Edison's fondest dreams that the motion picture film shall some day replace to some extent the school book, not only in the teaching of material facts, but also in the moral and social uplifting of the human race. He feels, and rightly, that the motion picture can almost rival the printing press in practically everything that the printing press has accomplished.

With such lofty ambitions is it any wonder that Edison motion pictures are now in the front rank—a front rank that is as yet but thinly occupied? In artistic qualities also the Edison product ranks with the best. No other company realizes more fully the artistic value of the realistic—the value of making the illusion of the picture as perfectly natural as possible. Edison players are taught to get into their characters and to achieve their results by natural means, and with as little of the theatrical as possible, always keeping in mind, however, the art qualities of a picture. Some of the finest Edison achievements have been the incidental reproduction, "in the natural development of a film," of great and well-known paintings. This desire to work up to a striking set picture has inspired many other notable achievements, for instance, the deck scenes in naval battles, the battle scene in *The Black Arrow*, and others. But enough of Edison films; they speak for themselves.

Let us turn to the Edison players. Few companies have succeeded in developing more and greater popular favorites than the Edison, and the reason has been that they have been chosen carefully, and with rare judgment, and have been so well treated that they have remained for long terms of service. The twelve portraits on this page have been chosen from a larger number submitted. More could have been included, but it was felt that in the limited space of one page a greater number of portraits would have necessitated reduction to sizes too small for satisfactory results. The players omitted will, therefore, please accept *The Mirror's* apologies, with a promise of future consideration. Personal mention of players will be found elsewhere.



MIRIAM NESBITT
In a characteristic pose



RICHARD NEILL
Popular Edisonian



BIGELOW COOPER
In Please Remit



HARRY EYTINGE
In a character part



ELSIE Mc LEOD
In a brown study



CHARLES OGLE
As Pecksniff



WILLIAM WADSWORTH
In Please Remit



MARY FULLER
As her own self



ARTHUR D. HOTALING
Lubin comedy director



MAY BUCKLEY
Newly acquired leading lady



SIEGMUND LUBIN
President of Lubin Mfg. Co.



ORMI HAWLEY
A Lubin leading lady

A DOZEN LUBIN FAVORITES

WHEN Lubin films took a sudden and violent jump into artistic excellence a year or more ago there was not a jealous individual among all the Lubin rivals in America. Everybody had wanted to see Lubin films in all respects as good as the best, and, while certain first rank producing companies may have watched energetic contemporaries with more or less secret envy, none of them entertained that feeling toward Siegmund Lubin. Undoubtedly all this is due to the personal popularity of Mr. Lubin. Yes, the Lubin pictures have arrived; there is no doubt about that. From story to finished films they are worthy of equal consideration with the best. Mr. Lubin has made good his declaration that he would place his production at the top.

In accomplishing this transformation much of the gratifying result has been due to the far-sighted policy of the head of the company in providing an elaborate and model equipment. The Lubin studio, the home of Lubin production, is one of the finest in the world. Every modern convenience and device for doing perfect work is there and the accommodations for the players are so perfectly arranged that it is said to be a joy to work there. Contentment adds to the value of service.

Beside the Lubin acting companies now in the Philadelphia studio there is a company operating in Florida and another in Arizona. From all of these the twelve representative faces shown on this page have been selected. And how comes the portrait of Mr. Lubin among them? Thereby hangs a story. A large number of portraits were handed to Tina Mannon artist to make the best artistic arrangement and selection. Among them was Mr. Lubin's photograph, by some trick of fate. When the page was completed by the engravers the presence of the genial proprietor's face was discovered and the question arose: Should the portrait be left in or another substituted? The artist solved it by declaring: "Why he's the best looking man in the bunch; that's why I put him in." And there is still another reason why Mr. Lubin may rightfully appear

in a collection of picture players. Whisper it softly: He has been known on more than one occasion to slip into the picture and do his bit as well as any super on the list.

The Lubin company now in Florida is under the management of Arthur D. Hotaling. The troupe numbers thirty people, the principals of which are Mae Hotely, Jerold Hevener, Peggy Glynn, Betty Cameron, George Beehm, Robert Burns, Spottiswoode Aitken, and Walter Stull. This organization carries a Pullman standard sleeping coach, and a day coach; also a seventy-foot baggage car containing a big outfit of scenery and the probable necessary props and furniture. The first stop will be made at Jacksonville, the itinerary to follow being Daytona, Miami, St. Augustine, Knights Key, and thence to Cuba, returning by way of New Orleans and up the Mississippi River. Mr. Hotaling has been one of the important producers of the Lubin Manufacturing Company for fifteen years, but is still called "the boy director." His special work is comedy and many of the best photo-farces stand to his credit.

The second company is under the management of Wilbert Melville, who also carries thirty others, the principals being Burton King, Webster Cullison, W. J. Wells, Romaine Fielding, Harry Berger, Charles Lugert, Edna Payne, Virginia Bennett, and Adele Lane. The traveling equipment will be the same as Mr. Hotaling's troupe, and the itinerary will include all the important cities, reservations, and garrisons of picturesque Arizona. Both companies expect to be gone for six months.

PERSONALITIES OF PLAYERS

MABEL TRUNKLE, now of the Majestic films, was hailed by Mannon reviewers as a certain coming favorite the first time she appeared in a motion picture.

ALICE HOLLISTER, with the Kalem company in Egypt, is of French descent, and to a marked degree possesses the motion picture temperament.



PEGGY GLYNN
With the Lubin Florida Co



HARRY C. MYERS
A popular Lubin player



SPOTTISWOODE AITKEN
Character player in Lubin films



ARTHUR V. JOHNSON
A favorite Lubin leading man



EDWARD MIDDLETON
Member of Lubin stock



ADELE LANE
With Lubin Arizona Co



MAE HOTELY
Comedy leads with Lubin



CHARLES C. BRANDT
Lubin character player



Meeting of the lovers



Signaling from her window

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON—BIOGRAPH

FROM ROBERT BROWNING'S GREAT POEM



Vowing eternal love

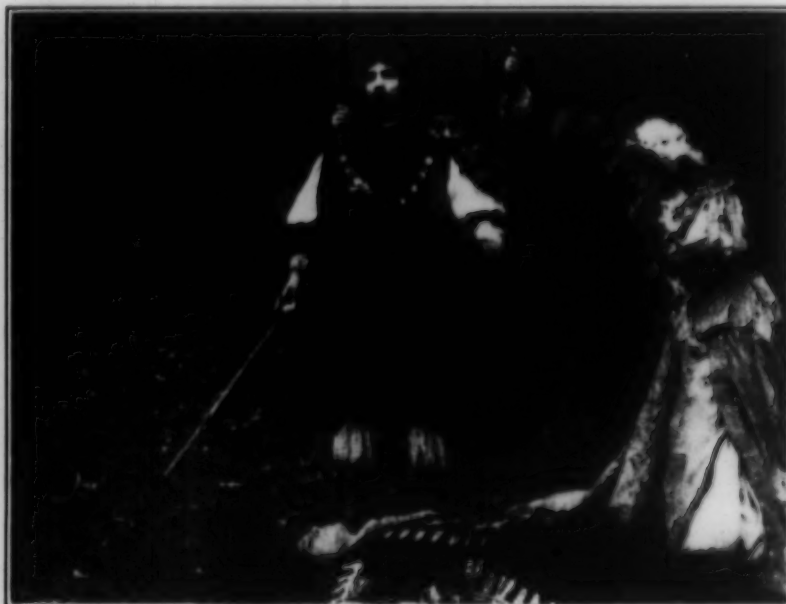
SINCE the year 1 of motion picture uplift Biograph has been a synonym for the word "masterpiece," and the film subject illustrated on this page and just released sustains, even adds to, this eminent reputation. Picture lovers who recall such exceptional productions as Pippa Passes, The Three Fishers, Romola, and others will find in A Blot in the 'Scutcheon equal, if not greater, art than in previous Biograph efforts along the line of higher endeavor. They will also find what was lacking in some of the earlier art efforts—a most absorbing, intense, and sustained dramatic interest. The story as produced in this film, without losing any of the poetic and artistic tone, becomes actually thrilling—almost sensationably so. To this end the plot of the Browning poem lends itself remarkably well. When Thorold, Earl Tresham, sets out to kill the visitor to his sister, thus meaning to wipe out the stain of the family name, and not knowing that the clandestine caller is in reality his sister's fiancé, the others of the household seek to follow and prevent the impending tragedy. It is here that the deft hand of the director has brought in the element of suspense, which he knows so well how to manipulate. And it seems not inartistic.

In another respect A Blot in the 'Scutcheon is notable: It is the first reel and a half subject to be offered to exhibitors, and its reception will be worth studying on that account.

Biograph's influence on picture production has been important. It was the first company—at least in America—to introduce heroic figures in its pictures. It was the first in America to present acting of the restrained artistic type, and the first to produce quiet drama and pure comedy. It was the first to attempt fading light effects. It was the first to employ alternating flashes of simultaneous action in working up suspense.



The detected visit



The fatal duel



Death of Mildred



Stage, Brooklyn
FLORENCE E. TURNER



Stage, Brooklyn
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG



Stage, Brooklyn
W. RANOUS



Stage, Brooklyn
MAURICE COSTELLO

VITAGRAPH LIFE PORTRAYERS

THE basis of Vitagraph drama has long been described by the suggestive term "life portrayals," chosen by the company as a mark of distinction for its product. If there is one thing that distinguishes the dramatic work of this company from that of most others it is this one quality: a purpose to represent life as it is. And from this purpose has sprung the peculiar charm that Vitagraph "life portrayals" have for the picture public. Whatever be the subject of the picture, there is usually present evidence of this purpose. We have somewhere, somewhere in so many Vitagraph pictures, a distinct impression that we are looking at an actual event in life.

To attain results of this kind it has been necessary often to sacrifice the dramatic, or it might better be said, ignore the opportunity for strained, sensational effect, for life as it is is not life as we see it on the stage, nor as we see it in most pictures. While this policy does not result in so many thrills, it is far more truthful and convincing in its hold on the spectators. Hence Vitagraph films have in many conspicuous cases been able to reach the hearts of the public to a greater extent probably than any other pictures made. This, of course, is speaking generally, and with necessary qualifications. Producing as many pictures as this company does—five reels each week, with occasional extra reels—and covering a wide range of subjects, not all productions can be of that simple, delightfully natural character that marks the pure "life portrayal," but even in the spectacular and often in the farces we find evidence of the distinguishing trait referred to above.

In point of production the Vitagraph company is the leading American producer, turning out regularly 25 per cent. more negative film than its nearest competitors in this country. That it has been able so notably to maintain a high standard of excellence under this increased pressure of production speaks volumes for the administrative ability of its managers. The Vitagraph company maintains also a larger working force than any other American producer—more directors and more stock players. Its big plant and studios in Flatbush, Brooklyn, are being constantly added

to, and altogether it is a film publishing establishment of gigantic proportions.

Vitagraph players, of whom twelve only are shown on this page, are obviously loyal to their company, for the simple reason that they seldom leave for other companies. Five years or more has been the record of Miss Turner with this company, and others have nearly equal records. Many of these players have made their mark on the stage—not in an obscure way, but as players of distinction. Others have received the greater part of their training in the Vitagraph studio. But all have been selected with care, and once selected have generally become fixtures. All of which shows good sense on the part of both management and players, and is productive of the best results.

Not much can be said in detail about coming productions of a notable nature planned or under way by the Vitagraph company, because it is not a policy of the company to announce its movements or intentions far in advance, but it is known that a number of productions are in process of making that are almost sensational in their ambitious character.

PERSONALITIES OF PLAYERS.

GERTRUDE MCCOY, of the Edison players, has beauty and vivacity in her favor, but had small stage experience to build upon when she went into pictures. Her excellent work is, therefore, altogether due to her photoplay training.

MABEL TALIAFERRO, who made such a hit in Selig's three-reel Cinderella, declares that she found picture playing delightful.

HARRY MEYERS, the popular juvenile and light comedian of the Lubin forces, is a droll wag "on and off" or "in or out." His evident enjoyment of the humorous parts he sometimes plays adds to the effect wonderfully.

ARTHUR JOHNSON got his early stage experience in melodrama. He could stride the stage and chew scenery with the best of them. No doubt he looked on it all the time as a joke, as it surely was. His picture work is of an entirely different type, and was no doubt aided by his experience in support of Robert Mantell and other higher class stars.



Stage, Brooklyn
JULIA SWAYNE GORDON



MARSHALL P. WILDER



Stage, Brooklyn
LEO DELANEY



Stage, Brooklyn
HELEN GARDNER



Clicking, Boston
WILLIAM HUMPHREY



FLORA FINCH



Stage, Brooklyn
JOHN BUNNY



Stage, Brooklyn
LEAH BAIRD

TWELVE PLAYERS OF ESSANAY EASTERN COMPANY



WHITNEY RAYMOND



LENORE ULRICH



EVA PROUT



BRYANT WASHBURN

ESSANAY'S DISTINCTIVE QUALITIES.

ESSANAY pictures are famous for at least two things—the snappy, lively and original character of a majority of the farces and comedies and the strength and backbone of many of the Western dramas. Essanay's first reputation in film production was made with its inimitable farces. One can laugh at the thought of some of them to this day. And somehow ever since that time the company has been able to retain this same reputation. Essanay farces are still mostly funny and have a spirit and vim that have been the despair of imitators.

low later. In the faces on this page will be found those that have appeared in recent farces, and they will be readily recognized.

But the Eastern company does not confine itself to farces alone. Excellent dramatic pictures are of regular occurrence and the best of them have gone far to keep the Essanay reputation where it stands to-day—among the leading films of the world.

Essanay policy has not been apparently to present occasional sensational or spectacular features, but rather to maintain a steady standard along the particular lines adopted. Measured by this policy it must be conceded

films have undoubtedly won to the top in independent production.

WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

The debt that the motion picture art owes to the French, particularly to the producing house of Charles Pathé, has never been properly acknowledged. American film makers are especially under obligations to the Pathé pioneers, although many of them may not now realize it. Back in the old days, before the American improvement set in, the French were the only makers who had yet attempted to produce any films at all with finished act-



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN



ELEANOR BLANCHARD



E. DOLORES CASSINELLI



HOWARD MISSIMER

So, too, with the Western dramas. They have long had a character of their own—something more and stronger than the hackneyed cowboy stories of the West. As someone expressed it recently, Essanay Westerns have a punch to them that makes them distinctive. Perhaps they partake of Mr. Anderson's forceful character. At any rate he is credited with being the author of the most of the stories, and is the director of all of them.

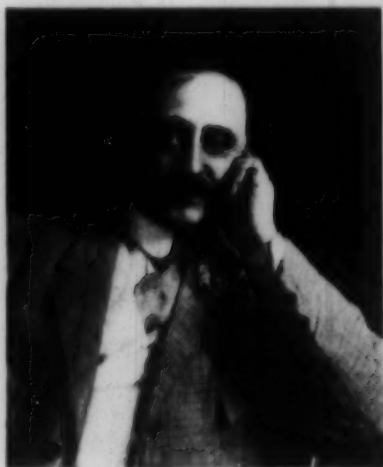
The Essanay players presented on this page are in the Eastern company, none of the Western contingent being represented. For want of room only twelve of the Eastern people are included in this showing. Others will fol-

low later. In the faces on this page will be found those that have appeared in recent farces, and they will be readily recognized.

NESTORS IN STRONG DEMAND.

The five portraits of Nestor players printed in *The Mirror* this week are only a fragment of the large organization the enterprising David Horsley has gathered together. *The Mirror* has a photograph of the entire company, but it contains so many faces and covers such a stretch of space that when reduced to size for printing would have rendered every one unrecognizable. Nestor

ing. Their work was occasionally so superior, even in those days, that the makers in other countries despaired ever being able to rival them. About the time that the Americans commenced waking up the Pathé Company in France had under way that important series of pictures, still remembered with admiration and delight, as "films d'art." Acted by distinguished players of the first rank, carefully worked out and beautifully photographed and presented they were models for the ambitious of the world to study. It is doubtful if anything more finished or effective is produced anywhere even now. So let us give honor to whom honor is due.



FRANK DAYTON



LILY BRANSCOMBE



JOHN STEPLING



HARRY CASHMAN



HARRY POLLARD



GRACE LEWIS



KING BAGGOT



MARGARETA FISCHER



JOHN R. CUMPSON

A QUINTETTE OF IMP. FAVORITES

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS

"M. G. M. T." Camden, N. J.: Francis X. Bushman was still with the Essanay company at the last advice. We have no information about any intention of his to return to the Temple Stock company, of Camden, where he was, as you say, very popular.

"E. M. A." Jacksonville, Fla.: The football scenes of *The Girl and the Halfback* were made, as you have conjectured, in Charleston, S. C. King Baggot is now in New York, working in Imp pictures. Gladys Field is not now with Essanay, and we do not know where she is. Matrimonial information is barred.

J. Wallace Hughes, of Webster, Mass., who has been reading *The Misanthrope* for a year, pronounces it the best theatrical paper published. His question about the actress in *Home* (Edison) is answered elsewhere. His question regarding the engagements of Vivian Prescott before going with the Imp cannot be answered, because of lack of authoritative information.

"G. A. M." of Baltimore, suggests an ingenious way of asking and answering Biograph questions, and proceeds to propound a few as samples. Sorry to disappoint, but *The Spectator* was never partial to "beating the devil around a stump." "G. A. M." says further:

Having read *The Misanthrope* for almost a year I find it very entertaining, my only wish being that it were published earlier in the week. Speaking of moving pictures, I know the Biograph has them all beat to a frazzle, as they play as many stars in one reel as another company plays in five reels. Although they lost six or seven of their best players at one time, they have now reorganized and are better than ever. There is one thing I hope you will never stop, and that is the publishing of the two Biograph advertising scenes printed in *The Misanthrope* every week, as I have started quite a collection of them.

"Fat Boy," of Syracuse: The parts of Hack and Schmidt in the Hack and Schmidt bout were John Stepping and Howard Messenger. Mr. Stepping also played the lead in *Too Many Engagements*.

Mrs. A. Mott, of East Orange, having noted that *The Misanthrope* did not know where Edna Payne was, writes to advise readers that the charming little actress has returned to the Lubin forces and is now with the party operating in Arizona.

"B. H." Brooklyn: The Northern soldier in *A Romance of the Sixties* (Lubin) was Jack Standing. His sweetheart was Frances Gibson. The leads in *The House That Jack Built* (Lubin) were Ormi Hawley and John Halliday. Mr. Tilton was played by Pete Lang. The leads in *The Engineer's Daughter* (Kalem) were played by Anna Nilsson and E. Johnson.

"M. M. L." writes that she is a great admirer of Jack Standing and would like to see his portrait in *The Misanthrope*. Her wishes may be gratified if the smiling Jack will come across with a photo of his genial mug. He is now said to be with Eclair.

"I. M. K." of Hamilton, Can., is much distressed over what became of the burglar in *A Voiceless Message* (Vita). "Was he shot?" she asks, "or did he go to sleep behind the bed, or did he escape through the window?" He was arrested by the police. Perhaps the end of the film seen by "I. M. K." had been cut off. Other questions: Miss Napirkowski plays the girl in *The Accomplice* (Pathe). The Widow Decides was not a Vitagraph picture. King Baggot played the husband in *Executive Clemency* (Imp). Isabel Rea was the wife and Ethel Grandon the girl.



White, N. Y.

AUGUSTUS CARNEY

Eccentric comedian with Essanay Western Company

"Silent Admirer" pronounces *The Misanthrope* the "real thing," and ventures the opinion that if Guy Coombs, now with the Kalem company in Florida, appears in many more railroad pictures, as he has in some, he will be known as "the engineer actor." "Silent Admirer" wants to know about the chances of children securing employment in picture work, as "I have a friend who has the prettiest boy, and I am sure he would make a hit." The mother should take the boy to the different studios and let the directors see him.

A New York "Reader" wants to know where pictures can be seen in New York on the day they are released, and where Otis Turner now is. Mr. Turner is director for the Imp. First-run pictures, as they are called on the day of release, can be seen at the following houses: Three new reels daily at Kane's Manhattan Theatre, Broadway and Thirty-first Street; two daily at Proctor's Twenty-third Street House; one daily at each of the following houses: Fourteenth Street Theatre, Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue; Harlem Opera House, 125th Street, and Proctor's 125th Street House, near Third Avenue. These are all Licensed houses, and there are also many other entering houses showing the same picture. Of the Independent releases, *The Misanthrope* is unable to give any list of houses where they can be seen.

"H. S. F.": Cannot tell you where Gladys Field is now employed, nor where to get a picture of Miss Field or Mabel Normand, except that *The Misanthrope* printed portraits of both of them some months ago.

Ralph Clark, New York: John Halliday was the husband in *A Timely Lesson* (Lubin); Ormi Hawley was the wife. The mate in *The Mate of the Alden Besse* (Selig) was Hobart Bosworth; the captain's daughter was Jessie Eyton.

"M. T." Chicago: Jack Standing is with the Refair American company. The part of Tom Brown in *Brown of Harvard* (Selig) was played by Edgar A. Wynn.

A. M. Stedman, Seattle, Wash.: The part of Leo in *She* (Thanhouser) was played by James Cruze. The lady in *A Duel with Candles* (American) was Jessalyn Van Praun.

"E. S." of Warren, O., may feel safe that "Dear Spec's" wife "won't be jealous" because "E. S." has addressed him in this familiar way, especially as Warren is some six hundred miles away, and as "E. S." is impartial in lavishing her display of affection on others. Arthur Johnson is a "cruel, cruel man," and a heart-breaker, and Maurice Costello has made such an impression on "E. S." that her admiration for him extends to



MABEL TRUNNELLE



DAVID MILES



HERBERT PRIOR



ANITA HENDRIE



G. L. TUCKER

FIVE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE MAJESTIC STOCK



E. P. SULLIVAN

FRITZI BRUNETTE

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS

LILA CHESTER

DAVID V. WALL

QUINTETTE OF PROMINENT POWERS PLAYERS

the Little Misses Costello, whose portraits "E. S." would dearly love to see in *The Mirror*. "E. S." ventures to guess that *The Spectator* must be over thirty-five years old, because he "is so patient." Right, and then some. In return *The Spectator* guesses that "E. S." is under twenty and over sixteen, because she is so full of the exuberance of youth, and at the same time has some of the cautious wisdom of years.

HIGH STANDARD OF IMPS.

The Imp Company, with two such capable directors as Otis Turner at the New York studio and Mr. Grandon in the West, should be able to maintain and even increase the Imp standard of production. It has always been Mr. Laemmle's ambition to place his films at the top. He wants, as he has often declared, Imp films to be the best—not occasionally only, but uniformly. With such productions as the recent two-reel subject, *From the Bottom of the Sea*, as an example of Imp quality, who will say that the Laemmle hopes will not be realized?

SELIG PRODUCER OF BIG FILMS.

It is to be regretted that no greater showing of Selig players could be secured than those printed on another page. The apparent neglect is due, no doubt, to the unfortunate illness of Mr. Twist, the Selig publicity man, who, his many friends will regret to hear, was recently in such a bad way that he had to be removed to a hospital.

The name of Selig stands so high in the world's film production that no general survey of the field could pretend to be honest without giving the enterprising Chicago maker proper recognition. In point of big achievements in which time, money and elaborate preparation are unspared, no company in the world can quite match the Selig. Many proofs have been given of this fact. Selig war pictures were marvels in their day. Custer's Last Stand as an Indian film still serves as a standard, and recently the splendid production of *Cinderella* with Mabel Taliaferro in the leading role certifies anew the capacity of this producer to do big things in a big way. All honor to Selig.

BOOSTING NEW BISON FILMS.

Charles Baumann has sailed for Paris with several negatives of the latest Bison products, including *War on the Plains* and *Indian Massacre*. Mr. Baumann's present itinerary includes a sojourn of seven weeks and he contemplates visiting every important film centre on the Continent.

H. J. Streyckmans, who is just recovering from the effects of a dislocated elbow, has planned a Western trip upon which he will introduce the superiority of the present brand of Bison films over those manufactured heretofore. Mr. Ad. Kessel will cover the South in an educational campaign of like nature. The first of the subjects made under the new arrangements will be *War on the Plains*, released Feb. 23. The following are in process of preparation: *Indian Massacre*, *Battle of the Red Men*, *Custer's Last Fight*, and *Sherman's March to the Sea*.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN SPECIAL FILMS.

The French American Film Company, with offices on the fourth floor of the New York Times Building, is about to issue for State right privilege films featuring Sarah Bernhardt, the famous French actress, in two of her favorite offerings, *Camille* and *Madame Sans-Gene*. The former covers over 2,250 feet, in two reels, and the latter 3,000 in three reels.

Both films were taken in Paris under the personal direction of Sarah Bernhardt, and both the original scenery and supporting company were used in the completion of what is said to be one of the finest pictures ever made.

Max Anderson, who made a special trip to Paris to

ascertain the value of these pictures, was most commendable in his praise both as to photography and elaborate settings. Those who have seen private exhibitions of the pictures confirm this estimate.

POWERS'S COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.

The enterprising and earnest efforts which the Powers Company has been making to place Powers films in the forefront of Independent productions, is worthy of all praise. By the engagement of capable players, some of them distinguished stage celebrities, as for instance Mildred Holland and Little Juliet Shelby, Mr. Powers has exhibited the right spirit. Portraits of five Powers players in costume are printed in this issue of *The Mirror*.

CINES PROVING POPULAR.

George Kleine is being congratulated on all hands on the remarkably favorable impression made by Cines films in the Licensed programme of releases. Inquiry among exhibitors indicates that the public has taken to them with enthusiasm. With Cines and Eclipse, Mr. Kleine's contribution to the Licensed output is an important factor that the picture public will insist on seeing.

MELIES' CALIFORNIA PLAYERS.

The Mirror was unable to secure portraits of Melies players now operating in California under the personal direction of Gaston Melies, but will endeavor to present a suitable collection in some future issue. The excellent, uniform standard of Melies pictures is now well recognized, and portraits of his players will be welcomed by *Mirror* readers.

SOLAX PRESIDENT DENIES.

Alice Blaché, president of the Solax Company, has issued a signed statement declaring that there is no business connection whatever between the Solax Company and the Gaumont (French) Company. The Solax is an

American corporation chartered Sept. 7, 1910. It merely rented the Gaumont plant in Flushing, paying cash, and is now building its own plant in New Jersey.

WHAT GAUMONT INDEPENDENT MEANS.

Last November the film business was stirred with rumors that the Gaumont Company intended not renewing its contract with the Motion Picture Patents Company, through George Kleine, who held the franchise whereby this reputable French manufacturer had the privilege of exploiting in this country under the Licensed banner. Later, Mr. Gaumont, as stated in *The Mirror* at the time, announced that he had canceled his contract with Mr. Kleine, to take effect Jan. 1, 1912. Conjecture first held this concern would affiliate with the Sales Company, while many others averred that Gaumont would join and give backbone to some of the many so-called "third parties." The facts are thus told by a representative of the Gaumont interests:

"No such step was in contemplation—wherefore the manufacturer with the sundower trademark launched himself absolutely independent—Independent in the truest meaning of the term—Independent, but not offensive or antagonist. This means that Gaumont is free and open to sell to any and all. They recognize no political or monopolistic restrictions, but will treat all fairly and squarely, harboring no discriminations that would limit the exploitation of their film in the American market. This fact means that this producer of cinematographical entertainments has taken a step as yet without parallel. It proclaims him friend to all—a real friendship, not a subtle discrimination or feigned amity.

"Not one purchaser," continues the Gaumont representative, "will in any way be prohibited from buying any of the big feature films—*The Christian Martyrs*, for example, which is one of the two big productions with which the Gaumont Company has started its 1912 programme. Following *The Christian Martyrs*, *Heaven's Messenger* is being released. Both these films are hand-colored, a process which entails the employment of 400 extra hands and requires a building almost in itself as big as the usual film studio. Gaumont and Pathe Freres are so far the only two manufacturers who have solved the process of chromatic printing. The significance of this to the Independent film field is incalculable. Never before in the history of the business have the Independent exhibitors been able to boast of hand-colored pictures, while the Licensed exhibitors have been able to offer dainty-hued reels of two varieties to their patrons. Now, however, this corner on 'hand colorings' has been destroyed, and the Independents can themselves boast of a business-winning advantage that has heretofore been denied them. Judging from the sales on *The Christian Martyrs* and the advance orders on *Heaven's Messenger*, the forthcoming release of date of Feb. 3, the Independent market is not slow to realize the opportunity extended them. Hand-colored pictures will be well interspersed throughout the releases that this French manufacturer promises in the future. At present the programme offers two reels per week of about 1,000 feet each, a comedy on Tuesdays and a drama on Saturdays. Later on more releases per week will be offered, not to mention the important topical film, 'The Gaumont Weekly Journal,' that is soon to be released. Here again is a particular blessing for the Independent field. Licensed hands have for many months offered the 'Pathe Weekly,' a film that incorporated within its thousand feet the chief and most important events of the week, while the camp of the non-licensed forces have long felt the handicap. They therefore realize what Gaumont is doing for them and are responding with utmost gratitude.

"All familiar with the needs and wants of the film game will acknowledge that Gaumont Independent has come as a real relief to the motion picture field. It is with positive and unalloyed joy that they follow the movements of this Parisian manufacturer."

R. GUTHRIE KELLY KILLED.

The Nestor film company is in receipt of advices from the Nestor studio, Hollywood, Cal., that on Wednesday night last R. Guthrie Kelly, scenario editor for the Nestor Western company, was killed in an automobile accident, details of which are not given except that he was riding with a friend and that the accident occurred during a heavy fog near the Los Angeles Country Club House, about ten miles from Los Angeles, on the road to Santa Monica.



Hall, N. Y.

PEARLE WHITE

PERSONALITIES OF PLAYERS

MIRIAM NEBBITT, who is so popular in Edison films, was a Chicago girl, educated in convent and college, and was for some time supporting James Hackett. She went on the stage in 1897 and into pictures for the Edison people in 1910.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE is said to have sacrificed brilliant stage prospects when she concluded to devote her life to picture work. Film fans will be glad to welcome her back to the screen when her vacation is over.

CHARLES SMAY, who does character parts in Edison films with so much truthful delineation, also writes scenarios very successfully, and has a side line, so to speak, as an entertainer or lecturer for such picture shows as may want his services.

JOHN HUNNY, who is so spontaneously funny in Vitagraph farces, likes his picture experience immensely. He was a stage comedian of high rank, but he declares that picture playing pays better and is more satisfactory all around. He is in constant demand for appearance at "Vitagraph nights" in picture shows around Greater New York, and really gives a very entertaining talk.

OSIS TURNER, the director of the Imp company, was five years with a circus earlier in his life, and he has a leaning toward animal features to this day. He was the producer of the Heliog Jungles and animal films, which created so much comment and interest.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN was a popular leading man in stock before going into picture work for the Essanay, where he has made such a hit. In Camden, N. J., where he played a season in stock, the public is clamoring to get him back.

LILY BRANSCOMB, only recently lured from the stage into film playing for the Essanay, has proven an ideal photoplayer, thus certifying her versatility.

MARY FULLER, of the Edison forces, is idolized by as many fans as any other actress in pictures, and yet she doesn't let it swell her head. She is an earnest, faithful actress, eager to improve in her art, and not afraid to mar her personal appearance when the part demands.

VICTORIA FORDE, ingenue with the Nestor company, is a splendid equestrienne. Her stage career includes engagements with Maxine Elliott, John Drew, and Chauncey Olcott.

MAY HOWLEY, the inimitable comedy character woman of the Lubin players, was born in Paris, France, and had a convent education. She is of a literary turn of mind and a student of the best authors. On the stage her experience was largely in stock companies.

FLORENCE TURNER used to do impersonations on the stage.

WILLIAM WADSWORTH, a recent addition to the Edison stock, began his acting career with Otis Skinner. Later he was in stock for a number of seasons, followed by engagements with many prominent com-

panies, his last before going into pictures being as the burglar in Seven Days.

ALLAN DWAN, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is director and producer for the American Film Manufacturing Company, and has established a record in production by making three reels a week every week for some time, nearly all the stories of which he wrote himself.

MILTON H. FAHNEY, director of the Western Nestor Company, has been soldier, actor, star, and stage-manager. For three years he has directed for the Centaur and Nestor companies.

MAY BUCKLEY, whose recent advent in Lubin pictures was commented on so favorably by Mirror reviewers, entered the picture field with some misgivings. But her fears were unfounded. Her success has been immediate. Her stage career has been notable. She was "discovered" by David Belasco and brought East when a child actress, and has appeared in many productions of the first rank, including those of Charles Frohman, Liebler and Company, and Henry W. Savage.

HAROLD H. LOCKWOOD, juvenile lead with the Nestor Company, was formerly with The Broken Idol, The Arcadian, Belle of Brittany, and with Otis Harlan and Edward Hoyt.

WILLIAM F. HADDOCK is a director who has had varied and valuable experience with some of the best companies. His latest efforts have been in connection with the Kinemacolor big production of The Clansman, now nearly completed.

DOROTHY DAVENPORT, leading lady in Nestor films, had made quite a reputation on the stage before taking up picture work, for which she is admirably fitted.

ORMI HAWLEY, playing ingenue roles with the Lubin companies, says she is fond of music, books, and pictures—especially the moving ones.

FLORA FINCH, who plays the old maids and similar characters in Vitagraph farces, had excellent stage engagements before joining the "life portrayallists." She also posed at one time for Dana Gibson, the artist, in a number of his character sketches.

BILLY QUIRK, now of the Solax, used to play comedy parts in melodrama and stock.

SPOTTISWOODS AITKEN, of the Lubin forces, was with Henry E. Dixey in The Naked Truth prior to his engagement with the Lubin company. Mr. Aitken has had a widely varied stage career, often with the best stars and managers, and once starring in his own musical comedy company in A Trip to the Highlands. This is his first picture work.

JOHN R. CAMPBELL, now leading funny man for the Imp, was a favorite comedian in prominent theatrical productions before he fell for the lure of the films.

WEBSTER COLLISON, who appears in the roster of the Lubin Arizona company, was once a prominent theatrical agent in New York.

Reviews of Licensed Films

For His Son (Biograph, Jan. 22).—The moral lessons to be drawn from this powerful presentation are many, but its main purpose seems to be to show how the father's greed for money to give to his son caused him to be a menace to society and finally ended in the death of the son. It also represents a very vivid exposition of the cocaine habit and its destruction to both mental and physical powers, and is perhaps a warning in showing how such habits may start from small beginnings. The physician, out of love for his rampered son and in a desire to make him wealthy, invents a soft drink containing cocaine, realizing all the time the thing he was doing. The drink nets him a fortune, but his son discovering the secret becomes a victim of cocaine. He thus loses the love of the girl to whom he was engaged and seeks the society of one of his father's office clerks, who likewise becoming aware of the contents of the drink is in a like position as himself. He dies at her home, where his father finds him. In the latter part of the drama the work of the players is remarkable in showing the result of cocaine, but the first part of the action seems a trifle hurried and the presentation of the situation by the father is not always as well caused as might be desirable. The details manifest in the putting on of the picture are excellent.

Things Are Seldom What They Seem (Kalem, Jan. 22).—The manner in which the various men involved are fooled by the vaudeville artist working as a girl makes an amusing little travesty that shows no little skill in developing a laugh. The actor arrives out West and meeting a young lady that pleases him some of things he finds only one thing in the way to the attainment of his desire and that is another man. After explaining the situation very carefully to a non-intelligent camera, and thus insulting the intelligence of the spectator who later must witness him, he decides

to dress as a girl and to prove to the lady of his heart that her lover is unfaithful. On the way to carry out his purpose he is nursed by a woman who is madly in love with the successful lady that has been continually rejecting him. In the struggle the wife comes off and the husband denounces a wiser but madder man. The actor then proceeds to charm the man for whom the disguise was originally intended and whom he had met the day before in his disguise, arousing the jealous ire of the maid who happened along. She again sees the love-making through a window and arriving on the field of action presently tears the hair of her hated rival. The wife comes off and with it goes the bones of the vaudeville artist while the discomfiture of the other young man vents itself in wrath that is successfully cooled by his lady. The weak point of the farce seems to be the lack of plausible reason for the vaudeville man's conduct. His sudden love for the girl at the start was too evidently nothing but a whim.

A Violent Intermittent (Pathe, Jan. 22).—While entertainment may be derived from this picture it is felt that much more might have resulted had the film been played and treated less as a dramatic subject for the stage, which is apparent both in scenario and general management. This treatment naturally results in mechanical action throughout. It is, perhaps, a question whether the counterplot expressed through the cornet player, whose character seems more farcical and a trifle out of place, and the corner states added much to the picture. Whereas in a play it might heighten the effect of a long drama but in a short picture of action a close adherence to the original theme seems preferable. The colonel who objects to the husband's his two daughters have chosen. In the way to the attainment of his desire and that is another man. After explaining the situation very carefully to a non-intelligent camera, and thus insulting the intelligence of the spectator who later must witness him, he decides

Mirror Review Contest

For the purpose of stimulating discriminating critical interest in the artistic development of motion picture drama, THE MIRROR will give four prizes twice a month, until further notice, for the best reviews of contemporary motion picture productions of a dramatic or comedy nature, as follows: \$5 for the best; \$3 for the second best; \$2 for the third best, and a six months' subscription to THE MIRROR for the fourth best.

Dramatic and comedy subjects of all companies, Licensed and Independent, are eligible for review by contestants, but each review must be deposited in the mails addressed to this office within one week after the published release date of the picture subject reviewed. The schedules of releases published each week in THE MIRROR will show when subjects are first released. Reviews must be under 250 words each, exclusive of the title of the subject, the name of the maker and the date of the release. Write on one side of letter size paper. Follow the form and style of MIRROR reviews. Judgment will be rendered strictly on the basis of critical and literary merit, first consideration being given to appreciation and analysis of the picture story, the directing, the settings and the acting; second, literary skill and wit of the reviews; third, judgment displayed in the choice of subjects reviewed.

All reviews received by THE MIRROR from the first up to and including the 15th of each month will be included in the contest for that half month; all received from the 15th up to and including the last day of each month will be included in the contest for that half month. The results of each half month contest, with the winning reviews, will be published in THE MIRROR of the week next following the closing date. The contest opens now and the first half month period ends Feb. 15, the results appearing in THE MIRROR dated Feb. 24, 1912. Thereafter, twice a month THE MIRROR will contain the results of the contests.

Reviews for competition in the contest should be addressed "Review Contest," DRAMATIC MIRROR, 145 West Forty-fifth Street.

is thwarted by the younger couple overhearing and substituting a blank for the plans, and afterward seeing the count open and keep a telegram addressed to the soldier, telling him that he has made a fortune in some old mining stock. Thus, when the older couple present themselves and the telegram is demanded, the situation is cleared, and the count neither obtains the daughter for his wife, nor is the honor of the father sacrificed by the surrender of the plans. The open manner in which the young people overheard and saw conversations and actions that would only have taken place in actual privacy was far from convincing.

Widow Jenkins's Admirers (Essanay, Jan. 23).—Both humor and wit are manifest in the evolution and presentation of this characteristic little farce, that deals with the loss of faith of a certain widow, who on her husband's death, was sole possessor of the country store and coal-office with two hundred acres of land thrown in. The various bachelors came to woo and win, while he, whose heart was most devotedly claimed and won by her, then through his absence brought golden opportunities to his rivals. He outwitted them all however, by writing himself a letter, which he knew that the widow as housemistress would open. The letter informed him that he was heir to \$100,000. Thus the widow summed up her husband and made him marry her. At the station there appeared a winsome young lady who entered the store at the conclusion of the ceremony, and handed the groom a letter. He was told therein that he actually was the heir to \$100,000 if he would marry the woman. One does not need to dwell on the horrors that the moment held for him. The characterization and presentation is most admirable. Augustus Carnoy as the leading comedian was, as usual, humorous and entertaining.

The Stolen Nickel (Edison, Jan. 23).—The slowness with which this little drama is played and presented makes it most human and one that distinctly arouses the sympathies of the heart. It is an exquisite little story of child life with a deep underlying significance and lesson. The boy (Yale Root) looked for the lost nickel, the possession of a turtle would bring, but the turtle was now the property of another boy and would cost a nickel. His mother did not believe that little boys needed money; but, of course, that in nowise altered facts so there came a temptation in the form of a little girl and her mother's help. He helped her to get her some scattered coin and a nickel was left behind. He was not quite convinced that it was the proper thing, but he went and bought the turtle. It did not cause him the expected joy, and the next day found him earnestly anxious to pay back the little girl. The last money he earned by washing dishes for his mother. He broke a dish, which seemed to be the climax of all things, for he wrote a note to his mother, telling her to hang out a white rag if she were not mad and he would come back. Then he went to pay his debt, but was obliged to confess after all, because he told in nonsense. The mother of the little girl told the boy's father who understood, and that evening a white rag went out and met a ready response from a little boy, whose parents decided that he should not be without a just amount of nickel in the future. The mother and father are played by Mary Fuller and Robert Chmura, respectively. The little girl is Edna May Welch while Ashley Miller is the director that is responsible for the sympathetic and compelling whole.

Pathé's Weekly, No. 4, 1912 (Pathe, Jan. 23).—Perhaps the most interesting feature of this film and one of more widespread interest in this country are the views of the New York Knickerbocker Fire, which comprises fully one-half the reel, and are especially successful in the scenes of destruction. Other subjects are the funeral of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans at Washington, D. C. The wreck of a motor train at Hemstead, L. I. showing the startling turn that was made, in which the foremost part of the car landed in front of a real estate office at a considerable distance. Another wreck appears at St. Peter, Mo. where the train, running the track, demolished the new station. At Jersey, France, there is a demonstration showing that the aeroplane propellers and motors, attached to boats, may prove a valuable thing in water navigation.

The Windy Dream (Pathe, American, Jan. 23).—Billy Quirk helms along this active and amusing trick picture. He is the young boy of the household and when he arises in the morning and finds the family in dire straits because they cannot make the chimney draw, he places his toy windwheel on the chimney and the success of his ingenuity is alarming indeed, for they assembled family and all the furniture are drawn up and out the top. Billy retreats, but after a modest duration of rest of his nap he comes too. Then he has a slight in all, an adventure with an airship, and at last falls into a tank of water beneath.

Life in Our Ponds (Pathe, American, Jan. 23).—This is an educational film of a high order, and has received that same graphic treatment that distinguishes this producer in bringing out a subject of this kind. Among other things it shows the life and habits of the water

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snail, dragon fly, salamander, May fly, triton and boat fly. The titles in connection are particularly good.

Two Old Pals (Selig, Jan. 25).—There is certainly the element of novelty present in this old, unusual adventure of Bill and his elephant, and the antics and wisdom of this huge animal play no small part in the fun of the film. He is Bill's pal and Bill is an old showman whose circus is attached. With the elephant Bill steals away in the night, and the elephant proceeds to earn his living for both. Perhaps one of the most amusing scenes is where he breaks into a merchant's shop and demolishes the same in bringing back to the sleeping Bill a basket of food. Then both board a passing freight car and are taken to a neighboring town, where they join another circus. It is an exceptionally unique and amusing comedy tale.

Jean Intervenes (Vitaphone, Jan. 23).—Florence Turner and Hal Heade assume the principal roles in this film, though perhaps that is a little unfair to Jean, the Vitaphone dog, whose achievements as an actor are by no means unknown. It is a delicate, pretty little story, well acted and put together, though one must confess to not feeling any great sympathy for the man in the case. He was jealous of his wife's love for Jean and decided he had better leave her to her greater love. A pair of youthful lovers took sides in the matter, but it served more to fill in the story than anything else, for it was Jean who brought about the reconciliation by taking the baby clothes that his mistress had been sewing over to his master's abode. Then the husband woke up to his duties.

The Brave Deserve the Fair (Cines, Jan. 23).—One cannot fail to witness this film with a certain delight and charm, because the work of the players is so distinctive and expressive of the underlying thought of the little drama. It is picture acting of a high order, marked by its dignity and restraint. The battle scenes also show clever manipulation. The story is simple, showing how the young man saved the flag of his regiment during the battle, and thus won the medal that enabled him to win his bride, for her father, an old army officer with many medals, had declared that she could never marry a man unless he proved himself a brave soldier.

Artistic Venice (Cines, Jan. 23).—This film shows some remarkable and artistic views in the way of variety of shading and tone that amount to color effects. The last scenes of sky and water are striking, but to the general observer would more resemble the setting sun than moonlight.

A Woman's Wrath (Eclipse, Jan. 24).—There is depth and dignity to this semi-tragedy that succeeds in creating a wonderfully good atmosphere of the times and also of the spirit of the underlying awe and fear that pervades the theme of the story. The setting and background have much to do with this, but the players deport themselves with a grace and naturalness that is altogether pleasing. Each of the success of the drama is due to excellent delineation given of the jealous duchess, whose work is marked by restraint and poise. She is jealous of the king's new favorite, who has a lover in a young knight. She commissions this knight to strangle the girl while she sleeps, and accompanies him on his mission. By previous arrangement the girl assumes death, and later hides in the studio of the artist who is painting her portrait for the king. A confession is wrung from the duchess by having the girl as a ghost walk in the moonlight along the corridors of the castle. The king at length forgives the duchess, and, realizing the love of the knight and the maid, relinquishes his claims upon her.

Captain Barnacle's Messmate (Vitaphone, Jan. 24).—Captain Barnacle has another experience in this film, rescuing his friend, Captain Bunce, from the vice of matrimony, which fate seems to dog his footsteps wherever he roams. This time he comes from abroad and lands on shore for a high old time. His high old time leaves him penniless in a back saloon, with the consciousness that he is quite alone and must have a place to rest his head. He finds it with a widow, who is looking for a useful man around the house, and one at the same time who is capable of being a husband. When Captain Bunce cannot pay his board she strikes a bargain with him, that if he will marry her she will call it square. When he tries to escape she locks him in his room, but he manages to get a note to Captain Barnacle by means of the maid of all work. Captain Barnacle arrives with a rope concealed beneath his coat, and while he pretends to side with the widow and keeps her attention by sending for the parson, Captain Bunce lowers himself from his chamber window and both old captains in hurried flight seek the freedom of the sea with the widow at their heels, but her heels stop at the wharf and the two old captains ply the oars vigorously. It is played with the characteristic humor that has marked this amusing and successful series, and is altogether enjoyable. Needless to say, John Barry is Captain Barnacle, and Van Dyke Brooke is Captain Bunce. Kate Price leaves little to be desired as the widow, and Hazel Neeson presents an amusing bit of character work in the widow's maid.

Love's Terrible Sacrifice (Pathe, Jan. 23).—Produced with all the appearance of Oriental splendor, and acted with the grace and finish that we are accustomed to see in the better class of French playing, this story of a prince who deliberately put out his own eyes, loses the effect of horror which such an act might be expected to cause. He blinded himself for love. The dancing girl on whom he had lavished his affections had been mutilated about the face by the hirelings of her discarded rival, and thus disfigured she would have no more to do with the prince because she knew he would cease to love her if he saw her face. To remove this thought from her mind he deceived his sight by piercing his eyeballs with the point of his dagger. The picture is colored, which enhances the splendor of the settings and costumes.

The Bandit's Mask (Selig, Jan. 25).—Pleasing Western scenery marks this rather different melodrama. The story is of a stranger, an American traveling horseback through Mexico. He finds a robber's mask in the road, and he asks for water meets a pretty girl, and too suddenly for real life pauses the anger of the girl's Mexican lover. This lover receives word that somebody has been robbed, and concludes that the American is the highwayman, having seen the mask which the latter had dropped. Then follows pursuit and flight that was somewhat confused in its action and traveled in a circle. The American coming back to the girl for refuge. He was at last about to be caught when another party of Mexicans appeared with the real robber whom they had found asleep. The action is in fair keeping with the quality of the story; it might be better and it might be worse.

Accidents Will Happen (Kalem, Jan. 24).—More real fun is extracted from the incident of a novice trying to repair his disabled



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BIOGRAPH FILMS



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RELEASED JANUARY 29, 1912

A Blot in the 'Scutcheon

An Adaptation of Robert Browning's Poem

There is possibly no literary classic better known than this work of Browning, in which he presents in his inimitable manner the result of vanity, hence there is but little need of a description further than a brief outline. Thorold, Earl Tresham, proud of his ancestral escutcheon, which he claims shows no tarnish, welcomes the proposal of Henry, Earl Mertoun, for his sister Mildred's hand, as it will mean the uniting of two noble houses, he not knowing that Mildred and Henry, who are both very young, ignorant and unguarded, have already met, sinned and now attempt a reparation. He learns from one of his servants that an unknown visitor, who was none other than Henry himself, was seen leaving his sister's chamber, and in a fury of rage sets out to right the wrong as he believes to be the only way. Approximate Length, 1,500 feet.

RELEASED FEBRUARY 1, 1912

The Transformation of Mike

What a Pure Woman's Love Can Do

Mike, a gang leader, never before knew what power there was in a good woman's persuasion, and when he met the little girl of the tenement he involuntarily exclaimed: "There's a real girl." At a dance given in the neighborhood, he hunts for her, and, despite the efforts of her friends to oppose it, she promises to be his girl. The next day, while in the corner saloon, he sees a bill collector with quite an amount of money. He attempts to get this money, and is about to succeed when he discovers that the collector is the father of the girl. He now fully realizes how despicable he is, and, handing back the money, he goes with a promise to prove himself worthy of her.

Approximate Length, 900 feet.



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Tuesday, Feb. 6—THE CRIPPLES' COURTSHIP. 925 feet. A comical comedy of two lovers for mutual pleasure on crutches when in company of others, but sound of body when alone.

Saturday, Feb. 10—THE WATERMAN'S BRIDE. 968 feet. A beautifully toned and tinted idyl.

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Tuesday, Feb. 13—ZIGOTO, KING OF DETECTIVES and **CALINO AND HIS BOARDER.** A hilarious, humorous sleuth story.

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Alkali Ike's Love Affair

(Length, approx., 1000 feet)

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RELEASED THURSDAY, FEB. 8

The Melody of Love

(Length, approx., 1000 feet)

A dramatic picture with the very essence of pathos. The story is original in plot and is interpreted with rare excellence and finish.

RELEASED FRIDAY, FEB. 9

Her Boys

(Length, approx., 1000 feet)

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RELEASED SATURDAY, FEB. 10

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Sunday, February 4—"A GAME FOR TWO"—A society comedy drama taking the sex problem as a basis and working out, in a series of clever comedy scenes that make it almost farcical, and yet throughout the characters are involved in a dramatic situation that is ever liable to plunge them into tragedy. Approx. 990 ft.

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Sunday, Feb. 11—"ARRESTING FATHER"—Comedy.

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automobile, in this farce, than can be recalled in any previous, telling of the same story. The reason is that the incident, being an entirely likely one, is played with all the earnestness of fact, and the players do not unduly try to be funny. They merely make the most plausible actions. The novice, out in California, evidently, has brought a new auto from the city, and entices the girl to go riding, to the disgust of her other admirer, who has a team and wagon. When the auto balks and the pair are helpless they set to unbending each other. The other lover comes along, refuses to take either of them in and goes on, but returns and sets the girl, leaving the novice to drag his auto home with a rope.

How Jim Proposed (Kalem, Jan. 24).—Jim was a bashful country youth who became so nervous, when coming to the point with his girl that he invariably blundered at the critical moment. He interrupted the first proposal by breaking and spilling the box of sugar. When he took a bunch of flowers to her he nervously strangled the stems behind his back before presenting them. At the picnic he spilled the coffee on her. Finally she feigned sickness, and when he picked her up she suddenly came to and accented him. Natural action of natural incidents make the comedy delightful.

The Sioux's Cave of Death (Pathé, Jan. 24).—This is an unusual Indian story and although we may question its principal incidents and some of the detail of action and properties, we must admit the strong and stirring nature of the climax when the Indian girl is condemned to die in a cave, strangled by a huge snake. When the Indians captured a white man and a baby they were about to burn both; real Indians would have kept the baby, especially as the chief's daughter took a fancy to it. But the chief refused and so the Indian girl cut the man's bonds and, while help was arriving, the man and baby were saved. For helping in the escape and going to live with the whites the Indian girl was recaptured and condemned to death in the cave. And here she perished. The action was fair for its kind.

With a Kodak (Biograph, Jan. 25).—The complications of this farce work out like a sum in arithmetic. They are funny, however, because they are well acted in the spirit of burlesque farce in which the story is conceived. The private secretary is fondled by the lady of the house and the maid is kissed by the lady's husband. Each catches the other in the act and the result is that the maid and the secre-

tary are discharged. Later in the park the secretary with a kodak snaps a photo of the maid and her former employer, whom she craftily induces to caress her on a park bench. Then a similar snapshot is secured by the maid when the secretary gets the lady on the bench. Armed with prints from the snapshots the two schemers separately demand their jobs back the next day and are re-employed until man and wife discover that there are two pictures, when the plotters are sent about their business.

Pants and Petticoats (Biograph, Jan. 25).—The old story of the young man sending his trousers to his best girl, thinking he was sending her flowers, with instructions to wear them, is retold in this farce, with some variation from the original. Another girl working in a tailor shop cut the flowers when she should have received the trousers for the purpose of removing an ink stain. It was all cleared up when the man borrowed a pair of trousers and insisted on seeing his girl to find out the cause of her anger. At the same time the other girl called, wearing the trousers, the story would have had more compelling qualities if the love affair between the man and his sweetheart had been developed at the start.

The Office Favorite (Lubin, Jan. 25).—There is considerable laxity in the plot of this story and the acting is generally well done, except at times, when it seemed stilted. The office boy, it should be noted, was a precocious little chap who would scarcely be allowed to manipulate affairs in real life the way he did in this picture. The part was well played, however. A confidence woman not herself engaged as stenographer in an insurance office, where the manager was presumably in love with another stenographer. The new woman stole the combination to the safe and won the manager's affection from the other girl. He was called out of town leaving a note discharging the old girl and doubling the salary of the other. The office boy changed the notes because he didn't like the new woman's nifty ways. Heine thus discharged, the confidence woman came back at night with her key to rob the safe. The other girl was there and called the police, who arrested the robbers. When the surprised manager came back he readjusted his affections and the office force gave the faithful stenographer a floral reception that was more elaborate than a burial. In the hour of an unexplained point in the story was the light burning in the private office unnoticed by the robbers in the outer room.

Reviews of Independent Films

Objections Overruled (American, Jan. 23).—The somewhat useless and sportive son rather exceeded his father's expectations in a manner not altogether agreeable to him, when the father gave him a check for a thousand dollars and sent him off to make a man of himself. There he met Dave Devil Anne, who put him through his paces and won his heart as well, but that did not come until he could climb the mountainside at a swifter pace than she. Then he sent a telegram to his father saying he was coming to marry Dave Devil Anne. That brought the father on from the East, and he was waylaid by the boys of the ranch who were somehow let into the secret. They hung him over a precipice until he gave his consent. He did not seem to arrive at any definite conclusion on the matter, but later met Anne at the well, where he became much fascinated with her and wished his son would marry a maid of such estimable qualities. Then he learned the truth. It makes a gay little comedy and is played in good spirit, though the over-the-precipice episode seems more to belong to the realm of farce and would have been more effective had it resulted in something.

Her Brother's Partner (Chamblin, Jan. 24).—There are a number of elements that seem to stand in the way of a complete success and enjoyment of this film. The story, no doubt, if properly evolved would make a most compelling one, but in its present state it has few convincing qualities. This is partly due to the handling and perhaps much more to the playing. The reason for the brother's going west was nothing to do with the story, and is at least out of keeping with what one usually admires in the central hero of a play. At the end a reformation on the husband's part as well as a sacrifice on the woman's would seem to be in more accord with nature and good taste. For the sake of imagine the woman permitting him to regain any permanent foothold in her life through any other process. The leading lady is apt to mistake violence for the expression of subtle and deep feeling, while he who he has married seems to belong to that true of actor called declamatory. He was the woman who married her after her brother had gone west because he thought he had killed a man. Whether he did or not is left strictly to the imagination. Naturally it is hoped he did not. The woman deserted her after a year and went west, where he became the partner of her brother. At this point her brother sent for her to come west. Of course she met her husband, but she prevented her brother from killing him—or so one would judge from the title appearing at this moment—by declaring the man a lover of hers. The subsequent action might read most anyway.

Mutt and Jeff Fall in Love (Nestor, Jan. 27).—The end of this film warrants a good laugh, but while one is on the way there the amusement is not so great, which is perhaps due to the method of playing it, as one naturally expects a little eccentricity, if not "rough house," from these characters. Both friends are to meet a swell dame at different hours of the day. The swell dame is the same lady in each case. She manages to relieve them both of certain valuables they possess in the form of jewelry. From her photograph they learn that they have been duped by the same fair creature, and decide to teach her a lesson. They incidentally recover their valuables by inviting her to a Chinese restaurant on the following day. As Mutt cannot eat after a "chink" a choice set of dishes used by the emperor is brought on, but if broken will cost the breaker the sum of \$100. As the swell dame conceives the idea of smashing this famous and expensive crockery as soon as she is held up by the designing pair it is not difficult to imagine their feelings. However, they have little time to express emotion, for amid the general smash-up they are seized by strong and strenuous representatives of the law and hurried away, while the lady departs in an auto that nearly runs over their toes.

Old Sawmill at Historic Stony Brook (Nestor, Jan. 27).—This film exhibits the manner in which a log is cut into beams.

A Little Soldier (Kalem, Jan. 24).—The unexpected climax in this film is well taken, because it has the added attraction of ringing true in depicting the workings of a child's mind

and does not come unannounced and unexplained, a defect that oftentimes mars the impression that such a twist is calculated to create. Aside from a general disjointedness of action in passing from one scene to another the film has life, spirit and qualities that might instill into the heart of a little boy. One has the feeling, however, that much would have been found in the film had the actors displayed fuller expression. The little boy plays soldier with his father, who dies in the combat. That night through the mother's negligence a bullet breaks into the boy's head as the mother is putting the little soldier to bed. They hear the noise and the two proceed to the drawing room, where a struggle takes place. The little soldier holding the man at bay for a season until the father enters. In the exchange of shots he falls from the door. When the physician arrives he informs the anxious assemblage that he was only playing dead just the way papa did.

Playing Injun (Kalem, Jan. 24).—No doubt this film is meant as a sort of travesty on the wild and woolly West film, but it is a piece of added humor and appeal as it is presented in miniature scale and played by children. The prospector's wife is captured by the bad Injun and bound to a tree, while the husband follows with a gun and from a rocky height shoots the unworthy villain and releases the bonds of her who represents the better part of his life.

Making Paper from Wood (Lax, Jan. 26).—The manner in which this film presents this subject results in a clear and instructive representation of the process. The wood comes from the dock in small portions and is made into a paste, purified into a pulp and spread on a linen cloth before it is passed through hot cylinders and dried between rollers. It comes forth in rolls and is then wrapped ready for shipment.

Oh! You Kid! (Lax, Jan. 26).—Although this is in the form of an exaggerated farce when it would have been rather more entertaining as a little comedy, it calls forth a certain sense of humor on the part of the spectator, because the little girl does such a natural and obvious thing for a little girl in her position and the raw recruit accepts the position with an equal irresponsibility quite in accord with his make-up. He sees his friend run off with the nurse maid, and he proceeds to take the youthful daughter of the notorious officer on a gay good time, but the good time ends with the ending of his money and he is brought back to the barracks in disgrace. But the little girl redeems for him in the end, and in spite of all the trouble he caused all is eventually forgiven.

A Name Asylum (Kex, Jan. 25).—As a good energetic farce this film is possessed of no small amount of wit, displaying both ingenuity and cleverness in its construction and its presentation. His uncle goes to Europe and the young physician starts in at his uncle's home to prove to the world his prowess, and incidentally to become his uncle's heir. If his wisdom and success warrant it. It looks very bad for the young man, for he neither shows much wisdom or any great display of success. His first patient is an actress's dog, while he cured the dog, he himself was stricken with love for the flighty young maid, and when later she was stranded with the rest of her company she wrote and asked his aid. It is evident that his nation was great for he not only invited her but the entire company to the same and comfort of his uncle's house. Stolen love is short and the uncle came home unexpectedly. The actors were turned into patients, each with a strenuous mental trouble. The manager of the company walked in and put an end to it all. They all left, but the leading lady and the maid who stayed to be the young physician's comfort for life, while the leading lady healed whatever wrongs the uncle might have felt by resting on his bosom. The caricature is good. The story, however, smacks of a similar farce produced some months ago—not nearly so well done, however as this one.

The Worth of a Man (Imm, Jan. 25).—The purpose of this film would seem to be to prove that the worth of a man is not to be found in his physical characteristics, but in his mind. The leading character is a hunchback, and during his college course he is obliged to suffer a

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LUBIN FILMS

Released Saturday, January 27th, 1912.

Length about 1,000 feet.

"THROUGH THE DRIFTS"

The widow Alder, postmistress of a lumber camp in the Northwest, is courted by two men, Holmes, the best rider, and Headly, a lumber jack. The widow favors Holmes, and one day he took little Ruth in the sleigh for a ride to the next station. They are overtaken by a blizzard and Holmes abandons the child to take care of himself. Headly goes out in search and rescues both and when the child tells her story, the widow finds out which is the more worthy man.

Released Monday, January 29th, 1912.

Length about 1,000 feet.

"THE POOR RELATION"

This is a modern Cinderella story, not a fairy tale, but the realism of to-day. A little unfortunate, but with a moral that turns the laugh on the too ambitious and selfish. Winnie is the poor relation and is treated rather badly, but she wins out through innate goodness, much to the chagrin of her stepmother and her daughter. The pictures tell the story very graphically.

Released Wednesday, January 31st, 1912.

Length about 1,000 feet.

"LOVE vs. STRATEGY"

A vigorous story of the contest between two persevering young men who contend for the love of a charming girl and also for a big business deal which will assist their fortune. The one fights fairly and wins out, the other resorts to tricks and is beaten in the game. The proverb that "all is fair in love and war" is shown to be a mistake.

Released Thursday, February 1st, 1912.

Length about 1,000 feet.

"A PHYSICIAN'S HONOR"

Dr. Henry Cole is engaged to Emily Ives, a rich society girl. He is about to take his fiancée to a ball, when a hasty call is made for him to attend the sick child of a poor family. Realizing his duty, he tells the young lady they must give up the function, to which she strenuously objects. The doctor, however, does his duty, and the young lady finally admits she was wrong.

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Current Productions by Edison Directors

J. SEARLE DAWLEY

A Romance of the Cliff Dwellers; Land, Kindly Light; To Save Her Brother
NEXT RELEASE—"For the Cause of the South." Jan. 26, 1912

ASHLEY MILLER

Please Remit; Jack and the Beanstalk; The Stolen Nickel
NEXT RELEASE—"Father's Bluff." Jan. 24, 1912

C. JAY WILLIAMS

The Two Flats; Max and Maurice; The Bachelor's Waterloo
NEXT RELEASE—"The New Editor." Jan. 27, 1912.

OSCAR C. APFEL

Thirty Days at Hard Labor; A Question of Seconds; The Little Organist
NEXT RELEASE—"The Jewels." Jan. 30, 1912

number of indignities at the hands of his fellow students and before the girl he loves. His graduation, however, as the valedictorian of his class, and later becomes a prominent physician. He is called upon to operate upon a difficult case and the patient proves to be his rival in college. He not only makes a successful operation, but carries it to its conclusion even though the hospital takes fire while he is in the act of operating. A thrilling and dramatic scene and situation. It is then that the girl is forced to tell him that she loves only him and finds in him the man of worth. The story is a remarkably good one and is generally well acted and put on. A prevailing error would seem to be a lack of emphasis on the salient and necessary points of the drama, which would destroy the rather mechanical concurrence of events.

Memories of '49 (Solax, Jan. 26).—A series of pictures has been given in this film illustrating a room that describes the life's memories of an old miner as he sits before his cabin door. The pictures as they appear on the screen contain some very interesting scenes, especially those displaying the attack of the Indians on the settlers that is given next to the scene of action and also the entrance of the old man in the latter scene fails to arouse the sympathies because his grief is not the grief of strength that a long life should have given him. The great weakness of the film, however, is the lack of literary merit and sympathy displayed in the poem that is the substance of the picture. The need in such a case would seem to be the presence of some underlying thought or symbolism.

Across the Rocky Mountains to Crispie Creek (Solax, Jan. 26).—The camera has taken this region by rail and represents this magnificent mountain scenery as it lies covered with snow.

Building the Greatest Dam in the World (Imp. Jan. 22).—A wonderful feat of engineering is most graphically set forth in this film that displays the massive construction work in building this large dam across the Mississippi River. The film does not state the exact location, but it is believed to be at Kookuk, Ia. A complete enjoyment of this otherwise wonderfully good film is somewhat impaired by the titles that are not written with a clearness and conciseness that enable one to fully grasp the meaning in the short time allotted a title on the screen. They require mental readjustment. The film exhibits huge concrete mixers that mix 1,500 cubic yards of concrete a day and the stone crushers that produce 500 carloads a day. Other huge machines and their manipulation are shown, such as excavators, traveling cranes and concrete dumpers. Two of the most interesting features are the giant power house, a third of a mile long, and views of the lock and dam across the river.

The Brute (Champion, Jan. 23).—He verily was a brute and madman as well, and one is moved to start a fund for a cottage by the sea where the actor may rest from his exhaustive labors. He left little to be desired in the portrayal of his role, if smashing power and ability to rip up generally are indications of merit. He was a drunken maniac that drove part of his family out of doors, and the other part, his wife and daughter, were confined within to suffer his violence. The sheriff was summoned and the small daughter, who had wandered away, was found, and the man died and the wife wept though one would imagine that she would cry for joy. Aside from the peculiarities manifest in the acting, the story has good logic and development, but as it is played it is scarcely as impressive as it should be. The exaggeration makes it appear either horrible or laughable, which, of course, hardly makes a normal drama.

A Matinee Mix-Up (Nestor, Jan. 23).—The complications of the delightfully drawn farce result in a quick succession of events that is mirth provoking to a high degree and shows the trouble that an innocent boy may bring when that innocent note falls into hands not intended for it. In this case it was a fiery and jealous French husband, who found the note in a book his wife had been reading, and he at once jumped to the conclusion that his wife had a lover and that lover had been asking her to the theatre. His opinion was confirmed when he saw his wife pass with a man in an automobile, and he went to his lawyer to see about a divorce. Now the lawyer was the father of the girl to whom the young man in the automobile was engaged, and so, of course, the animation with which he took up the case was due in part to a conflict of personal feeling. He informed his daughter of the young man's unfaithfulness with all the wrath and anger due a self-respecting father. The situation soon resolved itself to mental equilibrium when the daughter explained that the note in the book was hers from the young man, and the book she had loaned her friend, while the wife was freed from her supposed infamy by the knowledge that the young man was taking her home from the matinee where he had met her with his fiancée. It is good farce acting, suggestive and pointed, and free from meaningless exaggeration.

Her Ladyship's Page (Thanhouser, Jan. 23).—A delightful spirit has been maintained through this romantic fairy tale, a thing which this company seems especially adept at putting on. It is delicate, human and true, and above all relieves with the soul of chivalry. The page waits on the countess at the shrine, where the prince in disguise sees and loves her. Then when the wicked baron steals her and takes her to his castle and would force her to marry him the little page escapes, because he is so little, through the iron bars of the window, and tells the prince, who, with his men disguised as monks, enter the castle. When the baron asks one of their number to marry him to the countess, there is an unexpected struggle instead of a marriage, and the wicked baron is overcome. And last of all, the prince, in his goodness and grandeur, the little page knighted. The film is one of great harmony in costumes and exquisite settings and background.

Love Finds a Way (Reliance, Jan. 23).—The obstacle in the way of another, who when she found her son in the main, disclaimed her and sent him an advertisement to the paper, expressing a wish for a governess, whose age did not at so much temptation to her son. It did not prove such a very wise move on her part, however, for the son went to the maid, and disclaimed her as an elderly woman. Thus she was relegated to the household, where all went well, until the father stepped in and began to make love to her. Then the mother discovered the deceit played upon her, and evidently concluded to make the best of it, though one expected another disclosure. While nothing especially original is displayed, it makes a sprightly and entertaining little comedy, and has the added attraction of being acted with a pleasing grace and naturalness.

Four Yale Men (Powers, Jan. 23).—Perhaps the chief difficulty with this film is that there is not sufficient dramatic progression to make so long a picture. No doubt its success would be greater had it been exhibited in short-

er scenes that were possessed of more variety. A series of pictures of artistic death and symbolism would have been more effective. At represents the meetings of four Yale men, each fifteen years. One by one they die, and at last the one survivor dies a hard death, leaving the butler, who had served them all these years, quite hale and hearty, which would seem to prove that it is far better to be a butler than a Yale man, as far as length of life is concerned.

The Supreme Meeting (Ambrosio, Jan. 24).—The consummate art with which this film is delivered perhaps excuses the tragic and disagreeable story involved, which, after all, it must be confessed, has a certain fascination about it presenting as it does a problem representative of the primal forces in man. The actress accepts the advances of an honest lover. He not only learns of her unfaithfulness to himself by her acceptance of another, but he also learns that she is living with another man. He goes to this gentleman's apartments and it is a question of the life of the one or the other. They decide to fight a duel and the one who lives shall punish the woman. It is the man whom she has deceived the most and he arranges an elaborate dinner, the food of which he poisons. When she has partaken he informs her of what he has done and watches her die. It would seem that there would have been greater significance and dramatic strength had he also met death. It is, however, a subplot that is calculated to offend many who are not willing to look beneath the surface of things.

Cupid and the Ranchman (Nestor, Jan. 24).—It surely did not show much tact on the part of the young man to sell his prospective father-in-law a heavy horse, but the fact that he did so resulted in some humorously funny scenes in which the ranchman and father of the girl was caught in a pouring rainstorm. Accordingly, when he arrived home and found the young man with his daughter there were high words and a quick departure of the youth. Presumably the young man was not in a highly elated mood, as he had secretly built a bungalow for the maid to live in as his wife. However, the matter was most amusingly and agreeably settled by the father becoming a victim to the charms of the youth's sister, who had been instructed to come to the bungalow but not to reveal her identity. When her brother received her telegram too late to meet her the ranchman took her to the bungalow and evidently asked to call again. He did so and proposed, but was told he must ask her brother, so the ranchman was obliged to strike the bargain with the youth and to give him his daughter. There is perhaps a little too much material for a film of regulation length.

That Expensive Hide (Majestic, Jan. 26).—An original idea and one that is somewhat realistic treatment of a story, and the man element is present in the interpretation afforded it by the players. It tells the story of how a comfortable and happy little home was broken up by the deceit and greed of an idle rake and his old wife, whom he forced out into the street to sell apples. A man had received a check for a hundred dollars and had determined to take his family on an automobile ride at the suggestion of the wife. The old woman was run over by the machine, but made out that she was very much worse than she was by constantly mentioning internal injuries which not only deceived the physician, but played upon the sympathies of the man. He proceeded to give her and her husband all the comforts of his home, including the piano, that by chance might revive her mentality. Each week he appeared to give the old man a part of his earnings, but on one of these occasions the old woman was absent for beer, and when she entered he discovered the trick that had been played upon him and acted accordingly.

The Turkish Police (Reliance, European, Jan. 25).—Somewhat in the form of a character study this little comedy sketch made farcical by the actress affords plenty of amusement and entertainment of the lighter sort. One has the feeling, however, that had the actress endowed her character with a trifle more subtle feeling, freed from the grotesque exaggeration, she would have succeeded in presenting a delightfully unique character. Tired of dressmaking, she applies for the position of governess, where the principal requirement is a lack of physical beauty. Her pride rebels against her to become a source of ridicule to her charges, but she is befriended by the elder brother. The sympathy is too much for her, and she makes her character known, though one might inquire where she found the clothes to do it with so comely. Her pride rebels against accepting the young man's advances, and she goes back to her dressmaking.

The Mormon Pioneer (Reliance, European, Jan. 25).—Through some exceptionally delightful mountain scenery, this body of men is seen to capture a band of bandits. It is both exciting and entertaining.

The Mormon American (Jan. 25).—As a dramatic subject of early pioneer days, this makes an interesting and exciting film of strength and vitality, and is played in a production with equal vigor. In witnessing the picture one is apt to wonder if the prophet would have allowed the younger man to get off quite as easy as he did, but, of course, it makes a much better ending as it is from the standpoint of agreeableness. When the settlers, two women and a man, are sent into the Mormon territory, the prophet decrees that the man shall be killed and the women become his wives. A young Mormon meets the young girl of the party and his sympathy is aroused by his love. He aids the party, and in the ensuing fight the other man is killed. The young Mormon then renounces his religion and rides off with the party unmolested, which showed much leniency on the part of the prophet—that is, from the standpoint of Mormon character as previously displayed in this picture.

LICENSED FILM RELEASES

Monday, Feb. 5, 1912.

(Bio.) A Near Tragedy, Com. 1000
(Bio.) Lily's Lovers, Com. 1000
(Kalem) Battle of Pottersburg Bridge, Dr. 1000
(Lubin) A Cure for Jealousy, Com. 1000
(Pathe) Pathe's Weekly, No. 8, 1912, Top. 1000
(Reliance) Girl He Left Behind, Dr. 1000
(Vita.) The Law of the Lady, Dr. 1000

Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1912.

(Edison) The Passing of J. B. Randall & Co., Dr. 1000
(Essanay) Alkali Ike's Love Affair, Com. 1000
(G. G. P. C.) Excursion in the Swiss Alps, Scenic, 1000
(Cine) (Title not reported), 1000
(Reliance) The Widow of Rickie O'Neal, Com. 1000
(Vita.) Umbrella to Mend, Com. 1000

Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1912.

(Edison) The Commuter's Wife, Com. 1000
(Reliance) (Title not reported), 1000
(Kalem) The Swimming Party, Com. 1000

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(Kalem) Floral Parade at San Diego, Cal. Top. 1000
(Pathe) A Boomerang Joke, 1000
(G. G. P. C.) Visit to the Dome of the Milian Cathedral, Dr. 1000
(Lubin) Tricked into Happiness, Dr. 1000
(Vita.) The Picture Writer, Dr. 1000
Thursday, Feb. 8, 1912.
(Bio.) A Sister's Love, Dr. 1000
(Essanay) The Melody of Love, Dr. 1000
(Lubin) What Fate Ordained, Dr. 1000
(Melies) Dodging the Sheriff, Dr. 1000
(Pathe) Niagara Falls in Winter, Com. 1000
(G. G. P. C.) The Three Kittens, 1000
(Reliance) The Horsehoe, Dr. 1000
Friday, Feb. 9, 1912.
(Edison) The Corsican Brothers, Dr. 1000
(Essanay) Her Boys, Dr. 1000
(Kalem) The Vagabonds, Dr. 1000
(Reliance) A Mysterious Gallant, Com. 1000
(Reliance) First Aid to the Injured, Educ. 1000
(G. G. P. C.) Hunting Harshout in Abyssinia, Scenic, 1000
(G. G. P. C.) Philomena and Baucis, 1000
(Vita.) Her Boy, Dr. 1000
Saturday, Feb. 10, 1912.
(Edison) City of Denver, the Queen of the Plains, Scenic, 875
(Edison) Von Weber's Last Waltz, Dr. 425
(Essanay) The Debut and the Girl, Dr. 1000
(Cine) (Title not reported), 1000
(Lubin) An Antique Ring, Dr. 1000
(Pathe) Two Brothers, Dr. 1000
(Vita.) Playmates, Dr. 1000

INDEPENDENT FILM RELEASES.

Monday, Jan. 29, 1912.

(Amer.) Love and Lemons, Com. 1000
(Champion) Cardinal, Farley's Home Com. 950
(Ing. Top. 1000
(Imp.) Kid and the Sleuth, Com. Dr. 1000
(Nestor) Ravages of the Equitable Fire, Top. 1000

Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1912.
(Bison) Love and Jealousy, Dr. 1000
(Reliance) Man's Best Friend, Dr. 1000
(Powers) Billy's Surrender, Dr. 1000
(Than.) As It Was in the Beginning, Dr. 1000
Wednesday, Jan. 31, 1912.
(Ambrosio) Sammy, the Little Boot Black, Dr. 1000
(Ambrosio) Tweedledum's Father and His Worthy Son, Com. 1000
(Nestor) The Man from the Foothills, Dr. 1000
(Reliance) Solomon's Son, Dr. 1000
(Solax) The Fixer Fixed, 1000
Thursday, Feb. 1, 1912.
(Amer.) The Best Policy, Com. 1000
(Reliance) Willy Plays Truant, Com. 1000
(Reliance) Education of the Blind, Educ. 1000
(Imp.) Power of Conscience, Dr. 1000
(Box) Fine Feathers, Dr. 1000
Friday, Feb. 2, 1912.
(Bison) Empty Water Keg, Dr. 1000
(Lark) Fickle Woman, Com. Dr. 500
(Lark) Skippy and the Mat, Com. 375
(Solax) Mignon, Dr. 1000
(Than.) On Probation, 1000
Saturday, Feb. 3, 1912.
(Gan.) Heaven's Messenger, Dr. 925
(Gt. Northern) Vengeance is Love, Dr. 1000
(Italy) The Ascent of the Matterhorn, 1000
(Italy) Anarchical Attempt, 1000
(Imp.) O'Brien's Busy Day, Com. 500
(Imp.) Brown Moves in Town, Com. 500
(Nestor) Desperate Desmond at Cannon's Mouth, 1000
(Powers) The Explorer, Dr. 1000
(Reliance) The Man Under the Bed, 1000
(Republic) When Men Love, 1000
Sunday, Feb. 4, 1912.
(Reliance) (Title not reported), 1000
(Majestic) Game for Two, Com. 1000
(Republic) Northern Hearts, Dr. 1000
(Box) Headin' 'Em, 'Em, 'Em, Com. 1000
(Solax) The Snowman, Com. 1000

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By Alice Bradley

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By Avery Hopwood

The Case of Jecky

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The Republic Theatre

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